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THE
LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE

AND
CHRISTIAN FAMILY RECORD

FOR THE YEAR 1871.

THE AUTHORISED ORGAN OF THE
 Wesleyan Methodist Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association.

ESTABLISHED MDCCCLXIX.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIRST.



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THE
LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE
AND
CHRISTIAN FAMILY RECORD.

Original Essays.

REVISION OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.—No. 1.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been created among British Christians by the fact of there having been something said and written, and some initiatory steps taken, in reference to a proposed revision of the authorised version of the Bible. Many biblical scholars have suggested the desirableness of having the work done, and have given their reasons for it; but many persons dread the attempt as likely to result in serious harm. They think that the authorised version, accepted as it is by almost all denominations of Protestant Christians, answers every necessary purpose of a reliable version of God's word written, and that no revision would make it more acceptable than it now is; but rather that revision would be distasteful to the great majority of readers, and that any change would but be a substitution of modern words and a modern style for the words and style that have become hallowed to Christian minds and dear to Christian hearts, by long use and the most sacred associations of thought and feeling, wherever the English language is spoken. They have a dread also lest the confidence of people in the holy volume itself should be shaken, and lest the faith of many should be undermined by any disturbance of the words on which their faith has reposed; or lest those who engage in the work should be so biased by their own doctrinal opinions, or by their ecclesiastical connections, or by any peculiarities, whether denominational or personal, as to lead them, under the notion of revising the present version, however unintentionally and unconsciously it might be, to distort or to corrupt the word of God.

The proposal was, however, not to entrust the undertaking to one class of theologians only, or to any class in particular, but to enlist the services of competent scholars of different denominations—Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and Wesleyan, if no more. That plan was adopted. It is presumable, therefore, that they will be a sufficient check upon each other to neutralise any possible bias of individual minds, whether operating unconsciously or otherwise.

The work has been committed to two companies of scholars; the Old Testament to those who have a thorough knowledge of Hebrew and its cognates, and the New Testament to the most accomplished masters of

Greek. Moreover, there is no intention of making a new translation, but only amending and improving that which we have. No alterations are to be made but such as are necessary for bringing out the true and exact meaning of the originals, or as near an approach to exactness as may be found possible; and the present style—the simple, nervous, expressive, grand old Anglo-Saxon—is to be preserved with scrupulous fidelity. Many objections are thus effectually disposed of.

As regards the peril of unsettling men's minds, and the shaking of their confidence in the faith, that is an objection which, like the rest, might be raised at any time, a century, or two centuries, or half a millennium hence; and if it has any force whatever, it would have quite as much at any future period as now. The real question to be considered is this: Is a revision needed? In other words, Are there sufficient reasons why the work should be done, and done without further delay? Let us look the question fairly in the face.

In considering this matter, we must bear in mind that *no version* of the Scriptures is in so complete a sense the word of God as is the original; that is to say, a version is but a *reflection* of the original, or such an image and representation of it as one language can present of another. None but scholars know the difficulty attending the rendering of a work out of one language into another. Every language has its own peculiarities, its own mode of expressing thought, its idiomatic forms of speech, its own laws of composition. No man can take up a document in one language and render it, word for word, in another language. What has to be done is to take the thought expressed in one and express the same thought, as nearly as may be practicable, in the dress of another. This cannot always be done with precision, for want of correspondent terms and phrases in the one language to those existing in the other. Any version of Scripture, therefore, will of necessity be more or less defective. It will fail to express with fulness and exactness the precise thought in every instance. General exactness there may be; but occasional defect there cannot but be. Often, when the idea is true to the original in kind, there is either deficiency or excess in degree; or what is embodied in a single word in one language can be expressed only by circumlocution in another. The best translation of the Bible that ever was produced, therefore, is not in the fullest sense the word of God: it is but a *likeness* of the word. It may, or may not be, as exact a likeness as can be produced, but it is *only* a likeness; and if the likeness can be made more exact than it is,—more true to the original,—why should it not be?

If this view of the subject is correct, it is a great mistake to excite alarm among unlearned people about the danger of tampering with the word of God, when the wish is, not to touch the word itself, but simply to make its likeness more like the original by amending an existing translation. That is all that our learned divines propose to do.

(To be continued.)

A STUDY OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF CHRIST FOR MYSELF.

PAPER XVI.—HIS FIRM ADHERENCE TO HIS DIVINE IMPULSES.

"Howl storms ! rage floods ! peal thunders ! yet Thy voice
Within me will I hear, and will obey."

A **RIGHTEOUS** man is one who fulfils in disposition and deed the moral obligations which arise from the relations in which he stands to other beings, whether superior or inferior to himself. To live a righteous life intelligently, it is necessary to have as the basis of the ideal which we cherish, and are seeking to make a reality, a true and comprehensive view of our relationships, and of the duties which are inseparably and intrinsically connected with them. The practice of the right ought to rest upon the knowledge of the true. Misconceptions concerning the conditions of our existence, are, perhaps, as fruitful sources of unrighteousness as intentional transgressions of God's laws. Spiritual blindness, resulting from disobedience to the dictates of God, has engendered multitudinous errors ; and these, propagating themselves through many generations, have become so many perverting media, that when the eyes of a man are opened to see, his vision is distracted and dimmed, and in his bewilderment he sees men only as trees walking. His conceptions are not clear ; his impulses may be towards the wrong instead of the right ; and if towards the right, they may be very languid and weak. But a perfectly holy being, in whom the Divine Spirit ever works His will, would intuitively comprehend his duties and feel an inward propulsion towards their performance. The laws of righteousness in all their many-sided applications would be to him distinct and clear ; their points of contact between interests seemingly conflicting would be firmly and correctly marked ; and in himself there would be a strong disposition to obey them—a disposition that might even amount to a passion ; leading him, on some occasions, to sacrifice everything else for them. This seems to have been the case with Christ. His perception of the right was intuitive. Understanding truly the moral relations of mankind, he saw through all those illusive sophisms which had become actuating principles in the life of man, and His eye rested on the "eternal verities." He did not regard the outward manifestations of truth which appeared among men, and which were often distorted ; but He looked into Himself. He was "the truth"—the truth both in His power perfectly to conceive that which was true, and in His glorious embodiment of the true in a character and life of perfect righteousness. The divine fulness which dwelt within Him wrote upon His spirit, as with a pencil of light, the universal and immutable laws of morality which had been blotted and blurred and nearly erased from the souls of men, so that He had but to reveal His own nature in order to exhibit all righteousness. His divinity was the

cause of His wondrous isolation from the sentiments and practices of those who were His "kinsmen according to the flesh." Following the divine impulses from within, and rejecting the human influences which came from without, He could stand alone amid the corruption of His time, bring in everlasting righteousness, and open up a new and living way to God.

The differences between Him and the people around Him were fundamental. He was ever seeking to resuscitate and vindicate eternal principles, while *they* could only understand and appreciate temporal traditions. As a nation they had been of all peoples the most highly favoured of God, and the most highly cultured in religion; yet, in the time of Christ, they were the most blind, and were rapidly becoming the most wicked. They had retained amid all their moral and spiritual depravation the conviction that they were exclusively the people of God; in fact, they seem to have clung to this with increasing tenacity. They had misunderstood their national mission; they wished to make the divine purposes end solely in their own elevation; instead of remembering that in them all nations of the earth should be blessed; they sought to retain all the rich treasures of truth and mercy which they possessed for themselves only, and to make them minister to their own pride. This narrow spirit was rejected and condemned by Christ. His divine sympathies embraced the world; all men everywhere were the objects of His compassion and solicitude, and might become the subjects of His kingdom. He told the Jews plainly, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd;" and he said to one outside the pale of Judaism "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship, for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him." He declared also, "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." His divine impulse to reconcile all men unto God moved Him to seek to undermine and overthrow the middle wall of prejudice which the Jews had raised, and to gather together in one all the peoples of the earth; but He then met with little success, for the minds which He sought to influence were full of visions of national glory, yet the truths of God's universal Fatherhood, and man's common brotherhood, opposed as they then were, have had and will have increasing influence in the earth, until all nationalities be welded together in Him, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ. These truths, based upon men's common relationships, cannot ultimately fail; they may ever and anon be buried for awhile by the volcanic upheavings of human passion, but are certain to rise again.

The Jews had also misunderstood their religion. Instead of perceiving its spirituality, and using its ordinances to minister to their spiritual growth and purification, they simply obeyed the letter of its ritual institutions, making them more and more stringent, imagining that in a strict outward conformity there was a saving benefit. The people groaned under a grievous burden of observances. The sabbaths, the feast days, and the ordinary ceremonies of the temple were made irksome and prejudicial to the life of the spirit, by the many petty and unmeaning restrictions which had become attached to them. Divine rites which had been helpful to the soul-life of the nation, and were, indeed, figures of the true, were made, because looked upon as realities, hindrances to that life, and literal illustrations of the false. In supposing that there was a blessing attending the performance of a religious ceremony, apart from the spirit in which it was done, the people generally were anxious to fulfil every punctilio of their religious ordinances; and in their anxiety for the shadow they lost the substance. It was to a nation of Ritualists that Jesus belonged. From amidst this spiritual dearth, He, the fullest asserter and the most powerful quickener of the spiritual nature of man arose. By the fulness of his divinity He separated Himself from the deadening influences which surrounded Him; and, while respecting everything that was essential and divine in the religion of His people, opposed their interpretation of it, and revealed to their view the hidden kingdom of the Spirit. He asserted that God's service did not consist in outward acts of religion, but in a life of loving consecration; that man needed inward purification more than divers external washings, which only made "clean the outside of the cup and of the platter," while the "extortion and excess" within might remain untouched; that those who sought the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost would receive it; that all men were individually accountable to God, and would have to give an account of their deeds at the day of judgment; that men can only be accepted with God as they come to Him with a deep sense of their sinfulness, and with faith in the Redeemer; that it was possible for men to enjoy God's favour and to live in constant and familiar intercourse with Him. The utterance of these great truths was certainly the rending asunder of that ponderous mountain of tradition which shut out from man's sight the upward way of his spirit. Christ would reveal men to themselves. Of course, the sight was very disturbing; those who lived by illusions were mad with anger; but Christ went on teaching men how they might escape from the ignorance in which they were held, and raise themselves to His own elevation of filial love; bringing them out of bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Their religious misconceptions had led them into another fatal error. They had divorced religion from morality. Many who were the most assiduous in their religious performances, were the most wicked in

their lives; and those who appeared to be the most pious, were often only the most hypocritical; foul crimes were committed with a sanctimonious air; widow's houses were devoured by men who could make long prayers; and breadth of phylacteries was often associated with the most depraved life. Religion, which ought to have given a beautiful embellishment to virtue, was used as a cloak to cover up the infamy of vice. Nothing could be so demoralising as this; and we know from Josephus, as well as from the New Testament, that Judea had become at that time a sink of iniquity, a pit full of moral rottenness and all uncleanness. Against this hypocrisy and wickedness Christ lifted up His voice like a trumpet. His soul was stirred to its depths as He saw the divine laws broken and set aside even in the name of religion. In denunciations the most scathing, and in woes the most direful, He poured out the divine wrath against these evildoers; pronouncing the certainty of their doom, that they could not escape the damnation of hell!

Christ stood alone against the world—a pure flame of light in the midst of profound darkness. Generally speaking reformers have had many around them ready to kindle into action at their call—kindred spirits waiting for their rising—and this has taken away from them much of the painfulness of their position; but Christ was not understood by those who were nearest to Him. His own kinsfolk did not believe in Him, and His disciples failed to comprehend Him. None rallied around Him from affinity of spirit. The light shone in the darkness, but the darkness comprehended it not. He came unto his own, but His own received him not. The religious teachers of the age were all against Him. The Pharisees ridiculed the strength of his religious convictions, and hated Him because he exposed their hypocrisies. The Sadducees despised Him for the unworldly lowliness of His lot, and the intense spirituality of His life. The Essenes probably rejected Him for the breadth of His human sympathies, and for His freedom from asceticism. He was alone, battling for the right against all the forces of the world. Suspected and harassed by the civil powers—malignantly watched and persecuted by the ecclesiastical authorities—misrepresented and despised by the people—He still held on his way:

“Nor number, nor example with Him wrought,
To swerve from truth, or change His constant mind,
Though single.”

This characteristic of our blessed Saviour is not often the subject of contemplation, or of discourse; and, perhaps, this may somewhat account for the feeble way in which many professing Christians manifest their convictions. In many who bear Christ's name there is very little readiness to sacrifice the goodwill of the world for righteousness' sake. Expediency is preferred to the right; for often it brings more social

pleasure and wins more worldly gain. Inward promptings of the Spirit are silenced, and disobeyed, because to listen and to obey them would lead to loss or contempt. A Christian should have such an enthusiasm for the laws of righteousness as to be willing to suffer anything rather than violate them. As they have been re-written upon his nature by the Spirit of God, and as he has received an unction from the Holy One which gives him an instinctive impulse to obey them, can he be true to himself if he does not determinedly uphold them? and further, how can he be a follower of Him who sacrificed everything for their vindication if he be not prepared to make some sacrifices in their behalf?

W. OSBORNE LILLEY.

Narrative.

WHY DID I BECOME A METHODIST?

RATIONAL beings are supposed to have reasons for what they do, especially if they do what they deem to be of importance, and when they do anything that is likely to be followed by important consequences. Now, the uniting of yourself to the church, or a body of religious people, is an important act, and must have important issues. It is a casting in of one's lot with others, probably for life. It is a declaration of one's mind as to the sort of people one desires to have for companions and friends. It is an expression of the will in reference to the cause with which one wishes to be identified among men, and an avowal of one's faith in revealed religion, and in the Saviour who is the main subject of Divine Revelation. It is an act that draws after it a train of consequences throughout the present life, and of consequences running into eternity. Why, then, did I become a Methodist, rather than a Baptist, an Independent, a Quaker, or an Episcopalian? What was the reason, or the cause of this deliberate act, and of this preference?

It was not because the Methodist body was higher in honour than any other; for it was then almost everywhere in dishonour, and under reproach. Its people had no social rank, and few of them any civil office or distinction. Corporate bodies were generally corrupt and worldly. Town councillors were not in existence. Municipal and Parliamentary Reform had not passed out of the region of theory into that of fact. Religious earnestness was branded as fanaticism, religious zeal as madness. To be called a Methodist was about as bad, in many parts of the land, as to be called a *mad dog*. Every witling might let fly his shafts with impunity at a Methodist, wherever he found him. Every filthy mouth might spit its venom and slime upon him, and be applauded for it. Contempt and scorn in some companies, pity and regret in others, attended the professed and the suspected Methodist. To become a Methodist, therefore, was to acquire any thing rather than honour.

Was there any prospect of *gain* that could influence one in favour of Methodism? Why, the people were generally poor, and some of them the poorest of the poor. Comparatively few were in circumstances of ease and affluence. They were generally hard workers, and hard liver, and most of those who were not, were hard endurers, struggling with poverty and trials, in not a few cases borne down with heavy affliction. There could be but few cases in which the hope of worldly gain could be the motive for joining a Methodist society. It never became so much as a passing thought in my case.

Had there been a previous examination and comparison of doctrinal systems, and was there an intentional preference of Arminianism to Calvinism, as more in accordance than it with the teaching of the Holy Scriptures? No; that was not the case. There was some knowledge of the Calvinistic and the Arminian schemes of doctrine. There was some acquaintance with the style of thought and teaching prevalent among the different bodies. Sermons had been heard from the lips of Methodist preachers, Congregational ministers, Baptist pastors, Moravian, Quaker, and both High and Low Church teachers of religion; and books by most of the denominations had been read. Conversations with persons of different and widely varying views upon religion had been held. But no specific comparison had been made between this and that scheme of doctrine, and no particular creed had been embraced. It was not, therefore, a preference of the Methodist *theology* to that of other churches that determined the choice of a denomination.

Much less was it a comparison of the *polity*, or system and principles of government, distinguishing the churches one from another, and the preference of that existing in the Wesleyan connexion to that of the Congregationalists, or that of the Episcopalians, or that of the Presbyterians, that led to my becoming a Methodist. The subject of church polity had scarcely had a thought, much less an investigation by my intellect. No interest had been taken in the subject, no concern felt about it. If it had, there would have been no special objection felt against what was at that time the general practice, and the understood polity of Methodism. The leaders of classes, regarded as spiritual functionaries, rendering the service of both teaching elders and money-collecting deacons, participated with the travelling preachers in the government of the societies with which they were directly connected. Their weekly meetings were informed of all cases of persons desiring to become members of society, and by their vote admitted such on probation, and then to membership, and exercised discipline upon delinquents. No repugnance to this would have been felt had it been known; but I knew nothing and cared nothing about such matters.

Why then did I become a Methodist? Simply because I wanted Christian fellowship. I felt this to be a necessity of my spiritual nature. God had made me feel the vanity of the world, the unsatisfactory nature

of worldly good, the impossibility of finding happiness in worldly pleasures and carnal indulgences, the absolute need of something better; and He had troubled my conscience, making me feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the terribleness of living without pardon, and with the prospect of eternal perdition. He had done more than this. He had led me to the crucified-Saviour. He had "revealed His Son in me." He had spoken peace to my soul. He had made me "a new creature" in Christ Jesus. He had given me "the Holy Spirit of promise," and filled my heart with joy and peace through faith. He had shed abroad His love in my heart, enabling me to rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

What did I want more? I wanted to converse with those who had "obtained like precious faith," and who were partakers of the same "good hope through grace." I wanted fellowship with those whose hearts were in unison with mine. I wanted to declare "what God had done for my soul," and to hear others declare what He had done for theirs. I wanted to hear the voice of prayer and supplication moved by warm and loving hearts. In a word, I wanted the fellowship of saints. Where was this to be found? I did not know.

A companion of my boyhood had gone through an experience similar to my own, and had joined the Methodist Society of the town in which he lived. He and I exchanged letters upon the subject of personal religion. Coming to the town from a distance, he invited me to accompany him to a love-feast about to be held there. I was glad to accept of the invitation. I knew nothing more of what a love-feast might be than that it was a meeting for members of society; and that it was a special favour to any one, not being a member, to be allowed to be present. I went. A venerable man presided. Many hundreds were assembled. The singing was hearty, solemn, and sweet. The praying was earnest, fervent, and loud. The speaking was varied, but generally simple, spiritual, and almost electric with emotion. The whole service seemed just what I wanted. "As face answereth to face in a mirror, so the heart of man to man;" and so did those heart-utterances to my experience. I felt I was among the right people for my soul's need.

I went immediately afterwards to the house of the superintendent of the circuit, who had led the love-feast, to converse with him about membership. He told me I must meet in class. I knew not what meeting in class was. I made inquiry. I had a friend who did meet in class, so I went with that friend to a class-meeting. The exercises there were so similar to those of the love-feast, that they seemed like a minor edition of the same book; and being held weekly, they were just adapted to those newly-felt spiritual wants that craved to be met and satisfied. The language of my heart respecting them was, This will do. This is what I wanted. "This people shall be my people, and their God my God."

It is nearer fifty years than forty since this choice was made, and this resolution formed; and to this hour the like fellowship is felt to be a

privilege and a blessing. The spiritual life has been nourished, and the spiritual strength renewed, by this kind of fellowship. It has conserved the interests of the soul in vastly-diversified circumstances. In prosperity and in adversity, in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, in honour and in dishonour, in conflict and in triumph, in sunshine and in storm, in the valley and upon the mount, this "fellowship in the Spirit" has been a solace, a joy, a strength, a help, a stimulus, and a blessing, beyond what can be told.

There have been seasons in which it was much disturbed ; when real fellowship was all but wholly lost, by the changing of the fold into a battle-field. These were times to bring a mighty strain upon one's attachment to a church ; for they pierced the spirit through with many sorrows, and left for it no solace but in God.

Thank God ! those times are past. And though they have altered the character of the fellowship previously existing, and rendered its restoration in all its simplicity and sweetness an impossibility, there yet remains, by the class-meeting, an intimacy and a strength of fellowship that cannot be realised without it, and which those churches that are not organised upon the same plan, cannot enjoy. A stranger may visit it, perhaps once a quarter, or it may be once in two or three quarters ; but, on the other hand, a man of wide observation and deep experience, thoroughly devoted to God and his work, whose sense of authority is swallowed up in a more intense sense of responsibility and of the worth of souls, may fully as often impart the benefit of his grace and wisdom to an assembled class. The leader, too, is regularly present. He knows his members, and they know him. If he is what he should be, they respect and love him. He can speak to them and feel for them as no other can ; and they can receive from him what they would not receive from any other. He is, indeed, their shepherd, and he rejoices to do them good—all the good he can. They know it ; and they tell him freely what is in their hearts and upon their spirits. Hence springs up a fellowship most precious between him and them, and among themselves, as a part of "the household of faith."

That, then, which made me a Methodist at the first, has kept me a Methodist until now ; namely, *Christian fellowship*. This is not enjoyed to the same extent in any but the Methodist family of churches ; and this may be enjoyed by them in any room of the house, whether kitchen, parlour, or drawing-room. We have it in the Old Body, in association with claims that some deem unscriptural. They have it in the New Connexion and in the United Free Churches, associated with liberalism. They have it in the Primitive Connexion, as it is called, associated with considerable rudeness and irregularity. And they have it in those churches that have settled down upon the Congregational model of independency. Holding to Christian fellowship in the class-meeting form, and to a free and full salvation for every one that believeth ; and having

taken my place at first in the old house, I have never felt it my duty to quit, unless I had been forced away, as many were. This did not happen; so I remain by the old fire-side unto this day. The principles that I cannot approve I leave to work out their own destiny; I will not acknowledge them. I will not fight about them.

Christian fellowship is conservative of Christian experience; and Christian experience is the most powerful element of Christian preaching. Controversy and disputation do but little towards convincing and silencing gainsayers, unless well seasoned with Christian experience. The man whose faith is strong, and love unquenchable, and patience unfailing, will do more for the defence of truth and the spread of grace than any intellectual gladiator can accomplish without those qualifications. Experience in the things of God makes a man's word to be "with power." There is an authority in what he utters which carries conviction with it to the mind of the hearer, and a power which breaks down the strong-holds of unbelief and sin. Let us, then, for our own sakes, as well as for the sake of the church, and for the sake of a "world lying in wickedness" and needing the grace of God, hold to that form of fellowship which has been of so much value to ourselves and others, and which is so helpful in the deepening and extending of a true and vital religious experience.

W. B. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

(*Concluded from* vol. xx. p. 370.)

"The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave."

In the early part of the year 1870, I was invited to take a journey with a friend to Lincoln. My friend was very anxious for me to see his property and know its value, consisting of a good and ample homestead, with broad acres of land and a number of cottages. The dwellings are situate in a beautiful little village, called Navenby. We started about ten o'clock. My friend and travelling companion was, at this time, full of life and health; and, for a man of eighty-two years of age, very strong, with mind and body full of vigour. On quitting the station at Navenby, we walked together through country lanes, up steep hills, over beautiful green fields, and through the village, where my friend had spent so long a period during his active ministry as a clergyman of the Church of England. Every hamlet, every field, and almost every individual was known to him when he resided among them as their minister. As we walked together, numbers of persons saluted him, when he would stop and give them a kind word. Having arrived at the property, the wife of one

of his tenants, who occupied a farm, prepared for us a good substantial tea, such as country people only can supply. The farmer, who, when we arrived, was attending to his duties in the fields, came home; and, after the usual greetings, the rest of the evening was occupied in business matters between landlord and tenant. At bed-time I was struck with the absence of family religion. No family prayer! The matter was referred to by myself and friend, and one of us watched for a suitable opportunity to speak to the wife upon the important subject of family prayer, in order to ask God's blessing upon themselves and their large family, the growing crops, &c. The woman, with tears in her eyes, said, "I should be so happy if family prayer were established in our house!" In the evening of the next day the Bible was asked for; and, when a suitable chapter had been read, we had the great satisfaction of kneeling down together with the family at the throne of grace, asking God's blessing upon the house. This practice was continued during our stay. I trust the duty has not been neglected since. The next day was the Sabbath; and, if my memory serves me, the clergyman went to the church where he had himself officiated, and I went to the Conference chapel in the village. The chapel at Navenby is a commodious one. The congregation is really good. There is also a very good chapel belonging to the Independent Reformers, who have a cause there. In the afternoon I went to see their Sunday school. I made myself known to them, and tried to introduce the *Local Preachers' Magazine*, which was not circulated there. The preacher who was appointed all day very kindly solicited me to preach for him in the evening. I thanked him, but declined, saying I did not come to preach. Returning to the farm, my friend asked, "Where have you been to this afternoon?" I told him I had been to the Sunday school, and that I had met the preacher, who wished me to take the evening service, which I had declined to do. He inquired, "Why did you refuse?" I had felt a very deep interest in the family with whom we were staying, and all at once it struck me so forcibly—the state of the farmer! I said to my friend, "If you will try to bring your tenant, I will go and tell the friends at the chapel I will preach for them;" and, to my great surprise and delight, I saw the reverend gentleman with his tenant, the farmer, coming to the service. To some persons this may appear to have been rather presuming on my part, to ask permission to preach in a strange place, and before a clergyman of the Church of England; but feeling so deep an interest in the man under whose roof we were staying, I lost sight of everything besides. The text from which I attempted to speak was rather remarkable, for more reasons than one: "And he answering, said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down" (Luke xiii. 8, 9). At the early part of the week we returned to our respective homes. What may and what may not happen? In four short months after this, my friend was cut down by violent hands.

Early in the morning of the 12th May, an officer from the police station was sent by the inspector to obtain from me the address and all particulars and description of the property where the reverend gentleman was supposed to be residing during his stay in Lincolnshire; but, alas! like the housekeeper whose case was narrated in my last, my dear friend was lying buried in his own house at Wellington Square, although not yet discovered. The detective at once proceeded to Lincoln, and from thence to Navenby; and on arriving at the station he saw a young gentleman watching the train. The officer addressed himself to him. "Do you happen to know the Rev. Mr. Huelin?" "Yes," was the hasty reply; "I am his nephew; I am here waiting, expecting the arrival of my uncle." Several important questions of inquiry were put to the young man by the officer relative to his uncle; whether he was at the farm, or whether he knew where he was. "No," was the reply; "he is not here. Why, what is the matter? something is wrong, I am sure. Tell me, tell me directly; has anything happened to my uncle?" Soon the unpleasant information was broken to him, and the nephew was informed by the police-officer that the housekeeper was discovered in a box, murdered, and that the Rev. Mr. Huelin could not be found. The distress of mind of the young man may be conceived better than described. At once preparation was made for the nephew and officer to return to London.

Chelsea at this time was in a state of great excitement. Crowds of persons were gathered together opposite the house in Paulton Square, where the body of poor Ann had been discovered; and also in Wellington Square, where the police were making active search for the missing gentleman. It was soon discovered that a double murder had been perpetrated. A young man, who had been engaged by the plasterer Miller, came forward, owning the pickaxe and shovel found on the premises; and he pointed out the place where he was instructed by Miller to make a large new drain: upon this the ground was opened, and in that newly-made grave the body of the Rev. E. Huelin was discovered.

In bringing this fearful, and to me, painful narrative to a close, a few singular, perhaps providential, circumstances should be narrated. The writer of this, an intimate friend of the late Rev. E. Huelin, appears greatly to have diverted the base schemes of the man who purposed to deceive all by representing himself as the nephew, when first calling at the house and seeing the young woman in possession, who informed me the nephew had been, and that he would call again at eight o'clock the next morning, strict orders being then given for the pretended nephew to call upon me at my house immediately on his arriving at Paulton Square. This, however, would not suit his purpose; he knew the delusion would then be discovered. At this time both master and housekeeper had fallen by his own foul hands, and were undiscovered; one enclosed in the box at Paulton Square, the other placed in a cupboard (for the body was not yet laid in the grave where it was afterwards found in Wellington

Square). What appears most remarkable was, the plate-basket, with a large quantity of silver, was not discovered by the murderer, although some drawers had been searched and some property taken away—perhaps not more than £20 in money; while, at the same time, the housekeeper's savings were untouched in her box—the large sum of £220. On Tuesday, the 10th of May, when I called at the residence of my late friend, I made some inquiries respecting the workman Miller. I was informed he had been there, but that he had just gone, taking with him his pail and brush to finish some work, but that he had his head and face muffled up, evidently to disguise himself. I tried to follow him, and called at several houses belonging to Mr. Huelin; but, perhaps very fortunately for myself, I did not follow the murderer to Wellington Square, where he was just in the midst of his atrocious deeds; and it is more than probable I should have discovered something to alarm and excite my suspicion, and possibly exposed my own life in an empty house with the man who had already so very coolly deprived two human beings of life: for he would not have scrupled to hurry into eternity a third victim. I have felt truly thankful to God ever since for His preventing and preserving mercy.

J. C.

Miscellaneous.

OUR NEW ENGRAVINGS.

PICTORIAL embellishment is the most prominent feature of modern literature. There is scarcely any department which is able to dispense altogether with the products of the designer and engraver's art.

The most blessed of books, dictated to holy men of old by the Spirit of God, becomes additionally attractive and interesting as the "pictorial" Bible. History, whose pen severe describes the rise and fall of empires, and who holds her readers entranced by the narration of "truths stranger than fiction," has of late introduced to her pages a large display of pictorial illustrations. All the sciences make themselves known to students as much by pictures as by words. The prose tales with which Sir Walter Scott delighted our fathers and mothers in their youth, are rendered more beautiful to us by the plates which adorn them. Poetry, which, in earlier ages, took the lead in literature, now only maintains a secondary position by the aid of the sister art of painting. It is true that, as yet, the more pretentious reviews, and the daily newspapers, printed sermons, and argumentative theological works, endeavour to illustrate themselves by word-painting only; but the lighter periodical literature must either have pictures or be condemned to die a lingering death.

Our magazine as yet has done but little in this way to please its readers, and yet it has pleased them, on the whole, pretty well; partly, perhaps,

because they are mostly staid and old-fashioned people, who are "not given to change." But it will be well for our committee to consider whether their periodical would not, by the aid of pictorial embellishments, find its way into family circles where hitherto it has been declined, if not altogether unknown.

Meantime we hail with pleasure our old friend, the pictorial wrapper, which is something like an old friend with a new face. The space within the designs forms a cross, and hereon the title and table of contents are printed. There are six designs: the four lower ones convey the same ideas that were conveyed by the four old pictures, but they have been differently treated by the artist in some details; the two upper pictures are entirely new. Let us turn back and examine them all, so as to understand clearly the story that each one tells; for they are all descriptive of the local preacher's work and life.

"**HANDWORK.**"—That prince of local preachers, John Nelson, was a stonemason, and there are many workers at that craft to-day. Hard of hand, strong of arm, and sturdy of frame, they hammer away at the shapeless stone to fashion it according to the design of the architect. This is their week-day toil; but on Sabbath-days they have to use the hammer of the Word, and with the Divine blessing to break in pieces the rocky hearts of sinful men, so that they may be fashioned into living stones in God's spiritual temple, according to the design of the great Master Builder.

Yorkshire stones are hard to cut, but human hearts are harder still—harder than the nether millstone.

"**HEADWORK.**"—This is evidently a local preacher, who has a decent home, the fruit of honest toil, combined with careful thrift. His day's work is done, and, by the light of his lamp, he is studying for the next Sunday's sermons, so that he may then be found by his Master and Lord, "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth" (2 Tim. ii. 15). He who has not thought much about his sermon, will usually have little thought in it; and while he is talking, as the result of some fortuitous concourse of atoms of thought in his brain, his talk will be mere noisy breath, and meantime "the hungry sheep may look up but will not be fed." Our friend here, however, has a thoughtful brow; and when, on comparing scripture with scripture, his ideas are clear upon the truth before him, he has pen and paper ready to jot down the heads of his discourse. Success attend him in its delivery!

"**EARLY DAYS.**"—Here we are taken back to the days of old, of which our grandfathers have told us. The local preacher has gone to a neighbouring village, and under the elm-tree on the village-green he has taken his stand, has sung a hymn with the full power of his lungs, has offered up a short prayer, and, having read out his text, is now directing his hearers how they may reach the heaven of God. Some listen attentively, but others, having brought a supply of rotten eggs and stones, are throwing

them, with indifferent aim, at the preacher. One sinner, bolder than those behind, comes round with his strongly odorous missiles to take the good man in flank. This is generally a successful manoeuvre in warfare, and it would go hard with our friend now, but the stalwart blacksmith of the village, who has been attracted there, has in him an Englishman's love of fair play, and so, with a sweep of his strong arm, he drives the sinner back. This is only one of many such incidents in the early days of Methodism.

"**LAW AGAINST GOSPEL.**" The constable of the village, having well primed himself with rum at the publican's expense, is determined to put an end to this preaching out of doors by unauthorised Methodist fellows. "Isn't the law clean against rioting?" says he; "and doesn't this sort of thing cause egg and stone throwing? Isn't the law plain about having highways clear of obstruction? and, look ye, some of the people are on the road, there is such a crowd that they can't all stand on the grass. I'll take him before Squire Heavyside, and three months in prison will teach him to stop at home and trouble us no more." Having drunk and reasoned himself up to the mark, he boldly arrests the preacher, and takes him before the magistrate. His worship seats himself in a chair of state adorned with a crown, above which the unicorn elevates his tail, like a rope's end held in *terrorem* over such evil doers. Our friend, however, does not seem at all cast down; but with straightened back, and head erect, he so pleads his own cause as to astonish and confound poor old Heavyside; who, not knowing what else to do with the preacher, discharges him.

"**MODERN DAYS.**"—The local preacher of to-day is often seen in a chapel with some pretensions to architectural beauty, and with a congregation of many hundreds, sometimes, indeed, of two and three thousand. The illustration places such a scene before us. This chapel is one in which the modern platform and desk have displaced the old pulpit. It is filled with attentive hearers, and the preacher, warming with his subject, has elevated his right arm, and raised his voice till it echoes back to him from the far off corners. But where is his Bible? Has the engraver forgotten it? or has the preacher in his animation knocked it over on to the heads of his hearers below. Surely such a man as he can make them feel the word in a more profitable manner than that.

"**LAST SCENE.**"—However useful a life may be, it must come to an end at last. "There is one event to the righteous and to the wicked;" but yet there is a great difference in it, for "the chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged, beyond the common walk of virtuous life," it is "quite on the verge of heaven." The sick man before us has been a member of the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association, and so he is visited by a brother, who not only brings him the weekly money secured by the rules, but also reads with him the word of God, and prays with him for the presence of the Divine Physician, and the support of the ever-

lasting arms of Jehovah. The dying servant of God is animated with faith in the Divine promises, and he clasps his hands in silent ecstasy. He is near to the other world. The days of his earthly labour are nearly over, and he will soon enter upon the Sabbath of everlasting rest. To him, and to every one like him, the blessed Saviour will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." C.

A SCARCE DOCUMENT.

THE following scarce document has been placed in our hands by our President. It is, in reality, the first report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, containing the plan on which the Society was to be settled, and a list of subscribers. What renders this document more interesting, is, the copy from which we print is a fac-simile of the original sent to Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley, now in the possession of our President, and has been photo-lithographed. It is a sheet of foolscap paper. On the first page are the rules, and on the second the list of subscribers, and Dr. Coke's address, "*To all the Real Lovers of Mankind.*" The third page contains an original letter of Dr. Coke, written to Mr. Fletcher. On the fourth page we have the address to Mr. Fletcher when the sheet was folded up as a letter.

A more interesting document it has not been our happiness to look upon for some time. The original, we believe, may be seen at the President's Chambers, No. 3, Essex-court, Temple.

[First page.]

A PLAN OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE

Establishment of Missions among the Heathens.

I. EVERY Person who subscribes Two Guineas yearly, or more, is to be admitted a Member of the Society.

II. A General Meeting of the Subscribers shall be held annually, on the last Tuesday in January.

III. The first General Meeting shall be held on the last Tuesday in January, 1784, at No. 11, in West-street, near the Seven Dials, London, at Three o'Clock in the Afternoon.

IV. At every General Meeting a Committee of Seven, or more, shall be chosen by the Majority of the Subscribers, to transact the Business of the Society for the ensuing Year.

V. The General Meeting shall receive and examine the Accounts of the Committee for the preceding Year, of all Sums paid to the Use of the Society, of the Purposes to which the Whole, or any Part thereof, shall have been applied, and also the Report of all they have done, and the Advices they have received.

VI. The Committee, or the Majority of them, shall have Power, First, To call in the Sums subscribed, or any Part thereof, and to receive all Collections, Legacies, or other voluntary Contributions. Secondly, To agree with any they shall approve, who may offer to go abroad, either as Missionaries, or in any Civil Employment. Thirdly, To procure the best Instruction which can be obtained for such Persons, in the Language of the Country for which they are intended, before they go abroad. Fourthly, to provide for their Expences, in going and continuing abroad, and for their return Home, after such Time, and under such Circumstances, as may be thought most expedient. Fifthly, To print the Scriptures, or so much thereof, as the Funds of the Society may admit, for the Use of any Heathen Country. And, Sixthly, to do every other Act which to them may appear necessary, so far as the common Stock of the Society will allow, for carrying the Design of the Society into Execution.

VII. The Committee shall keep an Account of the Subscribers' Names, and all Sums received for the Use of the Society, together with such Extracts of the Entries of their Proceedings and Advices, as may shew those who are concerned, all that has been done both at Home and Abroad: which State shall be signed by at least Three of the Committee.

VIII. The Committee for the New Year shall send a Copy of the Report for the past Year, to all the Members of the Society who were not present at the preceding General Meeting, and (free of Postage) to every Clergyman, Minister, or other Person, from whom any Collection, Legacy, or other Benefaction, shall have been received, within the Time concerning which the Report is made.

IX. The Committee, if they see it necessary, shall have Power to choose a Secretary.

X. The Committee shall at no Time have any Claim on the Members of the Society, for any Sum which may exceed the common Stock of the Society.

N.B. Those who subscribe before the first General Meeting, and to whom it may not be convenient to attend, are desired to favour the General Meeting by Letter (according to the above Direction) with any important Remarks which may occur to them on the Business, that the Subscribers present may be assisted as far as possible, in settling the Rules of the Society to the Satisfaction of all concerned.

[Second page.]

We have been already favoured with the Names of the following
Subscribers, viz.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
DR. COKE, - - -	2	2	0	Miss Eliza Johnson, of Bristol,	2	2	0
Rev. Mr. Simpson, Maccles- field - - - }	2	2	0	Mr. Barton, of the Isle of Wight,	2	2	0
Rev. Mr. Bickerstaff, of Leicester,	2	2	0	Mr. Henry Brooke, of Dublin,	2	2	0
Mr. Rose, of Dorking,	2	2	0	Master and Miss Blashford, of do.	4	4	0
Mr. Horton, of London,	2	2	0	Mrs. Kirkover, of ditto,	2	2	0
Mr. Riley, of ditto,	2	2	0	Mr. Smith, Russia Merchant, of London, - - - }	5	5	0
Mr. Riddsdale, of ditto,	2	2	0	Mr. D'Olier, of Dublin,	2	2	0
Mr. Jay, of ditto,	2	2	0	Mrs. Smyth, of ditto,	2	2	0
Mr. Dewey, of ditto,	2	2	0	The Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley,	2	2	0
Mr. Mandell, of Bath,	2	2	0	Miss Salmon,	2	2	0
Mr. Jaques, of Wallingford,	2	2	0	Mr. Houlton, of London, an occasional Subscriber, }	10	10	0
Mr. Batting, of High Wickham	2	2	0	Mrs. King, of Dublin,	2	2	0
Mr. John Clarke, of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, }	2	2	0				
	27	6	0		38	17	0
					27	6	0
					66	8	0

To all the Real Lovers of Mankind.

THE present Institution is so agreeable to the finest feelings of Piety and Benevolence, that little need be added for its Recommendation. The Candid of every Denomination (even those who are entirely unconnected with the Methodists, and are determined so to be) will acknowledge the amazing Change, which our Preaching has wrought upon the Ignorant and uncivilized at least throughout these Nations; and they will admit that the Spirit of a Missionary must be of the most zealous, most devoted, and self-denying Kind: nor is any thing more required to constitute a Missionary for the Heathen Nations, than good Sense, Integrity, great Piety, and amazing Zeal. Men, possessing all these Qualifications in a high Degree, we have among us, and I doubt not but some of these will accept of the arduous Undertaking, not counting their Lives dear, if they may but promote the Kingdom of Christ, and the present and eternal Welfare of their Fellow Creatures: And we trust, nothing shall be wanting, as far as Time, Strength, and Abilities will admit, to give the fullest and highest Satisfaction to the Promoters of the Plan, on the part of

Your devoted Servants,

THOMAS COKE,
THOMAS PARKER.

Those who are willing to promote the Institution, are desired to send their Names, Places of Abode, and Sums subscribed, to the Rev. Dr. Coke, in London, or Thomas Parker, Esq. Barrister at Law, in York.

[Third page.]

Near Plymouth, Jan. 6, 1784.

My very dear Sir,

Lest Mr. *Parker* sh^d neglect to send you one of our Plans for the establishing of Foreign Missions, I take the liberty of doing it. Ten Subscribers more of two Guineas pr ann. have favoured me with their Names. If you can get a few Subscribers more, we shall feel obliged to you.

We have now a very wonderful outpouring of the Spirit in the West of *Cornwall*. I have been obliged to make a Winter-Campaign of it, and preach here and there out of doors.

I beg my affectionate Respects to Mrs. *Fletcher*.

I intreat you to pray for

Your most affectionate Friend and Brother,

THOMAS COKE.

The original document, of which the above is a "fac-simile," is now in my possession.

S. D. WADDY, Jun.

25 April, 1870.

[Addressed]

The Rev. W. FLETCHER,

at

Madeley,

nr. Shiffnall,

Cheshire.

PROPOSED WEEK OF
SPECIAL PRAYER THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD, 1871.

THE Evangelical Alliance has issued an invitation for a Week of Prayer throughout the World.

"O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

THE following topics are suggested as suitable for exhortation and intercession on the successive days of meeting.

Sunday, Jan. 1.—SERMONS; Subject:—Inspiration of Holy Scripture: Its sufficiency and sole authority for religious faith and practice.

Monday, Jan. 2.—PRAYER: Grateful review of the past, calling for renewed confidence and for increased devotedness; humiliation for the worldliness of the church; and for national sins provoking divine judgments.

Wednesday, Jan. 4.—PRAYER: For the children of Christian parents; for a blessing on home influence and on all teachers; for early dedication to God; and for more labourers in Christ's service.

Thursday, Jan. 5.—PRAYER: For the Baptism of the Holy Spirit on all who profess and call themselves Christians; for the increase of charity; and of affectionate communion and co-operation amongst all in every land who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Tuesday, Jan. 3.—PRAYER: For Nations; for Kings and all in authority; for soldiers and sailors; for all who have suffered in recent war; for the blessings of peace; and that God would graciously bring good out of recent calamities.

Friday, Jan. 6.—PRAYER: For the circulation of the Word of God; for the increase of faithful ambassadors

for Christ; for an end of religious persecution; and for the removal of all hindrances to the spread of the Gospel.

Saturday, Jan. 7.—PRAYER: For Christian Missions; for the Conversion of the Jews; for the better observance of the Lord's Day; for a blessing on Christian Literature; and for "the glorious appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Sunday, Jan. 8.—SERMONS: Subject:—Faith, Hope, and Love—essential witnesses for the truth.

Sunday School Column.

THE

SUCCESSFUL SUPERINTENDENT.

HE is a good superintendent, and therefore successful. A man of intelligence, and of some degree of information. He was not elected, because of his being a judge, an elder, a deacon, or a bank president, nor because he is the oldest, the youngest, the most popular, or the best-looking man in the church. The teachers chose him because of his fitness for the duties of the office. When he was elected, he did not consume half an hour of the precious time of the meeting in poor apologies and regrets at not being able "to perform in a proper and satisfactory manner the laborious and responsible duties of the high station and important position in which, by their unanimous and most complimentary action, they had placed him." Nor did he suggest (all the while meaning to accept) that Mr. Fidgety, Mr. Heavy, or one of the other candidates who did not get a single vote, could fill the office better than he could. He went at it like an honest man and a Christian. Regularly and with punctuality has he persevered in the work. He keeps sound overshoes and a good umbrella, and is not compelled to stay at home on rainy days. You can set your watch by his opening and dismissal of the school. He does not forget that the whole body of teachers, old and young, will come late if he is late, and that if he is punctual they will all, excepting two or three incorrigibly heedless ones, be punctual

too. When he arrives at school, it is understood that he has come with a definite purpose, and not to let things straggle along the best way they can. With courteous firmness he goes about the business of the school. He, as pleasantly as possible, corrects what is wrong, according to the best of his ability. By some apparent magic he smoothes down the crusty teacher, and quiets the turbulent one. He has succeeded in bringing to naught the plans of Mr. Books, the librarian, who in two years had invented fifteen new ways of keeping the library, each worse than its predecessor. He has quieted Mr. Whimsick, the singing man, who bought all the new flash tune books as soon as published, and insisted that the school should sing them all through. And yet he keeps all these people in a good humour. The boys and girls love him, even if he is a pretty strict disciplinarian. They know that if they are good scholars, discipline will not be exercised on them. He is neat in his ways. You can examine the record of the school since his election, and find a well-kept and correct history of its transactions. There is a general air of tidiness, and absence of boisterous doings, throughout all the affairs of the school. The whole concern goes like well-oiled clockwork. Not many speeches are heard from the lips of this superintendent, but whenever he opens his mouth he says something worth remembering. He does not talk against time, nor utter great swelling words when he has nothing to say. When a friend or stranger visits the school, burdened with a speech which must be delivered, he endeavours to choose between the man who will instruct the children and the one who will only utter long-strung nonsense. Sometimes, however, he makes a mistake, and allows Mr. Windywordy to have his say, but is careful not to invite him again. As a good railroad conductor understands everything about his train, from driving the engine to oiling the car-wheels, and can give wise directions to those whose duty it is to attend to these things, so our superintendent can preside, keep order, teach any class that may be

without a teacher, look after the library, do the singing, and even take the place of the sexton in case of necessity. Not that he does all these at once, or any one of them in a way or at a time to interfere with others in the discharge of their duty. But he can do them all, and the teachers and scholars know it, and the knowledge does not hurt him in their eyes. If he were not a man of prayer, he would find it impossible to attain this excellence. But he is in the habit of constant and earnest prayer. Not only are his public prayers well uttered, and edifying to those who are to join in them, but they come from his heart, and God hears them. In his private devotion the school is often the subject of his petitions. He prays that the children may be converted, that the teachers may with humble faithfulness do their duty, and that he may have God's grace and guidance to enable him to be faithful in what he has to do. The spirit of prayerful earnestness is infused into all he does. Persevering energy takes him and the school safely through many difficulties which might otherwise cause a wreck. His school prospers. The neighbouring schools and churches call it a model school, and ask for instruction as to the peculiar system by which it is managed. They hardly believe when they are told that there is no wonderful hocuspocus about it, but that it is only a school conducted with prayerful zeal, order, and simplicity, by a band of wise and faithful teachers, under a good superintendent.—*Taylor (Sunday School World.)*

Temperance.

TEETOTALISM v. MODERATE DRINKING.

SIR,—Since I have been a total abstinence I have seen many reasons given why persons became abstainers. Being only a poor hard-working man, let me give the reason why I became an abstainer. In the year 1862, I was employed in the Royal Carriage Factory, at Windsor, as labourer, and had to work very hard, and especially in the smith's shop, using the large sledge-hammer.

I then thought, as many others do, that I could not do without my beer, and was having two pints of beer a day in the shop with the other men, which cost me 2s., and sometimes 2s. 6d., per week, and had to be paid for on Saturday night.

On the 3rd of July the same year, I went home to my dinner as usual. I had then six small children depending on me for support; and after the dinner had been served to each and all of them to the best of my judgment, several of them made an earnest application for more; and what grieved me was, there was no more for them, and I had not too much myself. This pricked me to the very quick, and produced a ringing in my ears all that day and the next too, while wondering what I could do to benefit the dear children. Suddenly, when I was fetching the beer as usual, the thought struck me that doing without beer, and myself no worse, would be one step in the right direction. I resolved in my own mind to try it on for one week.

On the Monday I made known to my master my intentions. He gave me great encouragement, promising to give me 2d. for every pint of beer he allowed the men that I worked with, as long as I did not take any. That very eventful week I had to work from four o'clock in the morning till ten at night, to complete some orders for Her Majesty the Queen, to be forwarded on to Balmoral. My beer-money amounted to 4s. 8d., and not having to pay for any on Saturday night, gave me at least 6s. 8d. extra in money to take home. Yes; I took it home. My wife, like the wife of John Lewis, the carpenter, in "Buy your own Cherries," was agreeably surprised; she having my full wages, and pay for overtime, with the beer-money, made it altogether a nice little round sum. I thanked God as earnestly as ever I had done in my life, fully resolving, with his help, to try another week. Thus ended my first week of teetotalism, and one of the most eventful weeks in my life.

After I had done one month without the beer, the question arose in my mind, Was I any the worse? I

really thought I was better in health, and I did not see that I was the worse man; but one thing which stimulated me was, that my dear children were no worse. That was a great consolation to me. Well, I kept thus to it for fifteen weeks; then I was induced to go to the Windsor Working Men's Temperance Meeting. There I found the right man in the right place—the Rev. Vicar of Windsor in the chair. What I learned there, together with my own experience, fully convinced me that I was right. I signed the pledge, and up to the present have not in any way violated its principles. I there and then offered my services as visitor. Being accepted, I went to work, and have continued so till now. Thanking God for the past, and looking to him for the future.—Yours, JAMES GUNN, 26, Model Cottages, Windsor.—*Temperance Star*.

Poetry.

NOT NOW, MY SON.

Not now, my son, a little more rough tossing—
A little longer on the billows' foam—
A few more journeys in the desert dreary,
And THEN the sunshine of thy Father's home!

Not now,—for there are weary wanderers lonely,
And thou must call them in with patient love;

Not now,—for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not now,—for I have loved ones sad and weary:
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?

Sick ones, who need thee in their sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

Not now,—for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach the widow's heart to sing;

Not now,—for orphan tears are thickly falling;
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not now,—for many a hungry one is pining;
Thy willing hand must be outstretched and free;
Thy Father hears their doleful cry of anguish,
And sends his answer unto them by thee.

Not now, for dungeon walls look stern and gloomy,
And sighs sound sadly on the prison breeze—
MAN'S captives, but thy Saviour's noble free-men;
Hast thou no ministry of love for these?

Not now,—for yet the awful gulf is yawning,
And souls are perishing in hopeless sin;
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open,—
Go to the banish'd ones, and fetch them in!

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy warm heart e'er grow cold and weary?
Canst thou not WATCH WITH ME one little hour?

One little hour!—and THEN the glorious crowning—
The golden harp-string and the victor's palm—
One little hour!—and THEN the Hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

Phænomena of the Months.

JANUARY.

WHILST the length of the day, on the 1st of January, is only seven hours and fifty-two minutes, the first and last glimmer of twilight, morning and evening, are at the distance of a little more than twelve hours, perceptibly lengthening the time during which the natural light of the sun may be used for man's purposes. It is a wise and gracious provision of the Almighty maker of all, that the darkness of night does not come down upon us suddenly, like the fall of an impenetrable curtain of blackness; or that the brilliant splendour of the day's light does not burst upon the human vision in its highest intensity and brightness at once. The light leaves us gradually and stealthily, softly fading into a darkness which, but for the spangled canopy overhead, would be simply horrible; and it comes to us again as gradually, breaking in softness out of the gloom of night, revealing little by little the grand features of creation, until the dimming veil is entirely withdrawn, and all nature becomes visible to our strengthening sight. Truly, "the works of the

Lord are great: He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered."

The sun rises on the 1st at eight minutes after eight, and sets at four; on the 15th it rises at one minute after eight, and sets at eighteen minutes after four; and on the 31st it rises at eighteen minutes before eight, and sets at fifteen minutes before five. Thus the day increases in length in the morning twenty-six minutes, and in the afternoon forty-five minutes.

The moon is full on the 6th at twenty-four minutes after nine at night, and new on the 21st at thirty minutes after midnight. On the first Sunday (the 1st) it rises a few minutes after one in the afternoon, and sets about half-past two in the morning; on the second Sunday it rises at fifty-two minutes after five in the evening, to shine all night; on the third Sunday it rises after midnight and sets at noon-day; on the fourth Sunday it sets at fourteen minutes after six in the evening; and on the fifth Sunday it rises at half-past eleven in the forenoon and sets at twenty minutes after one in the morning.

The moon will be near to Jupiter on the 4th, to Mars on the 12th, to Spica Virginis on the 13th, to Saturn on the 19th, to Mercury on the 20th, to Venus on the 21st, and to Aldebaran and Jupiter on the 31st.

A partial *Eclipse* of the moon will take place on the 6th of January, beginning at fourteen minutes before eight in the evening, and ending at thirteen minutes before eleven. The middle of the eclipse will be at sixteen minutes past nine, when about seven-tenths of the moon's disc will be obscured.

Mercury is an evening star until the 18th. It then precedes the sun, and at the end of the month rises one hour and twenty-two minutes before it. Mercury is in conjunction with Venus on the 13th.

Venus is an evening star all the month, and sets sixty-seven minutes after the sun on the 31st.

Mars rises soon after eleven at night on the 1st, and at thirteen minutes before ten on the 31st.

Jupiter shines all night, a splendid

object, in the neighbourhood of a bright field of stars.

Saturn rises after six in the morning, and sets in the afternoon all the month.

Uranus rises between three and five in the morning, and sets before nine and after seven in the evening all the month.

Neptune rises about mid-day and sets about midnight.

Literary Notices.

The Bible Student.

THIS is a most valuable volume, on which practised pens have been employed. There are twelve chapters on Bible Lore, by J. Comper Gray; Beacons and Patterns, by Dr. Landels; Notes, historical and archaeological, by James Strong; Notes, theological and practical, by Dr. Fowler; Sacred Sites, by Dr. Stoughton; Seeds and Sheaves, by Dr. Thompson; Types of Character, by E. Hodder. A lady, Anne Harwood, contributes several thoughtful articles. The volume is a fine specimen of good printing, paper, and binding, and is a marvel of cheapness; 766 pages strongly bound, red edges, for 4s. 6d.

The Wesleyan Methodist Year Book for 1871.

WE are glad to find that the experiment of last year so far succeeded as to lead to another issue. The first volume would clear away many of the difficulties, and place the editor on vantage ground for his second volume. The re-arrangement of the local preachers in circuits is a decided improvement on last year. As a book of reference to the Wesleyan body it is invaluable. There is an error in the account of the postal regulations.

The Christian, part for December.

THIS work abjures sectarianism; but after all, its conductors have their sectarian leanings. The fact is, sectarianism is sometimes made a bugbear of. Christianity itself was regarded as a sect. (Acts xxviii. 22.) It is a sect still; and no worse for that.

Old Jonathan,

Who has given us a monthly call during the year 1870, having gathered himself up, now presents himself to us in his yearly dress. And we can assure our readers he is a very smart fellow, as suitable for the drawing-room of the mansion as he is fitted for the lowliest cottage home. He brings something sure to please the young, and adapts himself in a special manner to the aged.

We have also received his broad sheet Almanack, with a text of Scripture for every week-day in the year, and the Sunday calendar of lessons. He is not quite correct in his postal information. It will be well for him to look to this.

The Biblical Museum. Part I.
A collection of notes, critical, homi-

letic, illustrative, and marginal. By James Comper Gray. Mr. Gray is a diligent and useful compiler. Everything he does is well done.

The Gardener's Magazine. Part for December.

A PRIZE was offered some time since for the best essay on "Irrigation; more especially with reference to the disposal of sewage, and the storage and distribution of water in gardens." Fifteen essays were sent in; but the prize was awarded to Mr. Martin, of Kincardine-on-Forth. The essay will appear next year in the pages of "The Gardener's Magazine."

The Signs of the Times, and Where are We? By James Johnson.
Edinburgh: James Thin, 53, South Street.

Correspondence.

MR. WILD'S GIFT.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—The time has arrived when the Trustees of the late James Wild, Esq., of North End Villa, Fulham, have the pleasure of announcing the fact that they have again distributed the sum of £47 5s. 10d. to 94 old local preachers, each being above the age of seventy years. It may not be generally known to the readers of our excellent magazine, how this amount has been obtained, and why such a fund annually is distributed, the ten shillings given at this time being in addition to the four shillings a week allowed by the society's funds. The late James Wild, Esq., who was the treasurer of the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association, previous to his death, purchased £948 19s. 7d., 5 per cent. Indian Stock, at a cost of £1000, to secure in perpetuity the annual amount of £47 8s. 10d. to be distributed to his aged brethren in Jesus (as he terms them) in sums of ten shillings each, to provide them extra cheer every Christmas-day. In the year (1866) previous to his death, he entertained this benevolent purpose, in order to contribute to the happiness of the old men at that festive season. Mr. Wild selected three trustees, viz.: Thomas Chamberlain, Esq., George Treasure, Esq., and John Carter, your present treasurer; and I may just say the money has been regularly distributed in strict accordance with the will of your late treasurer. In order to prevent disappointment to the brethren, the trustees have this year sent the interest of the £948 19s. 7d. rather earlier, and have already received from a number of the old men letters acknowledging the receipt of the money; but I regret to state, several

of the recipients have not done so. Notices have been received from all the branch secretaries that the moneys have arrived safely. But the trustees like to receive a few lines from the brethren themselves. The trustees, at considerable trouble, have sent the enclosed circular to each, as follows:—

“Dear Brother,—We have the pleasure to forward you the enclosed ten shillings’ worth of postage stamps as the annual Christmas gift left to his aged brethren by James Wild, Esq. P.S.—That we may know you have received the amount, please send an acknowledgment to Mr. J. Carter, The Vale, King’s Road, Chelsea.”

Out of the letters received, four have written whose united age is 351 years. One of these aged disciples thus writes:

“Dear Brother,—I received the kind Christmas gift with thanks. I am yours in the best of bonds, P. M. Eighty-seven years of age, and only one eye makes writing painful.”

Another. “My dear Brother,—I received your kind token of respect for 10s., and I must say I feel grateful to the God of providence that my lot has fallen into the hands of such Christian friends. My prayer is, that the consolation of Israel may rest upon you and yours.—J. H.”

Another. “My dear brother,—I render you many thanks for your kind gift of Brother Wild, which I received this evening, and remain your brother in Christ, J. A. My age, eighty-eight years, eight months, and three days.”

A fourth. “Very dear Brethren,—I received the 10s. you sent, for which I feel thankful for all that I have had and am still receiving. My prayer has been, and still is, for the blessing of the Lord to continue to rest upon the society and all the committee, and that the blessing, both temporal and spiritual, may abound to all the family of dear Mr. Wild. May they follow his noble example. Through mercy I am still spared to the advanced age of eighty-eight. Can only now pray for Zion.—J. B.”

Before closing this letter, it occurred to me that many of the brethren who have received the bounty left by Mr. Wild probably never saw that gentleman, although his name is still very dear to them. I may state that I have several copies of Mr. Wild’s portrait still undisposed of, and I will send one free to any of the brethren who would feel anxious to have it, upon one condition, namely, that each brother applying send me a few facts relating to his own history, early connection with the church, conversion to God, call to preach, his success under God in saving souls; also, note any place or places where he first introduced the gospel, either in barn, or cottage, or the open air, especially where societies have been gathered and chapels built, now occupied by ministers, &c. &c., or any other useful facts relating thereto.

I am, my dear Editors, yours affectionately,

December 14, 1870.

JOHN CARTER.

WESLEYAN METHODIST LOCAL
PREACHERS' MUTUAL-AID ASSOCIA-
TION.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WATCHMAN AND
METHODIST RECORDER.

SIR,—It has lately been my duty, as the President of this Association, to attend some dozen meetings in different parts of England, and from London to Manchester, from Lincolnshire to Cornwall, I have everywhere found precisely the same state of things. First, a general ignorance of the existence of the Association; secondly, great misconception of its nature and objects amongst the few who have heard of it at all; and thirdly, unfailing sympathy for it, and substantial aid when it is once fairly explained.

May I now, through your columns, address a larger audience than I can reach by any other means, and try if a letter will produce the same results as a speech? In May, 1849, one of our local preachers wrote a letter advocating the formation of a society for the relief of the sick, destitute, and aged local preachers. A meeting was accordingly held at Freemasons' Hall in October following, and this Association was there and then formed. Those who when they joined it were all members of one Church were soon separated into two distinct bodies by the unhappy divisions of those days. The question of course arose—What should be done with the funds of the Association? After anxious thought it was decided to continue on the same footing and principles as before, and in a thoroughly fraternal and Christian spirit to ignore all differences in disciplinary views or political feelings.

The fact, however, that some active Reformers belonged to the Association, and the allegation that in some cases indiscreet men tried to use it for improper purposes, excited suspicion, and deterred many persons from either joining, helping, or even examining it. I hope I may be able to end this groundless distrust. After a close investigation of its history and working, and a careful attendance at the committees, I am

able to vouch for its perfect freedom from any bias or influence of a political or ecclesiastical kind. Its funds are distributed impartially and freely to the members of our own branch, or to those belonging to the Free Church. No question is ever asked as to the section to which an applicant may belong, and if it happens to break out in the preliminary inquiries, no note whatever is taken of it.

The funds are supplied from two sources: First, subscriptions of local preachers who are benefit members, and who subscribe 3s. per quarter; secondly, donations and free subscriptions from honorary members, whose liberality leads them to assist us. The sums received from these two sources are nearly equal, and amounted last year to £1,965. The number of benefit members is 1,715, of honorary members 446. The objects of the Association are to relieve poor local preachers in sickness, to support them in destitute old age, and to provide the means for their decent interment at death. The benefit in sickness is 8s. a week. The funeral allowance is £6. The highest annuity in needy old age which we have as yet been able to afford is 4s. per week. More than 110 old local preachers are now dependent on our Association, and many of these are kept from the workhouse solely by its intervention. None of these is under sixty, and most of them are more than seventy years old. We have already distributed £14,216 to sick members, and £15,660 in superannuation allowances.

No man will say, I think, that this is not a worthy work. If it ever be our duty to help the sick, the needy, and the aged, surely the claim is strengthened when made for our brethren in the household of faith, who have spent time, health, and strength on behalf of the Church of Christ. It should be remembered that this Association is the only one which in any way supplies the want, and the figures I have quoted will show that the help given is, after all, sadly inadequate. On behalf, therefore, of hundreds of destitute and worn-out old local preachers, I ap-

peal to the Church for which they have toiled, and to whose success they have, under God, so largely contributed. I plead that starvation and beggary may not be added to their sickness, feebleness, and age—that they may not end their days in a pauper's garb, and then be buried in a pauper's grave.

I believe this Local Preachers' Auxiliary Fund only needs to be known in order to secure cordial support. I shall be grateful if I may announce in your columns the names and subscriptions of any friends who will communicate with me at my address as below.

S. D. WADDY, Jun.

3, Essex-court, Temple, London, E.C.

LETTER FROM AN AGED AND AFFLICTED ANNUITANT.

Upper Brook Street, Rugeley.
Dec. 9th, 1870.

MY DEAR BROTHER CRESWELL,—I feel very great pleasure in sending you a piece of gold worth twenty shillings toward the twenty thousand pounds about to be raised for the Mutual-Aid Association. But, O dear, what a little,—one shilling for every thousand. Well, the sum will soon be found, only let us look up. I am such a poor old thing that I can but seldom get out at all; but I think I have succeeded quite as well, and it may be better even, than I should have done if I could have got out. I set to

work and got the steam up, and set my old machine in motion, and although it is sadly shattered, it still made a noise, and I taught it to say, Friends, it is now practical sympathy so much wanted, and we want your help; you can, and will you help us? So on and on we went, and I am very glad to say that I have this day got the amount made up that I promised, one pound, which I enclose; and I would just beg to say that I have not asked any of our people—no, not one of the Wesleyan family, nor yet of any church members belonging to any other body of religious people. My reason was this, that if any of my brethren would take up the thing, the ground is still clear for them, and none of them can say, You are too late, one has been before you. I hope some of them will try it on. As I myself am one of the happy partakers of the comforts of the Methodist Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association, I feel it to be my duty, and it is also my delight, to do all I can (which is but very little) for its welfare. My poor old head and hand fail me, so that I can scarcely think or write; but still, while I am very much afflicted, I can still say, "Lord, Thy will be done."

Accept of my unfeigned thanks for all your great kindness to poor me.

I do pray the Lord to bless you in your undertaking and labour of love. Yours truly and affectionately in the Lord,

JOHN G. PETCHELL.

E. Creswell, Esq.

Mutual-Aid Association Reporter.

BEDFORD.

JOHN BUNYAN'S TOWN has at last woken up to its duty. An important public meeting has been held in behalf of the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association, in the beautiful schoolrooms adjoining St. Mary's Wesleyan Chapel. The Rev. J. Bonser, B.A., superintendent of the circuit, took the chair. His speech was very appropriate, and good; evidently the utterance of a catholic spirited man. Mr. R. Durley, one of the deputation from the Gene-

ral Committee, then addressed the meeting, and gave an account of the operations of the Association. In the middle of his speech the president, S. D. Waddy, Esq., B.A., arrived, and was welcomed with much applause. Mr. Waddy next spoke, and for more than an hour, advocated the claims of the Association; stating its character, answering objections, and appealing for help to enable it to maintain its 109 old men.

John Howard, Esq., next rose and

delivered a characteristic address. He is the oldest preacher on the plan, and was born in Mr. Wesley's time. His son Frederick Howard, Esq., also addressed the meeting; both he and his father have become honorary members. The proceeds of the meeting were about £16.

NOTTINGHAM BRANCH OF THE ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting was held in the Exchange Hall on Wednesday, Nov. 16th. There was a larger company than on any previous occasion, about a score persons having to wait for a second course to obtain tea, and the number attending afterwards filling the hall. One of the Wesleyan ministers had not only announced the meeting on the previous Sunday, but also urged the people to attend, from the pulpit of a chapel in which the Association had never before been mentioned. Four Wesleyan ministers and two ministers of the Methodist Free Churches, were advertised to take part in the proceedings. Most of them were at the tea, but all had to withdraw, to attend meetings convened to consult about nominations for the Educational Board for the borough, about to be created in virtue of the Primary Education Bill. Several, however, returned, and addressed the meeting afterwards.

The chair was taken by Arthur Wells, Esq., Clerk of the Peace, and one of the deacons of the Congregational Church to which our late benefactor, Arthur Morley, Esq., belonged. The learned gentleman had previously become a life-member of the Association by a donation of ten guineas to its funds. On taking the chair, he avowed the interest he felt in the institution, and the pleasure with which he met the brethren and the company there assembled.

After a hymn had been sung, and prayer offered, Brother Thornley, the treasurer of the branch, read the report, from which it appeared that the branch now comprises fourteen honorary members and the same number of benefit members, one of whom had been admitted to the list of annuitants, and allowed four shillings weekly. The income of the branch

during the past year was	£33	0	0
The expenditure was	-	4	4

Sum remitted to London	28	16	5
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The disbursements comprised—			
Two weeks' sick allowance	£0	18	0
One	-	0	8
Payments to the annuitant	3	0	0

Making the total payments	4	4	0
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Brother CHETTLÉ, of Aslockton Abbey, in the Bingham circuit, said, he had often been asked why they had not a branch of this Association at Bingham. The reason was this: most of the brethren there were members of benevolent societies, and some of them had been for many years, and they did not like to leave sick clubs to which they had long been paying, and from which they were entitled to receive relief when they might need. A lady in their circuit, who took great interest in local preachers, had lately died suddenly. Before she expired, her man-servant asked her, "Is Christ precious to you?" Her reply was, "Glory to God! He is." After her death, when her will was read, it was found to contain a legacy of a hundred pounds, the interest of which was to be applied in payment of horse-hire for local preachers to travel to their appointments—all who need it. Adverting to the homage paid to the late Mr. Peabody, by the British nation, in the persons of the Prime Minister and others, when the body of the American philanthropist was placed in Westminster Abbey, for temporary association with the honoured dead of bygone times, Mr. C. argued that local preachers were true philanthropists, who, under the power of grace, could say—

"The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave."

Brother SHEPHERD, of Sutton Bonnington, being unexpectedly present, and called to speak, said, He came upon the platform then as, on many occasions before then he had been—a "stop-gap;" and he was as willing as ever. He had done some labour in his time;—travelling dirty roads, formerly many miles, to his appoint-

ments. He was in an old sick club twenty years ago; and because he did not approve of feasting and banding at Whitsuntide, and did not attend, they turned him out. He had been a member of this Association eighteen years, and is now seventy-eight years of age, a sample of the old school—a *straight-backed Methodist*. He had been ever ready, for fifty-eight years, to do all he could for the Lord Jesus Christ. At the request of his three daughters he had given up his farming and other secular work, when he had just got enough to find bread and cheese, so as to be able to go out a week at a time and preach five or six nights, and hold prayer-meetings. Local preachers are *only low calls*; but *low call* is better than *no call*. Low or high, however, he durst do nothing else but obey the call. Having a call which they believed to be from God, local preachers labour in the work till they are unable to work any longer. Are they to go to the union? ("No, no!") You say, "No, no!"—bless you; and I say no. Some were found in a union-house when this Association began its work. What brought them out? This noble institution. And it keeps them out, by allowing them four shillings a week. If all men were like (*the late*) Mr. Wild, of London, they'd have *five* shillings, I think, and I'm sure they deserve it. It is a nice thing to get eight shillings when sick, and a funeral allowance of six pounds at death. We hear a good deal, sometimes, about "*strikes*" and "*turn-outs*." I don't hold with them; but what if *we* were to strike? We won't strike. We *daren't* strike. (The idea of a local preachers' strike, and the tones in which it was presented, caused considerable amusement for a minute or two.)

After addresses by Brother W. B. CARTER and the Rev. J. HARTLEY, Wesleyan minister, the Rev. THOS. BOOTH, of the Wesleyan Methodist Free Churches, being announced, spoke of the remarkable manner in which many denominations were now feeling their way to follow the Methodist example by the employment of laymen in spiritual work. He was present at the birth of this institution

in Freemason's Hall twenty-one years ago. The times were troublous, and the institution was looked upon with suspicion and distrust, and was "everywhere spoken against." It had outlived all that, however, and was now being regarded with favour, as doing a great and good and necessary work.

The Rev. JOSHUA MASON (Wesleyan), who had commended the institution to the congregation in Halifax Place Chapel on the Sunday evening, said he had been trying to find ground of fault with local preachers (*as a class of Christian workers*), but could not. He could only commend them. They were *saved* men, and *sincere* men: not all learned, nor wondrously eloquent, but men of strong common sense, and they were *sound* men: sound in reference to their theology; and not less sound in their Protestant principles. After some remarks on liberality, Mr. M. concluded by affirming that the gospel of Christ should lighten and save this world; turning lions into lambs, and changing men's state and character everywhere. Our confidence was not in potentates,—not in ecclesiastical systems, however excellent and pure,—not in anything, but in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Rev. R. S. COX (Wesleyan) said a few words expressive of his joy (*ironically*) to hear that the preceding speaker found local preachers so perfect that they were *faultless*. He wished well to the Association.

The speaking was relieved at intervals by vocal and instrumental music—four voices, two male and two female—accompanied by a piano. All appeared gratified and edified. The meeting was one of the happiest and best that we have had, and was continued until over half-past nine, when, the doxology having been sung, the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. J. Mason.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

THE monthly meeting was held at Brother Bowron's, 14, Churton Street, Pimlico, on Monday, 12th Dec.

Present: The President, Ex-President, Treasurer, Honorary Secretary, R. Durlay, T. Cuthbertson, G. Sims, J. Wade, D. Plant, J. Coman, W. Jameson, and P. Parker.

The Treasurer opened the meeting with prayer.

The minutes were read and confirmed.

Brother Bowron reported that, owing to various circumstances the Cornwall deputation had not been able to leave town, and suggested that the journey should be deferred until after Christmas. It was arranged that Brother Plant should be added to the deputation, in order to arrange for the visit to Cornwall, at the end of February or the beginning of March.

Brother Corman presented an account of the results of the meetings held in London. Besides the money which had come into his hands, the subscriptions of the new honorary members, and other contributors, had been handed over to the brethren, who had engaged to act as local secretaries.

Brother Parker reported that the prospectus of the Magazine had been prepared, and was ready for distribution. He also submitted an impression from the new wood engraving for the wrapper of the Magazine, which was generally approved. The Hon. Secretary was requested to write an article upon it for January.

The President stated that, instead of a prospectus of the Association he had written a letter in his own name, which had appeared in the *Methodist Recorder*, of December 2, and in reply he had received a number of letters from various parts of the country, some of them containing contributions, which he had handed over to the Secretary; others, asking for information, rules, and such like. It was hereupon resolved, "That the President's letter be printed in a form for general distribution—that 5,000 copies be at once issued, and that the form be stereotyped for further use."

Brother Durley reported the result of the meeting at Bedford, where the President and himself had been well received. The collection and new subscriptions amounted to £16 18s. 7½d.

The monthly statement showed a total income, exclusive of dividends, of £1,070 18s. 3d. Payments to

branches, £1,041 4s. 7d. Mr. Whalley's legacy had been received in full, with interest. The total balances in hand were £195 18s. 10d., but £100 of this was a loan from the Sceptre Life Office. The sick numbered 62, and the annuitants 109. There had been four deaths during the month.

Bills for printing, engraving, &c., £14 12s. 4d., were ordered to be paid.

The President undertook to endeavour to arrange for meetings at Poplar, Blackheath or Greenwich, and Bayswater, and would also attend meetings at Sheffield, Hitchin, and some other places, if properly arranged for by friends in the country.

The entrance fee of a brother at Faversham, aged 66, was fixed at £8, and of a brother in North London, aged 70, at £10.

Brother J. H., of A., aged 76, a preacher for 48 years, one of our oldest members, applied for help. He, and his wife and a daughter, who has been ill four years, are entirely dependent upon the earnings of two of their children, who live with them, and who earn, when in full work, 10s. each weekly. The local committee pressed the case as one for the full allowance. Ordered, That the brother have 4s. per week.

Brothers J. Carter, Cuthbertson, and Gully, were appointed to arrange the affairs of the Spitalfields branch.

The Treasurer reported that he had sent Mr. Wild's gift to 94 old brethren, all of whom were over 70 years of age.

MAGAZINE AFFAIRS.—The publisher received instructions for the printing of 3,500 copies of the January number. Brothers Cuthbertson, Carter, Parker, and Hon. Secretary, were appointed to inquire generally into the subject of illustrations for the Magazine; and to have power to arrange for the issue of a photolithograph portrait of the President in the February number.

The monthly meetings were arranged as follows:—Wednesday, 11th Jan., Dr. Aldom's, Solway House, Leyton; Monday, 13th Feb., T. Cuthbertson's, 23, Wellington Square, King's Road; Wednesday, 8th March, J. Carter's, The Vale, King's Road,

Chelsea; Monday, 10th April, D. Plant's, 5, Upper Portland-place, Wandsworth-road; Wednesday, 10th May, S. D. Waddy, 23, Yonge Park, Seven Sisters' Road; Annual Committee Meeting, June, Keighley, Yorkshire.

The President closed the meeting with prayer.

DEATHS.

Oct. 26, 1870. James Willoughby, of Daventry Branch, aged 69. Claim, £6.

Nov. 17, 1870. Joseph Ward, sen., of Melton Mowbray, aged 70. Claim, £6. Trusting in Christ.

Nov. 29, 1870. George Hughes, Abergavenny, aged 55. Claim, £6. Was found dead in bed; had attended the means of grace the evening before.

Dec. 2, 1870. Samuel Jones, of Bristol Branch, aged 48. Claim, £6. In calm assurance of eternal rest.

Dec. 11, 1870. Thomas Nind, of Northampton, aged 49. Claim, £6. At peace with God, trusting in the atonement.

CASH RECEIVED BY THE GENERAL TREASURER TO DEC. 15, 1870.

	Free Subscriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>Bristol</i> —R. A., Esq., 19s; per Bro. Maynard, for Poor Old Hundred	0 19 0	3 12 0
<i>Burton-upon-Trent</i> —Mr. George Jackson, qrlly. 2s 6d; Mr. Isaac Dickin, qrlly.. 2s 6d	0 5 0	2 14 0
<i>Brackley</i> —Mr. J. Paine, Finner Warren, hm.,	1 1 0	
<i>Denby Dale</i>		1 8 0
<i>Garstang</i>		1 10 0
<i>Louth</i> —J. B. Sharpley, Esq., hm. £1 1s; Dr. Sharpley, hm. £1; Mrs. Johnson, hc. 10s; Mr. Riggall, hc. 10s; Mr. T. W. Topham, hc. 10s; Mrs. Boothby, don. 5s; Mrs. Mawer, 5s; Mr. R. Foster, 5s; Mr. Cyrus Sharpley, hc. 10s; Mr. Morton, qrlly. 3s; A Poor Widow, £3 18s 1d; Mrs. Ryall, 12s; Proceeds of Anniversary, £15	24 4 1	5 1 0
<i>Deptford, &c.</i> —In memory of the late Mr. I. English, hm. £1; Mrs. English, hc. 10s; Mr. Cockle and Friend, 10s, per Treasurer	2 10 0	
<i>Nottingham</i> —Arthur Wells, Esq., £10, per Messrs. Thornley and Carter	10 0 0	
<i>High Wycombe</i>		2 1 0
<i>Birmingham</i> —W. Butcher, Esq., hm.	1 1 0	3 10 0
<i>Stockton</i> —Legacy of the late J. Whalley, Esq., £100; interest on ditto, £8 9s 10d., per Treasurer	108 9 10	
<i>Bath</i> —Mrs. Hayward, hm. per Bro. Durley	1 2 6	
<i>Manchester</i> —J. Napier, Esq., hm. £1 1s; Thos. Lomas, Esq. hm. £1 1s	2 2 0	
<i>London</i> —Per Public Meetings, as under: <i>Liverpool Road</i> , Collection, £1 12s 8½d; Proceeds of Tea, £1 5s 3d—£2 17s 11½d, less expenses, £2 3s	0 14 11½	
<i>Lambeth</i> —Collection, 14 4½d; Proceeds of Tea, 15s 5d; Mr. J. H. Hodson, hc. 10s—£1 19s 9½d, less expenses, £1 9s 6d	0 10 3½	
<i>City Road</i> —Collection, including 10s by the Rev. T. Nightingale, £1 7s; Proceeds of Tea, £1 5s 9d—£2 12 9d, less expenses, £2 9s 4d... ..	0 8 5	
<i>Peckham</i> —Collection, £1 10s 2d; Mr. C. D. Tustan, hm. £1 1s; W. J., hc. 10s; S. A. Smith, 5s; Mr. G. Baker, 5s—£3 11s 2d, less, 10s 4d	3 0 10	
<i>Per President</i> , in answer to his appeal in <i>The Recorder and Watchman</i> , as follows: Anonymous, £5; Mr. T. Ridler, 12s; A Local Preacher's Friend, £10; Mr. R. Gillespie, Guernsey, £2	17 12 0	
<i>Southwark</i> —Mrs. Barnett, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Lee, hm. £1 1s; Mr. S. Hobill, hm. £2 2s; Mr. P. Parker, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Taylor, don. 2s 6d, per Bro. Parker	5 7 6	
	£ 179 3 5	19 16 0

Original Essays.

REVISION OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

No. II.

ONE reason for revision is this: that a living language is perpetually undergoing more or less of change. It is like the sands of the sea, which, moved about by the tide, are perpetually changing their position, and increasing or diminishing in quantity in different places. Banks and bars of sand are washed away from some places, and are lodged in others. Ports and channels are choked up in some parts, and new ones are opened. Even islands are washed away, disappearing from some spots, whilst new ones are gradually formed where none had previously been seen. So it is with language. Some words go out of use, whilst others are introduced; New words and new modes of speech spring up, and take their place in a language. Grammatical forms alter, and means are devised for giving expression to thoughts, and to fine shades of thought, which at one time could find no outlet from the mind for want of appropriate speech. Many thousands of words have been incorporated into our own language since the completion of the present version, although not much over two centuries have elapsed. Our grammatical forms have become more exact than they were then, in some particulars; and we have words whereby to express our thoughts with much more precision now, than our predecessors of that period had whereby to express theirs.

If there had been no revision at that time, and at other times, prior to that, what would the English Bible have been to men of the present period? Let us look at a portion of it as it stood only a few centuries ago, when BLACK-LETTER type was in use. We will take a few texts from a number presented by Dr. A. Clarke to his readers, on the first page of the general preface to his learned commentary.

“And seide, Wath, I am chaufid. I sawe the fir.” (Isaiah xlv. 16.)

“He cete haye as an oxe, and with dewe of heven his body was informid, till his heris wexiden into licnesse of eglis, and his naylis as naylis of briddis.” (Dan. iv. 33.)

“Blynde men seen, crokid men wandren, mesels ben maad clene, deaf men heeren, deed men rysen agein, pore men ben taken to prechyng of the gospel.” (Matt. xi. 5.)

“Zee serpentis fruytis of burrownyngis of eddris, how schuln zee flee from the dome of helle?” (Matt. xxiii. 33.)

Were our English Bible now in this dress—not its most ancient garb by centuries,—would it not be a sealed book to all but scholastic antiquaries?

Samples of a more modern version, the one in use when the present authorised version was undertaken, may be seen in the psalms of the Book

of Common Prayer, and in the Scripture quotations scattered over the pages of the Book of Homilies. In the Prayer Book version we read, "Thou art my God, my goods are nothing unto Thee:" which in the authorised version is, "Thou art my Lord; my goodness *extendeth* not to Thee." (Psalm xvi. 2.) In the former we read of wicked worldlings, that "they have children at their desire;" but in the latter, that "they are full of children." (Psalm xvii. 14; Prayer Book, ver. 15). In the former the psalmist says, "the overflowings of ungodliness made me afraid;" in the latter, "the floods of ungodly men made me afraid." (Psalm xviii. 4; Prayer Book, ver. 3.) "Learn me," says the former, Psalm xxv. 4, 8; "Teach me," says the latter (ver. 5, 9). Of sinners we read in the former, "Their right hand is full of gifts;" in the latter more ideally, "their right hand is full of bribes," Psalm xxvi. 10. "My heart hath talked of thee, Seek ye my face: Thy face, Lord, will I seek." So read we in the Prayer Book version of Psalm. xxvii. 9: but in the authorised version (verse 8), the reading is, "*When thou saidst*, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." These few examples, taken from some hundreds supplied in the Book of Psalms alone, sufficiently indicate the extent to which the old version was revised in the production of the authorised version. We will now supply a few from the quotations contained in the book of Homilies. The reader may compare them with the present readings in his Bible.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread, till thou be turned again into the ground: for out of it wast thou taken; in as much as thou art dust, into dust shalt thou be turned." Gen. iii. 19. "God hath wrapped all nations in unbelief, that He might have mercy on all." Rom. xi. 32. "He came not to save, but the sheep that were utterly lost and cast away." Matt. xv. 24. "Which of you shall reprove me of any fault?" John viii. 46. "All have offended and have need of the glory of God; but are justified freely by grace, by redemption which is in Jesus Christ, whom God hath sent forth to us for a reconciler and peacemaker, through faith in His blood, to show His righteousness." Rom. iii. 23-26. "If there had been any law given, which could have justified, verily righteousness should have been by the law." Gal. iii. 21. "Behold, yonder is the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." John i. 29. "Which confess God in their mouths, but deny Him in their deeds, being abominable, and without the right faith, and to all good works reprobable." Tit. i. 16. "For if our own hearts reprove us, God is above our hearts, and knoweth all things." 1 John iii. 20. It is needless to multiply quotations. These may suffice in illustration of the utility and value of timely revision, and to relieve timidity and alarm.

On behalf of further revision at the present time, may be urged the undeniable allegation, that there are in the present version words that have gone out of current use, words that no longer bear the same meaning as that which they were used to express at the time that the present

version was under the hands of the revisors, words and phrases that have become barbarisms, words then current that have become so debased as to be no longer allowable in decent books, and some words whose meaning now is the opposite of what it was then.

When do we now hear the word "leasing," or where do we meet with it, except in the Bible? (Psalm iv. 2, and v. 6.) Suppose a cottager, on "Saturday night," reading Gen. xliv. He comes to the question in verse 15, "Wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine?" Can he draw, from the words used, a clear idea of what Joseph meant by the question?—And, passing from the Old Testament to the New, what proportion of the readers of English can understand the words attributed to Christ, and addressed to the terrified persecutor, Saul of Tarsus, near to the city of Damascus, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks?"

Among words that have changed their meaning are the following: "Cunning," which formerly bore the sense of skilful, but now expresses that of *crafty*; "conversation," which once expressed a person's whole deportment and "manner of life," but now expresses only an interchange of thought by means of oral speech; "to know," which was formerly used in the sense *to approve*, but is not so used now; "to prevent," which now signifies most commonly *to hinder*, but which formerly bore the sense of to guide, and to anticipate. The word "room" occurs in the New Testament in the sense of *place* (Luke xiv. 8, 10), or the position occupied by a person at a meal in company. The idea now conveyed to the mind of an ordinary reader of that passage, is that of an apartment instead of a sitting place at table. The word "nephews" is now restricted in its application to the children of a man's brother or sister; but it formerly was used to designate *grandchildren*, or lineal descendants generally. This is the sense in which it is used in 1 Tim. v. 4, where the apostle enjoins upon such the duty of maintaining their poor mothers and grandmothers—not their aunts—being widows; and not to leave them chargeable upon the Church. In Acts xxi. 15, the writer is made to say, "we took up our carriages, and went up to Jerusalem." By the word "carriages" is there meant articles to be carried, or *baggage*. The word is now restricted to the sense of vehicles for carrying, and especially such as are for the carrying of persons.

When Wycliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation," rendered the Latin Vulgate into English, he wrote, "If any man serve me, my Father shall worship him." How shocked and confounded should we now be, if such were the present rendering, instead of the words, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour!" John xxi. 26. The word "worship," at that time, bore the sense of honour; which is its meaning in that part of the marriage service, "With my body I thee worship."

ENGLISH GRAMMAR: ITS PRINCIPLES AND RULES.

Among the readers of this Magazine there are young persons of both sexes, who have had no opportunity to study grammatical principles, or to acquaint themselves with the laws that govern language. Of these persons, there are some, no doubt, who possess natural talent for considerable usefulness, either as Sunday School-teachers, Prayer-leaders, Visitors of the afflicted poor, Leaders of classes, or Preachers of the Gospel and expounders of the Word of God. Whatever may be the sphere of usefulness towards which they may be attracted, and which they may attempt to occupy, their efficiency will partly depend upon their ability to express their thoughts freely and accurately. They will need to be well acquainted with words, and they will find it of much importance to be able to make a good use of words so that they may convey to other minds the very meaning they wish, and not a different meaning from what they intend. For the sake of our younger readers, whose educational advantages have been very scanty, or who have had scarcely any such advantages, but who yet aspire to be useful to others in such a manner as we have mentioned, we propose to write a few papers on the principles and laws of English Grammar, which may guide them into the study of the subject, and perhaps qualify them to prosecute the study more fully under the future guidance of ampler and abler writers.

The word, *Grammar*, is almost pure Greek. It has but the addition of the letter *r* to the Greek word *gramma*, which is used to express *that which is written, a written character, a letter*. The word *grammar* in English, is used to designate the collective principles and rules by which language is regulated both in speaking and writing; and which all approved speakers and writers observe.

The first principle of grammar is the proper classification of words. What are words? They are signs of thought. You have certain thoughts in your mind which you want to convey to the mind of another. How is that to be done? You must make use of words. If the person to whom you wish to give your thoughts is present, you speak words which you both understand, having both been accustomed to use them as signs of thought. If the person is at a distance, you put your words into writing. Now, words are used to express different forms and conditions of thought, and the relation of one thought to another. Hence the necessity for distributing words into classes, according to the end for which each word is used. Suppose you are thinking of such an instrument as I am now using in writing these lines, and with which I am making the marks upon paper that we call writing. English speakers call it a *pen*. Suppose you think of the fluid into which the pen is dipped when we are about to write. We call that *ink*. I am seated at a piece of furniture that we call *table*, and upon another piece of furniture called *chair*, within a walled space called *room*, which belongs to

a larger structure called *house*. Now, if you consider these words that are in italics—pen, ink, table, chair, room, house—you will perceive that they are words by which we call different things, and by which we distinguish those things one from another. As soon as you hear any one of those words spoken, or see it in print, or in writing, you know what is meant, and you think of the thing of which the word is a sign. The words are the *names* by which we call the things, and by which we distinguish one thing from another. Whatever we can see, touch, taste, hear, or smell ; and whatever we can think of as existing, is called by some name ; and all names constitute one class of words. Grammarians call them *Nouns*. The word *noun* is derived from the Latin language, and is of the same meaning as *name*. The noun, or name, is one of the nine parts of speech, or classes of words, into which the English language is generally distributed.

Some names are common to all the individuals of the race or the species to which they are applied ; as man, horse, cow, These are called *common nouns*. Some are distinctive of an individual from all others of the same kind ; as John, Thomas, Peter, among the apostles ; Dobbin, Smiler, among a farmer's horses ; Beauty, Brownie, among his cows. These are called *proper nouns*.

Nouns are distinguished by sex ; some being of the male sex, some of the female sex, and some of neither. Grammarians call sex *gender*. The male is called *masculine*, the female *feminine*, and those of no sex *neuter*.

Nouns may express either an individual only or more than one. Those that express but one, as man or horse, are called nouns of the singular number ; all others are plural, as men, horses, because they express more than one.

Nouns stand in different relations to each other, and to other parts of speech. This difference of relation is called the *case* of a noun. Take an illustration. John struck James with a bat. In this sentence *John* and *James* are *proper nouns*, and *bat* is a common noun. John is said to have done something ; he struck another person. The noun *John*, therefore, is in the case called *nominative*, being related to the act done, as the agent or doer of the act. The noun *James*, being the *object* of the act, as he was the person whom John struck, that noun is in the *objective* case. So is the noun *bat* ; because it was not the actor, but only the instrument *used* by the actor in striking.

Sometimes a noun expresses the idea of possession or property in relation to another noun ; as This is Henry's book. Here are two nouns, *Henry* and *book*. The book is said to belong to Henry, or to be his property. The noun *Henry* is therefore put in the case called *possessive*, by having a mark like a comma (thus ') and the letter *s* put after it, so as to form *Henry's* from Henry. You see, then, that nouns have *three* cases,—Nominative, Objective, and Possessive.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

How far does the periodical literature of the day influence for good or for ill the characters of men? It has been said that there is a vast amount of trash issued from the press. Whether those gentlemen who have said so have really examined many of these periodicals is a question.

I have looked over several. Here are four halfpenny ones—"HALF-PENNY GAZETTE;" "HALF-PENNY MISCELLANY;" "HALF-PENNY JOURNAL;" "COTTAGE JOURNAL." These have each of them tales and wood cuts. One has a portrait and memoir of Jenny Lind, and another a portrait and memoir of Abel Heywood. There are some things objectionable in them, but they are not wholly objectionable. They are light enough, it is true, but not unmitigated trash.

We will pass from the Halfpennies to the Pennies. I will just take them at random:—"REYNOLDS' MISCELLANY." This periodical has been in the field upwards of thirty years: it has sixteen pages, large quarto. There are four tales in the number before me, chopped up into short conversations, and occupying twelve pages. Then there is the Tourist's Companion, with good wood engravings; and the matter is instructive. There are seven wood engravings in this number. A portion of the number is devoted to advertisements.

"FUN."—This is a rival of *Punch*, at one third his price. Mr. Spurgeon figures in the number before me, delivering an address on the Gorilla. Those persons who can be pleased with this comic, must have a very choice taste. This periodical consists of twelve pages quarto, and the one before me has ten wood cuts.

"CASSELL'S FAMILY PAPER," sixteen pages, and eight cuts, small folio. Here are eight pages of tales. Yet there is some good useful matter in this paper; but it has ceased to exist.

"ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS," sixteen pages folio, eleven engravings, with the usual news reports, wit and wisdom, and advertisements.

"FAMILY HERALD," sixteen pages quarto. This is one of the oldest, and one of the best of the light periodicals: for twenty-eight years it has held on its way. Still its main support has been tales. In the number before me there are eleven pages of tales. There is a good deal of useful matter in it, and it has never been dependent on wood cuts to promote its sale.

"BOW BELLS," sixteen pages folio. There are eleven engravings and an immense amount of letter-press for one penny. Here are the everlasting tales; but in addition to these there is good, bad, and indifferent matter. "Bow Bells" began to ring in 1862, and the peal is still rung out once a week. "Bow Bells" contains a little of everything. Here are essays historical, scientific, and domestic; adventures, national customs, curious facts, fine arts, with a capital engraving. Here is the portrait gallery, with a good portrait, and a well-written memoir. Curious wills, &c. &c. complete the variety.

"THE LONDON JOURNAL." This has been one of the most successful of the weeklies, and has been a long time in the field. Wood-cuts are plentifully employed. Serial tales of a most exciting kind follow each other, from volume to volume, from year to year. In addition to the sensational reading, there is a good deal that is solid and useful.

My impression is, after examining some of these periodicals rather minutely, and scanning others, that although they are not just the things I should recommend, yet they are not the unmitigated trash some persons have pronounced them to be.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

THE POST OFFICE.—I remember that when a letter reached the outlying old farm-house, where some of the years of my boyhood were spent, it was regarded as an event. The old farm-house was no longer occupied by a respectable farmer, but by farmers' labourers. The postman who started from the village post office, did not take in our house in his rounds. I recollect, on one occasion, the postmistress came over with a letter to my mother, as she thought it might be of some importance. This was kind of her; but in addition to the postage of eightpence, we had to pay the good lady fourpence or sixpence for bringing it over. Those good old days of dear postage have passed away. Thanks to Rowland Hill!

On the 10th of January, 1840, the uniform rate of one penny for inland letters weighing less than half an ounce, came into operation. This regulation has certainly been one of the greatest boons ever conferred on the public at large. The regulation required the postage to be pre-paid, or it would be charged double. It was regarded in the first instance as an experiment; and the government reserved the right to alter it if it should not answer. So successful, however, was the experiment, that it continues to the present time, being a great benefit to the public and to the revenue.

It is not my intention to write a history of the Post Office; but following the reduction on the rates for letters, was the establishment of the book post, four ounces of printed matter inclosed so as to be open at the ends for one penny. There was a strange anomaly connected with the book post, which I could never see the force of. A book weighing seven ounces and three quarters would be charged twopence: should it, however, weigh eight ounces and a quarter, it was charged fourpence. Thus the matter stood for several years. But by and by a common-sense view of things was taken, and the rates were graduated more equitably, rising one penny for every four ounces additional weight. The sample post followed the book post; this has been of great use to manufacturers and commercial men.

Then there is the Postal Card. When I saw the announcement that on

October 1, 1870, postal cards of the value of one half-penny would be issued, and that I might write an order thereon, or send a message from the Land's End to John o'Groat's, I said, "That is capital." I have already received a number of these cards, and have sent many out myself. The address of the party to whom the card is sent, and only that, must be written on the stamped side. On the back of the card the sender may either write or print as much or as little as he pleases, so far as the space allows. These cards have a very neat appearance; and although in a few instances they may have been used for improper purposes, yet their use and cheapness are obvious.

BOOK POST.—"A book-packet may contain not only books, paper, or other substance in ordinary use for writing or printing, whether plain, or written, or printed upon;" but photographs can also be sent; only no letter, or anything in the nature of a letter. Persons wishing to send a book as a present may write inside the cover, "Presented to," &c. This is allowed. By the new arrangement a book or package of books not exceeding two ounces can be sent to any part of the United Kingdom for one halfpenny; under four ounces, one penny; under six ounces, three-halfpence; rising one halfpenny with every additional two ounces. A book-packet sent without a stamp upon it will be charged double rate; but it is not generally known that should a book-packet be not sufficiently prepaid, double the amount of the deficiency will be charged.

SAMPLE POST is regulated on the same conditions as the book post.

There are many other particulars in the postal regulations which I have not time nor space to notice. Stamped envelopes, four sizes, for one shilling and a penny the dozen; newspaper wrappers, twenty-five for one shilling and three-halfpence. These wrappers are gummed at one end. They are very handy for sending pamphlets or manuscripts. Fourpence the hundred, independent of the stamp, is cheap indeed.

There are other things in connection with the Post Office worth knowing, and may be brought out at a future time.

Biography.

MEMOIR OF JANE PEACH, OF BARNSELEY CIRCUIT.

DIED on August 1st, 1870, at Carlton, in the Barnsley Circuit, Jane, the beloved wife of Mr. C. L. Peach, Wesleyan local preacher. She was born at Huddersfield in the year 1803. At about the age of twenty-five she began to attend the Wesleyan ministry in her native town, and was convinced of her state as a sinner before God; but being of a retiring and timid disposition, she did not make known her condition to any one, and so carried her burden until, at the age of twenty-seven, Providence opened her way to the city of Edinburgh. Still mourning her state as a sinner, she soon found her way to Nicholson Square Wesleyan Chapel, where she

was taken by the hand, and introduced by a Christian lady to the late Rev. John Partis Haswell, who was at that time superintendent of the Edinburgh circuit. She became a member of his class, and received from his hands her first ticket as a member of the Wesleyan Society. Being soon made a happy partaker of saving grace, she could testify that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all her sins. From that time to her decease, I believe she retained this sense of forgiveness, though her path through life was rugged and thorny. After residing in Edinburgh about two years, her health failing, she returned to her native town. No sooner had she arrived in Huddersfield than, almost her first walk in the town was to the Rev. John Hannah's, who was superintendent of the Huddersfield circuit. Presenting to him her removal ticket, she was placed under the care of a faithful and affectionate class leader. About the year 1850, Jane, with a younger sister, came to reside at Carlton, in the Barnsley circuit; and, both of them being members of the Wesleyan Society, and desirous to do all the good they could, they at once began to work for Christ in their new sphere; viz., by visiting the sick and the aged, distributing tracts, and inviting the villagers to attend the Wesleyan Chapel. In this work they were rendered very useful. In the year 1853 the younger sister was taken very ill, and was ordered by her medical attendant to her native air. Jane accompanied her sister and was her constant nurse, until after a long, lingering illness, she departed this life, May 4, 1854, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. Jane then went to reside with a married sister, who, in a short time, lost her husband by death. Providence again opened her way to return to Carlton, accompanied by her widowed sister. In the year 1860, death removed the sister very suddenly. Jane was then left quite alone. In the year 1862 she was united in marriage to him who survives to mourn her loss; and during the eight years we have been united together, she has done me much good and no evil. She was a faithful and sincere friend of the ministers, especially of the local preachers; and I have often heard her say that for very many years it was her constant habit not to retire to rest on a Sabbath evening until she thought they were all safely housed at their homes. In the year 1863, Providence called us to go and reside in Birmingham; and there, as usual, she sought out for a class, and met with the late Rev. Josiah Goodwin, a supernumerary, with whom she continued to meet until our removal and return to the Barnsley Circuit in the year 1866. We first resided at Brierly, where she was the means of raising a new class. In the year 1869, circumstances occurred which caused us to remove to Royston, in the same circuit, and ultimately to Carlton again. Soon after we came to Carlton her health failed; and in the month of January of this year she took to her bed. In March she rallied, and came down stairs; but it was only a temporary relief. In the month of June she again took to her bed, and became weaker every day. Her trust in the Redeemer was firm. Her language was, "I know in

whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him until that day." The fruits of this faith in Christ were constant peace and joyful hope; hence, whenever she was interrogated as to the state of her mind, and her prospects, her testimony was clear and satisfactory. Patience, in her, had its perfect work. When her partner knelt at her bed-side, as usual, before retiring to rest, she would say, "Pray that I may have patience to wait the time of the Lord, for I long to be gone." These were words which frequently came from her lips. As the hour of her dissolution approached, she was not able to speak, and her sorrowing husband, anxious to ascertain what were her prospects for the future, whispered in her ears, "My dear, if you are still happy, lift up your hand as a token." She did so. Immediately the silver cord was loosed, and she peacefully entered into rest. C. L. P.

Narrative.

AMERICAN SKETCHES.*

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A BACKWOODS MISSIONARY. NO. V.

I soon arrived at the cabin of Brother S—, "five miles further up the creek;" a phrase, by the way, which must be only understood to mean the following along the banks of a sluggish, muddy stream, constituting the connecting link between one swamp or morass and another (sometimes called lakes). By the earthquake of 1812, a large portion of this part of the Missouri, including a million and a half of acres, was sunk from one to six feet lower than the general level of the surrounding territory. Immense forests of moss-bearded cypress, ash, and sugar-maple descended with the surface, and still stand,—most of the trees dead, and dropping down piece-meal into the turbid waters beneath; the whole surface being covered with an immense web of rotting timber. The spectacle is a peculiar and melancholy one, and looks as if nature here had resorted to an execution. All over this region, under which the earthquake slumbers, are to be found small districts of country, which were not submerged, and which, at this early day, had been returned as not worth the price of surveying. The land, however, is fertile; abounds in mast and wild game; and, hence, the class of squatters described, sought these spots to live free from the tax-gatherer, to take possession of the soil upon the same principles as Adam did, and engage in the pleasures and emoluments of the chase, with very little danger of that annoyance which

* Our readers who possess our volume for 1868, will just turn to page 176, and they will find an introduction to the present paper. We are happy to welcome once more our contributor, after an absence of two years and eight months. We trust he will let his visits be more frequent, and not so far between, in the future.

Daniel Boon always feared,—“of having neighbours to settle too near to him.” Why the miasma of these interminable marshes did not sweep away the adventurers like the sirocco of the desert, I was never able to determine. I noticed, however, that the waters were highly coloured and thoroughly impregnated with the terebinthine principle of the cypress everywhere abounding. Thus may nature have provided its own antidote. The inhabitants are generally healthy.

The house of Brother S— stood upon the side of a gentle ascent, facing an extended view of this Golgotha of dying and rotting forests. It was a double cabin of logs, with porch and hall, and he being one of the oldest inhabitants, it was regarded as rather an aristocratic residence. Cattle and swine, however, had free access to the very door, and as the soil was soft just after the rain, there was much adhesiveness just where the thrifty New-Englander takes care that there shall be none. On the ends and sides of the house, were stretched deer, raccoon, and other skins, drying for use. A huge stick-chimney graced each end of the building, and just in the rear, and a little further up the ascent, stood a comical nondescript little cabin, not far from which a spring of apparently pure water bubbled up, and after being guided for some distance by the trunk of a hollow tree, it leaped out, and went laughing away to the lake. I was looked for, and the porch was occupied by our good friend and one or two of his sturdy sons, with several watch-dogs ; a face as black as Egypt, the meanwhile, peering out of the little cabin behind, and looking for my arrival. The moment I hove in sight, every dog leaped towards me with an uproarious bark ; all arose, and with shouts of “ Get out ! ” I was cordially welcomed to this, one of the oldest preaching-places in the region, known in that day as, “ Below the swamp.” “ Come, ‘ light ! ” was the cheering greeting, and I was soon seated in the porch, my horse cared for, in the enjoyment of all those pleasures which a whole-hearted welcome, given to one on the pathway of duty, imparts. I was quickly told that I was to be met there by a fellow-preacher ; (and it was a rare thing in those days for one Methodist preacher to be favoured with the society and assistance of another ;) that they had made arrangements for services that afternoon, and in the evening ; that my coming had been carefully made known for a distance of many miles ; and that to-morrow we must have a love-feast, and as many more sermons as we were able to preach. Sister S—, exclaiming, at the same time that, “ as I was to come to see them so mighty few times, and as that was the first time, they were a-going to try and have a *good time*.” In the meantime, I looked about me, and saw that action had been suited to the words, and that ample preparation had been made for this spiritual festival in the way of mending superannuated benches, and also the making of several new ones. I also noticed, that in addition to the home-made bedsteads, generally constructed from fence-rails, two others had been put up by the insertion of poles in the cracks of the cabin, supported at the opposite end with dogwood forks ; the whole

done in the highest style of the art, and wearing an air of inviting neatness. For, be it known here to you, people of parlours and pianos, of sitting-rooms, dormitories, carpeted and upholstered churches, that this paraphernalia of civilisation, would have been as much of a mystery to the audience that assembled at the domicile of Brother S—, as the furniture of Solomon's Temple, or, the recently-exhumed wonders of Old Nineveh; and that the presence of beds, such as described, were but little in the way in a log-cabin audience-room, as the ladies generally, most economically in the case of a crowd, occupied every inch of their surface. Knowing this to be the case, I looked to the newly-constructed bedsteads with some apprehension, but said nothing.

By this time the audience had begun to assemble. In Indian file, rudely mounted, clad with hunting-shirt, 'coon-skin caps, and often with rifle on the shoulder, wife behind and child before, they came like doves to the windows. Sister S— smiled with delight. Brother S— was all politeness, shouting as loud as a sea-captain, "Come, 'light, neighbour R—!" "What do you sit there for, Brother C—? ride up to the porch here;" when, all at once, two braces of ivory set in ebony, appeared in the persons of Aunt Susan and Uncle Billy, from the Liliputian cabin, in the rear of the house, a sufficient explanation of its use. Bench after bench was stowed in the receiving-room, hall, and porch. Strange steeds, meeting from afar, neighed either defiance or welcome. Dogs, of which there were nearly as many as people, barked or growled. Now and then a child would cry, and now, a loud, jovial laugh from a rotund matron, as she met a sister of kindred spirit, and they both drew out cob-pipes, with cane tubes for a friendly smoke; and thus all was activity; joy and expectation ruled the hour. The preacher was looked to as a superior. Few ventured to obtrude themselves upon him, but, assisted by Brother and Sister S—, he took all by the hand, and kissed all the babies whom he presumed it would not frighten into a scream; but in exercising caution in this direction, he confessed to the weakness of being governed much by appearances. The audience and the colleague have arrived. The time of service has arrived also. Order is restored in Warsaw, and the voice of praise rings out from this extemporised temple in the vast wilderness, hallowing the Gothic forest aisles. It is something to sing, or hear sung for the first time, at these outposts of civilisation, some of those good old hymns embalmed in immortality, such as:

"Come, thou Fount of every blessing."

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone."

"O for a thousand tongues to sing," &c.

It has since fallen to my lot to stand in the pulpits of sundry of our city edifices, sacred to eternity, appropriately ornamented with every mechanical beauty that might gratify the taste and quicken the æsthetics of a people, and to hear the voice of the congregation blend with the

solemn discourse of the organ, and I have felt at home. But, believe me, dear reader, when I saw that scene of primitive simplicity in worship, I felt I trode on holier ground, and I never felt more magnified by my holy office, than did I feel that day at Brother S—'s. Nor was that the only time that a gush of gladness, spouting from my heart, blended with a sense of unworthiness to enjoy the privilege of seeking after just such lost sheep in the wilderness as these. In preaching, I had great liberty and profound attention, accompanied by an occasional sob and groan, and emphatic amens from my assistants and the members of the small class there organised. It would seem, however, that I was too didactic, and wanting in the powers of exhortation ; for, when my brother, an employé under the elder, and so limited in a knowledge of letters that he could not read an unfamiliar hymn correctly, arose, he soon quite distanced me in his power over the audience. And, though he exhorted nearly as long as I preached, he never seemed to leave the theme of "dying a shouting," "going to Jesus," and "meeting our relatives in glory." The policy of Providence in preacher-making in the history of Methodism, has always been to choose some men on a level in intellectual resources and power with the people with whom they were to labour. Such men have their mission, and nobly they do the pioneering work of Methodism. I will here fling a green wreath to their memories, as they have beaten me in preaching very often, if discourses are to be judged of by present effects upon the audience. Brother Neal was one of these ; and the road to his heart was that which led to the hearts of his neighbours. Though the most contented people with this earth that we ever saw, the idea of getting to such a heaven, in such a way, seemed absolutely irresistible in its fascinations. His word was with power. Some screamed, another hooted, a third fell, a few seemed affrighted, while a few others, initiated into such scenes, shouted in true orthodox style. And no one did this better than did Aunt Susa, who had taken her place in the back end of the hall. She flew up and down, straight and steady as a shuttle in a weaver's loom, with the word, "Glory !" warbling from her lips, while Uncle Billy sat shaking and grinning with inexpressible delight through his tears. Among the extemporised bedsteads things did not fare so well. My anticipated fears were fully realised ; those upon them leaping to their feet, and some of them shouting for joy in a manner that would have minded Peter at Pentecost of the opulent announcements of prophecy ; first one came down with a crash,—which, causing the occupants of the other simultaneously to make a move toward evacuation, it also gave way, and fat women and babies—there were no lean ones there—tumbled flat upon the puncheon floor with a rattle and a crash. The tide of devotion, however, ebbed not for a moment, and my good brother continued to expatiate upon his theme, always so welcome to the heart here, conscious of its absence from home, and which has been so beautifully described by the rainbow-tinted pen of the poet :

"O, the joys that are there, mortal eye hath not seen !
O, the songs they sing there, with hosannas between !
O, the thrice-blessed song of the Lamb and of Moses !
O, brightness on brightness, the pearl-gate encloses !
O, white wings of angels ! O, fields white with roses !
O, white tents of peace, where the 'rapt soul reposes !
O, the waters so still, and the pastures so green !"

He sat down exhausted. The audience sang, and I waited for a lull in the extravagant height of feeling to which they had been carried, to announce the future order of the day, and to bring on the benediction. By suffering everything to abide its time, all came around right, and after ascertaining that one poor backslider had been reclaimed, two or three sinners pricked in the heart, we paused for bodily refreshment, and for the resumption of services in the evening.

Some thirty of the audience, which consisted of about forty, tarried, in response to the urgent and hospitable invitation of Brother S—. Backwoods dinners I have already described; and as to the service of the evening, and those of the following day, they were as the one just described, only more abundant. I rejoiced exceedingly on Sabbath morning, to see, in the audience, my kind host and hostess, introduced to the reader in the foregoing chapter. But my joy was brightened into ecstasy when, under the sermon, I saw both bend their heads like a willow bough, and weep like children ! Prevailing upon the husband to suffer his wife to stay, on Sabbath evening, I saw her happily converted at the anxious-seat, and her first shout was, "Glory to the Christ of the Bible !"

Monday morning came, and in counting up the results of the meeting, we found that about one third of our audience had been converted, doubling the number of the small class at this point. All passed to their homes, apparently delighted and solemnised by the occasion, and I was left alone with our kind brother and sister and family; and, though wearied, great peace was my portion, wondering at the great things the Lord had done for us. The sky was cloudless, and the autumnal sunlight seemed greatly increased in mellowness, and nature's breath seemed ambrosial with odours from the better land. My ears still seemed to retain the untaught warblings of the notes of revival songs; and while, as I walked out in the forest shade, the loosened leaf came slowly eddying down at my feet, reminding me of man's autumn and destiny; the winds, meanwhile, gently moaning through the tops of the cypress, I seemed in rapt communion with two worlds, and patiently resigned to live at once in either; when, suddenly, I was reminded of the snake in Eden, by a most hideous and deadly-fanged one at my feet ! I started suddenly back, and armed myself for the duty of bruising his head. In returning to the house, I related my adventure to Brother and Sister S—, with blank cheek and trembling nerve; Uncle Billy peeping in at the door at the same time, the impertinent fellow, chuckling over my fears. "Why," said I, "Uncle Billy, what do you laugh for ?" Assured by my familiarity, he snatched

the fragment of what had once been a hat from his woolly pate, and exclaimed, "Why, Massa Watson, I laughs at you bein' so 'stonished of killin' one snake of a mornin', when sometimes I has to kill a half a dozen!" I shuddered from top to toe, exclaiming, "Snaky country, this, Uncle Billy!" "Wall, Brudder W—, dat is, Massa Watson," advancing two steps further into the room, "if you and Massa dare will take a ride wid me in my perogue on de lake, down dur, to-morrow, de way I show you, snakes be a caution; dat sartin." I immediately struck with Uncle Billy for a ride with him into snakedom on the following morning, the incidents of which journey, constituting, as they do, emphatically, a "snake" story, with the rare quality of being a true one, I must reserve for another brief chapter.

The Pulpit.

OUTLINES OF WESLEY'S SERMONS. No. IX.

"Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again unto fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." Rom. viii. 15.

1. St. Paul herespeaks to those who are the children of God by faith.

2. The spirit of bondage and fear is widely different from the loving spirit of adoption.

3. But it is to be feared, that the bulk of mankind, yea, of what is called the Christian world, have not attained even to this.

4. Perhaps most of you, who, by the mercy of God, now partake of a better spirit, may remember the time when ye were as they, under the same condemnation.

5. One who is in the first state of mind, is in scripture termed a "natural man." One who is under the spirit of bondage and fear, is sometimes said to be "under the law." But one who has exchanged the spirit of fear for the spirit of love, is properly said to be "under grace."

I shall endeavour to point out distinctly, First, the state of a "natural man;" Secondly, that of one who is "under the law;" And, Thirdly, of one who is "under grace."

I. 1. And, First, the state of a *natural man*. This the scriptures represent as a state of sleep. His spiritual senses are not awake; they discern neither spiritual good nor evil.

2. For this very reason he is, in some sense, at rest. He *sees* not that he stands on the edge of the pit, therefore he *fears* it not. He cannot tremble at the danger he does not *know*. He imagines that the main point is to be *outwardly* blameless; and sees not that it (*the law of God*) extends to every temper, desire, thought, motion of the heart,

3. He is secure, because he is utterly ignorant of himself. Hence he talks of "repenting by-and-by."

4. But this ignorance never so strongly glares, as in those who are termed, *men of learning*. The god of this world spreads a double veil of blindness over their hearts.

5. From the same ignorance of himself and God, there may sometimes arise, in the natural man, a kind of *joy*, in congratulating himself upon his own wisdom and goodness: and what the world calls joy, he may often possess. He may have pleasure in various kinds.

6. It is not surprising if he should imagine that he walks in great *liberty*: liberty from *vulgar errors*, from *enthusiasm*, *superstition*, *bigotry*, &c.

7. All this time he is the servant of sin. He commits sin, more or less, day by day. He contents himself with excuses for his sins.

8. How can such be *convinced of sin*? How be brought to receive the *spirit of bondage unto fear*? This is the point next to be considered.

II. 1. By some awful providence, or by his word applied with the demonstration of his Spirit, God touches

the heart of him that lay asleep in darkness and in the shadow of death.

2. The inward, spiritual meaning of the law of God now begins to glare upon him. He perceives "the commandment is exceeding broad."

3. He sees himself naked, stripped of all the fig-leaves which he had sewed together, of all his poor pretences to religion or virtue, and his wretched excuses for sinning against God.

4. He sees and feels that, for the sins of his heart, were his life without blame, he deserves to be cast into the fire that never shall be quenched.

5. Here ends his pleasing dream, his delusive rest, his false peace, his vain security.

6. He feels the anguish of a wounded spirit. He feels sorrow of heart—fear;—fear of death, of the devil, of hell; sometimes bordering on despair.

7. Now he truly desires to break loose from sin; but sin is mightier than he. He sees the snare, and abhors, and runs into it.

8. The more he strives, wishes, labours to be free, the more does he feel his chains. He is still in bondage and fear, by reason of sin. The more he frets against it, the more it prevails.

9. This whole struggle is beautifully described in the foregoing chapter (Rom. vii. 9-24.) Who shall deliver me from this helpless, dying life, from this bondage of sin and misery?

10. How lively a portraiture is this of one "under the law!"

III. 1. The state of one who has found *grace*, or favour in the sight of God, we are, Thirdly, to consider.

2. "He cried unto the Lord in his trouble, and God delivers him out of his distress." His eyes are opened in quite another manner than before, even to see a loving, gracious God.

3. He "looks on him whom he had pierced;" and "God, who out of darkness commanded light to shine, shineth in his heart." He seeth the light of the glorious love of God, in the face of Jesus Christ. How clearly now does he discern, that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself"—and that he himself is re-

conciled to God, by that blood of the covenant!

4. Here end both the guilt and the power of sin. He can now say, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me;" &c. Here end remorse, and sorrow of heart, and the anguish of a wounded spirit. He cannot fear any longer the wrath of God. He cannot fear the devil. He fears not hell. He has no fear of death.

5. "Henceforth he does not serve sin." (Chapter vi. 6, &c.) "Being now made free from sin, he is become the servant of righteousness."

6. He is a living witness of the "glorious liberty of the sons of God;" all of whom bear record with one voice, "We have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father!"

7. It is this Spirit which continually "worketh in them, both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

8. To sum all up: The *natural* man neither fears nor loves God; one *under the law*, fears—one *under grace*, loves Him. The first has no light in the things of God, but walks in utter darkness; the second sees the painful light of hell; the third the joyous light of heaven. He that sleeps in death, has a false peace; he that is awakened, has no peace at all; he that believes, has true peace,—the peace of God filling and ruling his heart. The *natural* man neither conquers nor fights; the man *under the law* fights with sin, but cannot conquer; the man *under grace* fights and conquers, yea, is "more than conqueror, through him that loveth him."

IV. 1. From this plain account of the threefold state of man, the *natural*, the *legal*, and the *evangelical*, it appears that it is not sufficient to divide mankind into sincere and insincere, "Examine yourselves, therefore, whether ye be in the faith." Examine narrowly what is the ruling principle in your soul. Is it the love of God? Is it the fear of God? Or is it neither one nor the other? . . . Heathen, pull off the mask! Thou hast never put on Christ! Stand barefaced! Own that thou

hast no part, either among the sons or the servants of God!

Dost thou commit sin, or dost thou not? "He that committeth sin is of the devil." He will not fail to reward thy labour.

Art thou daily fighting against sin? and daily more than conqueror? I acknowledge thee for a child of God. O stand fast in thy glorious liberty! Art thou not fighting at all, but leading an easy, indolent, fashionable life? Awake, thou sleeper! Call upon thy God.

2. These several states sometimes mingle, and meet in one and the same person. (*The varying experience of men is described, and their getting rid of conviction noted.*)

3. A man may be of a compassionate and benevolent temper; may have many moral virtues; may do much good; may attend public worship;—and yet may be a mere natural man.

Suppose there were added to all this a deep conviction of sin; frequent touches of love, &c.—yet neither do these prove a man to be *under grace*.

4. Beware, then, that thou rest not, either in a natural state, or in a legal state. God hath prepared better things for thee, if thou follow on till thou attain. Thou shalt "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, in every thing give thanks." "Whereunto thou hast already attained, hold fast," by "reaching forth unto those things which are before;" until "the God of peace make thee perfect in every good work, working in thee that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ: To whom be glory for ever and ever! Amen!"

Sunday School Column.

LOUD SPEAKING.

I HAD a class of rough boys who used to make a good deal of noise; but I did not mind that. But then I *did* think that the lady teacher in the class next to me really had a *very* loud voice; and I felt two or three times that I would like kindly to suggest to her that she had pitched her tone rather higher than she was aware, perhaps; but I could not

muster the courage. One day the matter came to a crisis. I approached the lady, and she said to me, "Mr. Wells, will you excuse me?"—"Why, ah, certainly!" I said. "It is not much, perhaps," she replied, "only, Mr. Wells, you do talk so *loud* in your class that my class can scarcely hear me, although I raise my voice higher than I should otherwise do, that I may be heard." What a fall was there! It was a merited rebuke. It was one of my earliest mistakes, and that faithful lady teacher effectually cured me.—*Ralph Wells*.

SEVEN PRINCIPLES.

1. NEVER teach what you don't quite understand. 2. Never tell a child what you can make him tell you. 3. Never give a piece of information without asking for it again. 4. Never use a hard word if an easy one will convey your meaning, and never use any word at all unless you are quite sure it has a meaning to convey. 5. Never begin an address or a lesson without a clear view of its end. 6. Never give an unnecessary command, nor one which you do not mean to see obeyed. 7. Never permit any child to remain in the class, even for a minute, without something to do, and a motive for doing it. A mind unoccupied is a mind in mischief.—*J. G. Fitch, Esq.*

TAKE NOTHING FOR GRANTED.

LET a teacher take nothing for granted in the knowledge of children,—but bring out the amount of their information, and the readiness of their thought, by constant and simple questions addressed thus to each. To use simple words is a most important requisite for deep and real teaching. All extraneous conversation must be cut off, and the attention kept fixed on the one subject which is the appointed subject of study. Step after step must they go forward in the lesson,—with the effort and purpose that it shall be thoroughly understood. An hour will soon pass in the effort to make ten verses of Scripture plain to a class of little ones. And the more they understand and are interested in it, only the

more difficult it will become to restrain the association of their thoughts, and to confine them to the actual line of teaching in hand.—*Dr. Tyng: Sunday-school World.*

Choice Selections.

MEETING OF REFUGEES.

AN interesting meeting of French and other refugees was held on Thursday evening, Dec. 12, at the Mission-room, Greek Street, Soho. The meeting was convened by Mrs. George Moore, of Kensington Palace Gardens, under whose direction arrangements of a most liberal character were made in the way of provisions. When the tables had been cleared, some tracts and a copy of the "Animals' Friend Almanack" were given to each of the company by Mrs. Moore and other ladies. Mr. Moore then rose to address the audience (through Mr. Brown, who kindly acted as interpreter). Expressing his regret that he could not speak to them in their own language, he assured them of Mrs. Moore's and his own hearty welcome on the occasion, and hoped that they had enjoyed the refreshments provided, and had done justice to them. He was quite confident that all true Englishmen sincerely sympathised with them, not only in the present terrible crisis of their country's history, but for the past twenty-five years. The firm in the city of which he was a partner had a branch establishment in Paris; and several assistants were there, and nothing had been heard of them for many weeks past, which gave them deep concern; and they could do no other than feel great sympathy for the French people. He had many pleasant recollections of visits he had paid in former years to that city. Now, what a sad reflection—no one knew from day to day what to expect; and the once beautiful city, it was most probable, nay, almost certain, could never be expected to be as it was before. All that could be done now was to pray almighty God to interpose to stay the devastating war. He should say

no more, but was sorry Mrs. Moore could not be prevailed upon to speak in his stead, as he must tell them the meeting was her affair, and not his; but as she was not able to address them at any great length, he would instead give them something he had in his pocket, viz., a bag of new shillings fresh from the Mint that day, one of which was then handed to every one assembled by Mrs. Moore; and it will doubtless be not the least thought of and cherished as a pleasing memento of a most happy and cheerful meeting. Mrs. Moore then briefly addressed a few words of kind encouragement in French to the refugees, which elicited their hearty applause; and after a very heart-stirring address was delivered by Mr. Haughton, the superintendent of the two missions (who, with his daughter, are greatly interested in the work), one of the refugees then rose to express the gratitude of all then assembled for the kindness and profuse hospitality of the reception accorded to them. Addresses by the missionaries (in French and Italian), and others followed, and after a very cordial response to a call made for a cheer for Mr. and Mrs. Moore, a very delightful evening was brought to a close.

RAVAGES OF PAPAL SPANIARDS IN THE NETHERLANDS THREE CENTURIES AGO.

[We copy the following horrible details from Motley's rise of the Dutch Republic. Date of 1567,]

All persons at all implicated in the late troubles, or suspected of heresy, fled from their homes. Fugitive soldiers were hunted into rivers, cut to pieces in the fields, hanged, burned, or drowned like dogs, without quarter, and without remorse. The most industrious and valuable part of the population left the land in droves. The tide swept outwards with such rapidity that the Netherlands seemed fast becoming the desolate waste which they had been before the Christian era. Throughout the country, those Reformers who were unable to effect their escape, betook themselves to their old lurking places.

The new religion was banished from all the cities, every conventicle was broken up by armed men, the preachers and leading members were hanged, their disciples beaten with rods, reduced to beggary, or imprisoned, even if they sometimes escaped the scaffold. An incredible number, however, were executed for religious causes. Hardly a village so small, says the Antwerp chronicler, but that it could furnish one, two, or three hundred victims to the executioner. The new churches were levelled to the ground, and out of their timbers gallows were constructed. It was thought an ingenious pleasantry to hang the Reformers upon the beams under which they had hoped to worship God. The property of the fugitives was confiscated. Many who felt obliged to remain, and who loved their possessions better than their creed, were suddenly converted into the most zealous of Catholics. Persons who had for years not gone to mass, never omitted now their daily and nightly visits to the churches; persons who had never spoken to an ecclesiastic but with contumely, now could not eat their dinners without one at their table. Many who were suspected of having participated in Calvinistic rites, were foremost and loudest in putting down and denouncing all forms and shows of the reformation.

The Regent issued a fresh edict upon the 24th of May. . . . By this new proclamation all ministers and teachers were sentenced to the gallows. All persons who had suffered their houses to be used for religious purposes were sentenced to the gallows. All parents or masters whose children or servants had attended such meetings were sentenced to the gallows; while the children and servants were only to be beaten with rods. All people who sang hymns at the burial of their relations were sentenced to the gallows. Parents who allowed their newly born children to be baptized by other hands than those of a Catholic priest, were sentenced to the gallows. The same punishment was denounced against the persons who should christen the child or act as its sponsors. School-

masters who should teach any error or false doctrine were likewise to be punished with death. Those who infringed the statutes against the buying and selling of religious books and songs were to receive the same doom, after the first offence. All sneers or insults against priests and ecclesiastics were also made capital crimes. Vagabonds, fugitives, apostates, runaway monks, were ordered forthwith to depart from every city upon pain of death. In all cases confiscation of the whole property of the criminal was added to the hanging.

This edict, says a contemporary historian, increased the fear of those professing the new religion, to such an extent that they left the country in "great heaps." It became necessary, therefore, to issue a subsequent proclamation forbidding all persons, whether foreigners or natives, to leave the land or to send away their property; and prohibiting all shipmasters, waggoners, and other agents of travel, from assisting in the flight of such fugitives, all upon pain of death.

Yet will it be credited that the edict of 24th May, the provisions of which have just been sketched, actually excited the wrath of Philip on account of *their clemency*? . . . Nothing, he said, could offend or distress him more deeply, than any outrage whatever, even the slightest, offered to God and His Roman Catholic Church. . . . He was indignant that heretics had been suffered to hang who ought to have been burned, and that a few narrow and almost impassable loopholes had been left through which those who had offended might effect their escape.

And thus, while the country is paralysed with present and expected woe, the swiftly advancing trumpets of the Spanish army resound from beyond the Alps. The curtain is falling upon the prelude to the great tragedy, which the prophetic lips of Orange had foretold. When it is again lifted, scenes of disaster and of bloodshed, battles, sieges, executions, deeds of unfaltering but valiant tyranny, of superhuman and successful resistance, of heroic self-sacrifice, fanatical courage, and insane cruelty,

both in the cause of the wrong and the right, will be revealed in awful succession—a spectacle of human energy, human suffering, and human strength to suffer such as has not often been displayed upon the stage of the world's events.

CAUTION AS TO THE CAUSES OF FIRE.

The most frequent causes of fire are:—
Hot air apparatus of every description.

Stoves introduced into rooms previously unprovided with them. In such cases a careful inspection of the walls is necessary to discover all hidden timber.

Workmen allowed to carry out repairs and alterations without proper superintendence. Fires being lit without fenders and guards, and candles used without candlesticks.

Plumbers lighting fires upon the roof to melt their lead and for other purposes have caused the destruction of many costly mansions and buildings.

Fires lit in grates not previously used or disused for a long period. All flues must be carefully examined upon these occasions.

Raking out the remains of the fire before retiring for the night. This is a most dangerous practice. Whatever quantity of coals remain in the grate, they burn out without danger; but if raked out upon the hearthstone, they heat the stone, under which the builders frequently leave portions of timber, these become ignited, and the building is destroyed.

Chimneys *not being thoroughly swept*. This should be done at fixed periods, and especially before the return of the family after a long absence.

Gas is as valuable a protection against fire, as candles, oil and other movable lights are dangerous, but nevertheless it requires attention. If a smell of gas is perceived, and no tap is found open, there must be an escape; the pipes should then be carefully examined throughout, and where necessary repaired. A tap should be fixed upon the main (outside the building if not inconvenient), and it should be turned off at night by some competent person. Gas should never be in the pipes *within the house* after the inmates have gone to bed.

Lucifer matches have caused immense loss of property and of life. Lying about the house they are trodden upon, and by this and other means ignited. A new match, recently introduced, is free from all the dangers attached to the mischievous old match, and cannot be too widely known and introduced. It should be universally used. The specialty of this match is that it can only be ignited by friction *upon the box*.

Clothes hanging before the fire.

Overheated flues.

Wood *left on the kitchen range to dry* for lighting fires in the morning.

Reading in bed.

These and similar acts of carelessness and causes of mischief should be guarded against by an inspection of the house by a trustworthy person after the family have retired to rest.

DEATH AT A PRAYER MEETING.

At the Bull Inn, Windsor, Mr. H. A. Martin, coroner for the borough, held an inquest on the body of James Lipscombe, aged 69, who died suddenly while praying at a prayer meeting at the Wesleyan Chapel on Sunday night, September 11th, 1870. Mr. H. Seymour stated that he was storekeeper at Windsor Castle. On Sunday evening, deceased, who kept a fruiterer's shop in Eton, attended the evening service at the Wesleyan Chapel. Deceased had previously complained of weakness. He saw him at the evening service at half-past six o'clock. Deceased remained throughout the service in his pew, after which he stayed to the prayer meeting. Mr. Lipscombe had been called upon to pray, and did so. Immediately after he had ceased he fell from his pew. Witness went to his assistance, and raised his head on his arm. Dr. Pearl was sent for, and attended. He was then dead. Deceased never spoke after he fell. His wife was in the pew with him. Deceased was a member of the Wesleyan Society. Mr. E. Pearl, surgeon, stated that he was called to attend deceased, whom he found lying on the floor, supported by Mr. Seymour and others. He was quite dead. There was nothing to indicate from what he died. His partner, Mr.

Gooch, attended deceased about twelve months ago for partial paralysis. That showed there was some disease of the brain, and a person so affected was liable to a sudden attack of apoplexy, which witness had no doubt was the cause of death. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes."

UNION OF FAITH AND WORKS.

WHEN we speak of faith, in the language of true religion, we mean that lively faith, which worketh by love, and produces habitual holiness and obedience to the will of God. When we speak of works, we understand those works of love which are founded on gospel principles, and naturally spring from genuine faith. When faith and works are thus considered as inseparably united, it may be said, in the words of St. Paul, that man is justified by faith; and in those of St. James, that by works man is justified. Numberless are the passages of Scripture which enforce the union of faith and works. Trust in the Lord, and be doing good, says the Psalmist. St. Paul fought a good fight, as well as kept the faith. St. Peter entreats those who have obtained faith, to attach to it the lovely train of Christian graces. "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity."

The union of faith and works is irresistible. It was by this union that Abraham received the promise, and became the father of the faithful. Noah's ark may be considered as an emblem of this union. This vessel was built by the direction of the Almighty. Noah employed his labour, and exerted his abilities in finishing the work traced by Jehovah. Without this original direction he could have done nothing; he placed his faith in the God of Mercy; he performed the work under His instruction, and he was saved. It is only when united that our prayers and our alms—that is, faith and works—can come up for a memorial before God. We must pray, and we must work. We must imitate the joint example of Moses

and of Joshua in the battle against Amalek. Moses stood on the top of the hill, and Joshua in the plain; Moses lifted his hand in prayer, Joshua raised his sword in battle. By this union of prayer and action, of faith and of works, Israel triumphed, and Amalek was discomfited. Hence you will conclude that faith and works, in their proper sense, are inseparable from each other; that if you divide them, you are tearing off the branches from the tree; you are cutting off the stream from its source; you are taking away the soul from the body. You will cling to faith, as if it were the only necessary part of religion; and you will practise works, as if you thought them the only requisite for your salvation. In a word, you will consider these two passages of Scripture as the pillars of your creed; *first*, "Without faith it is impossible to please God;" *second*, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

ULTRAMONTANISM.

ULTRAMONTANISM is essentially papalism, and its starting-point is that the Pope is infallible in all doctrinal decisions, not only on matters of faith, but in the domain of ethics, on the relations of religion to society, of Church to state, and even on state institutions, and that every such decision claims unlimited and unreversed submission in word and deed from all Catholics. On this view the power of the Pope over the Church is purely monarchical, and neither knows nor tolerates any limits. He is to be sole and absolute master; all beside him are his plenipotentiaries and servants, and are, in fact, whether mediately or immediately, the mere executors of his orders, whose powers he can restrict or cancel at pleasure. On ultramontane principles, the Church is in a normal and flourishing condition, in proportion as it is ruled, administered, supervised and regulated, down to the minutest details, in all its branches and national boundaries from Rome. Rome is to act as a gigantic machine of ecclesiastical administration, a Briareus with a hundred arms, which finally decides everything, which reaches every-

where with its denunciations, censures, and manifold means of repression, and secures a rigid uniformity. For the Church-ideal of the Ultramontanes is the *Romanising* of all particular churches, and above all the suppression of every shred of individuality in national churches. Nay, more, they consider it the conscientious duty of all nations to mould themselves, to the utmost of their power, into the specifically clerico-Italian fashion of thinking and feeling. How should they not, when the *Civiltà* says roundly, "As the Jews were formerly God's people, so are the Romans under the new covenant. They have a supernatural dignity?"

The Ultramontane knows nothing higher than the breath and law of Rome. . . . If Jewish parents are forcibly robbed of their child in Rome that he may be brought up a Christian, the Ultramontane finds it quite in order that natural human rights should yield to the ordinances of Rome, however late devised, although theologians used to maintain that in this case the law of nature is the law of God, and, therefore, above any mere human and ecclesiastical ordinance. If the Inquisition still proclaims excommunication in the states of the Church against every son and daughter, if they omit to denounce their parents, and get them into prison for using flesh or milk on a fast day, or reading a book on the Index, the Romanist is prepared to justify this too. . . . Every breath of religious life is to be drawn by Italian rule.—*The Pope and the Council.* By Janus. Pp. 40-44.

CLIMATE PRODUCTS OF CALIFORNIA.

THIS is a bad year to form any opinion of the products and beauty of this country, owing to the small rainfall during the past winter, or rather rainy season. There has been more drought so far this year than in any preceding one for the last forty years, so some of the old settlers tell me. A dry year occurs, as a rule, about every seven years; but I believe, as the country becomes settled up, and the landholders see the benefit of tree-

planting for timber, there will be a marked increase in the rainfall. Most of the plains in the southern counties are now destitute of trees, and what few valleys are timbered are rapidly being cleared for firewood, and no one at present plants any trees but what will in a short time bring him in a good return—say, fruit-trees, comprising orange, lemon, citron, lime, fig, olive, almond, peach, nectarine, plum, apricot, pear, walnut, and vine (the apple does not do very well here), hedge-trees, willow and osage orange, side-walk trees, locust (not the honey-locust), pepper, and some few poplars. The climate is everything that can be desired, neither too hot in summer nor too cold in winter. There has never yet been a case of sunstroke or hydrophobia in the whole of California. The rose blooms all the year round, and since I came here the geraniums (zonale), verbenas and petunias have been a perfect blaze of colour. I many times wonder how some of the new varieties of the above would look if grown here; the older varieties of roses are larger and finer than any of the same varieties I have seen at the rose shows in England. This would be a good place for the hybridist, everything growing to such perfection, and no rough or cold weather to contend with. There are some enormous vegetables grown here, beets over one hundred pounds in weight, and melons after the giant gourd style. The castor-oil plant is a tree in some cases thirty feet high, and trunk eighteen feet high at base, beautiful with nearly every shade of leaf colouring, and with gorgeous spikes of bloom. The date palm seems to be quite as tall and healthy as in Jamaica: there are, I believe, only three specimens in this valley, and three at the St. Gabriel Mission, ten miles distant. There is also a variety of fan-palm in several gardens, which grows very luxuriantly. I believe the banana will grow here: several friends of mine are about trying it, as the fruit brings a good price. The grapes are not yet in the market, but the vines are promising well. The price of the wine grapes here (Mission variety chiefly) is half a cent per pound, and money is very different in

value to what it is in England; a dollar, 4s. 2d., in most ways, only goes about as far as 1s. in England, and the smallest coin in circulation is a dime, or ten cents. In San Francisco five-cent pieces are partially used, but are looked upon something like the farthing in England.—*The Gardener's Magazine*.

LEGALISM.

Do not fall into the common mistake of religious people, induced by the miserable legalism of human nature—that of looking into and brooding over YOURSELF—fighting your besetments, or amending your failings one by one. *Improvement* is hardly the thing to be aimed at. The action of religion is upon our NATURE as a WHOLE. It is the gift of a divine nature to us. This receives everything, it includes everything; and FAITH ALONE in Jesus obtains this gift from above. This is as sufficient as it is simple. Without this you can make nothing out, do what you will; and with this all things are possible, nay, easy, which your Saviour wills you to do and to be. We are set in the right way to begin with by the Holy Ghost. He infallibly initiates every soul that receives Christ into the mystery and method of the spiritual life. True to this beginning are all His leadings, to maintain and perfect this great concern of our existence; His only revelation is of CHRIST, first and last. All that you need to make you happy, progressive, and sufficient for your duties and conflicts, is this profound indwelling of Christ. This alone redeems life from its shabbiness and misery. THIS CAN; this DOES.—*Memoir of George Steward*. P. 100-1.

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

WHILE his heart had been set for years on the work of the ministry, his guardians, thinking only of the temporal interests, insisted on his studying law; and for this purpose, as well as to familiarise him with the fashions of the French court, he was despatched, in 1719 (*he was then nineteen years old*), to the city of Paris, where he would have to encounter the temptations of a false and flattering

world. "During the whole journey," he writes, "the desires of my heart went forth to Jesus, and eternity was ever in my thoughts."

On his way to Paris he passed through Dusseldorf; and in walking through the picture gallery there, he was struck by a painting of the suffering Saviour, with a Latin inscription underneath: "Hic feci pro te; quid facis pro me?"

"This I have done for thee;
What doest thou for me?"

"I felt I had little to answer," he remarks, "and I implored the Saviour to force me to suffer with Him, if I did not consent to do so of my own accord." It was soon after that he adopted his life-long motto, "Æternitate" ("For eternity").—*Count Zinzendorf: Tract, No. 1015. Religious Tract Society*. Page 5.

Zinzendorf became of age in 1721, and in the following year purchased the estate of Berthelsdorf, near his aged relative, the Baroness of Gersdorf, writing up over his dwelling, "The tenant of this has a better house in heaven."—*Ibid*, page 7.

PAPAL BLOODTHIRSTINESS.

A CITIZEN of Cambray having been converted to the Lutheran confession, went to the archbishop and requested permission to move out of the country, taking his property with him. The petitioner having made his appearance in the forenoon, was requested to call again after dinner to receive his answer. The burger did so, and was received, not by the prelate, but by the executioner, who immediately carried the Lutheran to the market-place, and cut off his head.

This ecclesiastic having done his best to destroy heresy in Valenciennes by fire and sword, under the despotic authority of Philip, the reigning king of Spain and the Netherlands, said in a letter to another clerical persecutor, Cardinal Granvelle—the letter getting intercepted,—“I will say one thing, since the pot is uncovered and the whole cookery known, we had best push forward and make an end of all the principal heretics, whether rich or poor, *without regarding whether the*

city will be entirely ruined by such a course. Such an opinion I should declare openly, were it not that we of the ecclesiastical profession are accused of always crying out for blood." — *Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic*, vol. i. p. 462.

THREE RULES FOR GOOD READING.

FIRST—Finish each word. I use the phrase in the sense of a watchmaker or jeweller. The difference between two articles, which at a little distance look like much the same, all lies in the finish. Each wheel in a watch must be thoroughly finished; and so each word in a sentence must be most completely and carefully pronounced. This will make reading both pleasant and audible. Careful pronunciation is more important than noise. Some time ago I heard a person make a speech in a large hall; he spoke distinctly, and I heard every word; unfortunately, he became warm in his subject, and spoke loudly and energetically, and immediately his speech became an inarticulate noise. Secondly—Do not drop the voice at the end of the sentence. Simple as this rule may seem it is one most necessary to enforce. If the whole of a sentence be audible except the conclusion, the passage read becomes discontinuous—a series of intelligible portions interspread with blanks. Confusion, of necessity, attaches to the whole. Thirdly—Always read from a full chest. The reading voice should always be a complete *voce di petto*; and the chest, which is truly the wind-chest of the human organ, should never be exhausted. This is as important for the speaker as for the hearers, and for the hearers as for the speaker. The voice is delivered with ease, and becomes agreeable. Singers know well the importance, indeed the necessity of taking breath at proper places. The same thing is important for reading, and for reading in a large building, attention to this matter is indispensable.—*The Dean of Ely in the Englishman's Magazine*.

MEN AND WOMEN.

MEN love things, as facts, possessions, and estates; and women, persons;

and while man regards only abstract scientific fact, a woman looks only on the person in whom they are embodied. Even in childhood the girl loves an imitation of humanity, her doll; and works for it; the boy gets a hobby-horse or tools, and works with them. But the noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed woman for the good of the world is love—that love which seeks no sympathy and no return. The child is the object of love, and kisses, and watching; and answers them only by complaints; and the feeble creature that requires the most, repays the least. But the mother goes on; her love only grows stronger, the greater the need, and the greater the unthankfulness of its object—and while fathers prefer the strongest of their children, the mother feels more love for the feeble and garrulous.

MAKE THEM HAPPY.

THE great art in child-culture is to keep the little ones happy, having all things as pleasant and bright about them as possible. Children will have trials enough in spite of you. God will try them. And you yourself will be compelled to try them now and then. It cannot be helped. That is life. But the less the better. The worst men had tumults and anger and abuse when they ought to have been just laughing the days away. Homes of discontent, sour homes, cloudy homes, irritable undivine homes, make rebellious, and restless, and unsuccessful lives. By always taking things by the smooth handle, a deal of trouble and vexation is saved.

PRICE OF POULTRY AT THE ALBERT LAKE, CENTRAL AFRICA.

FORTUNATELY there were fowls in thousands, as the natives did not use them for food (*they eat the eggs, and use the fowls for purposes of superstition and sorcery*); these we purchased for one blue bead (monjoor) each, which in current value was equal to two hundred and fifty fowls for a shilling. Eggs were brought in baskets containing several hundreds; but they were all poultry.—*Baker's Explorations*, vol. ii. p. 125.

**THE BOOK OF DANIEL
AUTHENTICATED BY CHRIST.**

NOTE the phrase, "through Daniel the prophet." (Matt. xxiv. 15.) It assumes that the prediction was not the invention of Daniel. It came from beyond him,—from above. Our Saviour thus gives His imprimatur to the divine origin of the book of Daniel, even as regards those concluding and apocalyptic parts on which the efforts of ancient and modern sceptics have been most pertinaciously expended.—*Dr. Morison's Notes on the New Testament.* Page 507.

**A WESLEYAN LOCAL PREACHER IN
THE PRESENCE OF ROYALTY.**

PRINCE ARTHUR, accompanied by Lieut. PICKARD, R.A., attended the morning service at William Street, Wesleyan chapel, Woolwich, on Sunday in command of the troops usually attending the Sunday morning service. His Royal Highness appeared to take great interest in the service, and listened attentively to the discourse, which was preached by Mr. WRIGHT, one of the local preachers, from Psalm cvi. 4. The presence of the prince was not discovered until the service was considerably advanced.—*Methodist Recorder*, Nov. 11, 1870, p. 623, col. 2.

THE FAULTS OF CHILDREN.—It does not do to be always too keen-sighted, or to appear to be so, to little fits of wilfulness. Perhaps there is a struggle in the child's mind between the wish to be good and the temptation to be naughty. Have we never such struggles ourselves? Would not a harsh word terminate the conflict in favour of wrong, while a smile, a look of kindly encouragement will strengthen the feeble wish to do right? If we have felt temptation ourselves, let us pity and aid the little creature; even as we are taught that Our Saviour, "in that he has suffered, being tempted," himself, "is able to succour them that are tempted."

INDUSTRY.—There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to. It is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and

valued in all countries, and by all nations; it is the philosopher's-stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling; and it is the north-west passage, that brings the merchant's ships to him as soon as he can desire. In a word, industry conquers all enemies and makes fortune itself pay contribution.—*Clarendon.*

Poetry.

LIFE'S SECOND MORNING.

WE have met with few more beautiful lines than the following, from the pen of Mrs. Barbauld, which the poet Rogers, in his latter years, was fond of repeating to his friends with just enough of tremulousness in his fine voice, to give his recitation the effect of deep feeling. They were written by Mrs. Barbauld in her old age.

"LIFE! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather!
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh or tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night; but in some happier
clime
Bid me good morning."

LONGING FOR REST.

JESUS! Saviour! Friend of sinners,—
Truest friend that heart can know!
Where, amid this world of dangers,
Can the soul for refuge go?
Where, but to Thy arms of mercy?
Where, but to Thy shelt'ring breast?
Saviour, draw me nearer,—nearer;
There is safety; there is rest.
Toss'd upon life's restless ocean,—
Storms without, and fears within;
Loving much, yet oft forgetting;
Sinning, and yet hating sin;—
Jesus, look in Thy compassion
On my soul, thus sorely prest;
Draw me to Thee,—nearer,—nearer;
Give me peace, and give me rest.
Make me strong to struggle upward,—
Hoping, loving, striving still;
Mould this restless, wayward spirit
To my holy Father's will.
Then, earth's joys and sorrows ended,
Saviour, take me to Thy breast;
There to find hope's full fruition,—
Perfect love, and perfect rest.

Montreal Witness.

R. M.

Phænomena of the Months.

FEBRUARY.

THE sun rises on the 1st at nineteen minutes before eight and sets at twelve minutes before five; on the 14th it rises at eighteen minutes past seven and sets at ten minutes after five; and on the 28th it rises at ten minutes before seven and sets at twenty-four minutes before six. The mornings increase fifty-one minutes and the afternoons forty-nine minutes. The length of the day on the 1st is nine hours and six minutes, the night being more than half as long again.

The moon is full on the 5th at two minutes after two in the afternoon, and new on the 19th at eleven minutes before two in the afternoon. The first Sunday is the day it is full, and rising at twelve minutes before five in the afternoon, it shines all night. On the second Sunday it rises after midnight; on the third Sunday it sets a few minutes before the sun; and on the fourth Sunday it sets shortly after midnight.

The moon is near to Uranus on the 2nd and 3rd, on the latter evening occulting it. The planet disappears behind the moon at fourteen minutes after six and re-appears forty-three minutes afterwards at the western edge. The moon is near to Regulus on the 6th, to Mars on the 9th, to Saturn on the 15th, to Mercury on the 17th, to Venus on the 20th, and to Jupiter on the 28th.

Mercury is a morning star.

Venus adorns our evening sky from one hour and a quarter to one hour and three quarters after sun-set.

Mars rises about half-past nine on the evening of the 5th, and on the 25th a few minutes before eight.

Jupiter is visible nearly all night in Taurus.

Saturn is a morning star, rising more than two hours before the sun.

Literary Notices.

Hymns for Christian Worship and the Sunday School. Book Room of the Free Gospel Churches, Bolton.

ANOTHER collection of hymns? Yes;

and a collection, too, which will not suffer by comparison with many preceding collections. Great labour and care have been bestowed in its compilation; and the result is a collection of 1153 hymns, bound in cloth, for 1s., carefully arranged under the proper heads, with copious index. The name of the author, when known, is prefixed to each hymn. We have also a list of authors (240) from whom the selection has been made. C. Wesley furnishes about three hundred hymns, and we are glad to see he has, as he assuredly deserves, the pre-eminence. Watts, as a matter of course, follows in the wake of C. Wesley, while many gems are given from other authors. Some popular hymns may be found in the school collection, which are at the present time in favour; but whether they will live is questionable.

But some of our readers may inquire, For what body has this collection been prepared? This is the most singular fact of all. Here is a connexion which, like the German Confederacy, consists, so to speak, of different nationalities, mostly of Methodist origin. Here are Independent Methodists, Free Gospel Churches, Christian Brethren, Benevolent Methodists, Free Presbyterians, Gospel Pilgrims, and Ranters. These are all leavened with the Methodist doctrine; and most, if not all, observe the Methodist usages: class meetings, love feasts, &c. Each church, we believe, is independent; but at the same time there are principles of union to which each church subscribes, tending to bind the whole together in a connexion.

It has been said the New Testament teaches, that in order that the world may be converted and believers built up, there must be a body of men separated from all secular pursuits, who shall devote themselves to this work. Thus speaks the Catholic; thus speaks the Episcopalian; thus speaks the Presbyterian; thus speaks the Independent; thus speak the Methodist bodies generally. Thus does not this body speak. They, on the contrary, say that the New Testament does not recognise such a separated order; but that the true gospel minister is one of the people, and

engages in their pursuits, labouring with his hands that he may not be chargeable to any man. They say, if this teaching of the New Testament had been adhered to, we should not have witnessed what we have: the enthronement of popes, &c.; bishops who, living in palaces with princely incomes, disregard entirely the command of Christ: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

There is certainly something to reflect on in this. We are approaching the end of the nineteenth century; but the great mass of the human family still lie in the arms of the wicked one. Methodism was a movement in the right direction: how is it now?

The minutes of the sixty-fifth annual meeting of this connexion shows that the body has been long maturing; is not of yesterday. The following is a summary of the statistics:

Chapels and preaching places	84
Members	3345
Ministers	191
Sunday schools	72
Scholars	9772
Teachers	1291

There must be strength and vitality here, for we should take into account that the whole of this machinery is worked by a voluntary agency, the ministers as well as the Sunday school teachers doing their work without fee or reward. We wish them good speed in the name of the Lord.

In addition to their ordinary work, this connexion has taken on itself the labour and expense of preparing a hymn book which should not discredit the body: and well the committee delegated with that task has done its work. There is little doubt but the bulk of the work has fallen on one man; and diligent he must have been to have done so much in so short a time. There are two of the hymns we noticed with no author's name prefixed; they are both C. Wesley's; hymns, 422, 657.

The churches of this connexion are mostly in Lancashire; but there are some in Yorkshire, Scotland, the Isle of Wight, and other places. We wish them as much success as they deserve in their self-denying labours. We hope that all our local preachers,

when they meet with these, their fellow labourers, will give them a word of cheer; and, if practicable, a helping hand in their work of faith and labour of love.

The Garden Oracle for 1871, edited by Shirley Hibberd. W. H. and L. Collingridge.

THIS publication is framed upon the old model, but embodies a number of improvements. It is nearly double the bulk of any previous issue of the same work, and is largely embellished with engravings, all of which are of a strictly useful character. This, the thirteenth publication of the "*Garden Oracle*," is characterised by a number of peculiarly attractive features, such as figures and descriptions, and selections of the most valuable garden vegetables and fruits, a series of selections of "pictorial trees" for parks, gardens, public promenades, and town enclosures, and a review in detail of the progress of horticulture in every branch of the art during the past year. Strange to say, the war has made its mark on this useful work, for it contains no announcement of new continental roses or gladioli, or any other of the many flowering plants which our near neighbours were wont to supply our gardens with. But the editors have made amends for these deficiencies by ample notices of new inventions and selections of the best varieties of trade articles of every kind for every imaginable purpose in connection with the garden and the farm.

The Story of Our Founder. Being a Life of John Wesley written for Children. With an introduction by the Rev. Thomas Vasey. London: Elliott Stock.

THE idea of a Life of John Wesley for the young is not a bad one. Whether in this book the writer has executed his or her task satisfactorily is another thing. We should not think that the writer is well read in Methodist history. Some great facts with which Wesley's history is closely connected are not noticed. Any life of Wesley, even for the young, must be defective where those facts are not found.

There are two great institutions distinguishing Methodism—the class meeting and the conference; and children should know the origin and nature of these. Then there are in Methodism the local and itinerating ministries. We learn nothing about these. The statistics of Methodism are not given. A Life of Wesley without these things must be defective. We also notice two glaring blunders on page 88. Mr. Wesley, it is stated, married Mrs. Vizzle in 1750—the date of his marriage was 1751. In the same paragraph it is stated: “He was attached to a lady who afterwards became the wife of a minister, Mr. Murray.” We all remember Grace Murray, who was married to John Bennett.

We have in this Life of John Wesley a proof that those persons are ill fitted to write on Methodism who have not a practical acquaintance with it. We are rather surprised that Mr. Vasey should have had his name attached to so very defective a performance.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Old Jonathan. January, 1871.

The Christian. January part, 1871.

The Gardener's Magazine. January part, 1871.

The Doctor. January, 1871.

Correspondence.

WHAT WE WANT, AND MUST HAVE.

29, George-street, Langham Street, W.,
Jan. 1871.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have great pleasure in forwarding the enclosed subscriptions, amounting to £9 17s. 6d., all of which are to be *annual*.

I am sure you will join with me in thanksgiving to the great Giver of all good, that we, as an Association, are prospering. This is, no doubt, partly owing to the persevering efforts of our beloved President. At the same time we must guard against relaxing our *individual* efforts. If we are to meet the demands made upon us from time to time, we must make it our *own* business. Those who were once *young* men are now becoming *old*, and one after another is becoming *disabled* for work, both

as regards the world that now is and the Church of Christ. Many of these are under the necessity of availing themselves of the help which our Association—through the liberality of a generous public—is enabled to give. To meet the increasing number of cases which are coming upon us, we *want and must have*—and if every one who *can*, will *act* in the matter, we *shall* have—an increased number of annual subscribers.

My own circuit, perhaps, might do more, but I am thankful to find we are doing something, as the last “*Report*” will show.

The Ex-president—all honour to him—in the largeness of his heart, set the sum which he thought might be raised, at a high figure; but even that might have been accomplished if all were alive to a sense of duty. Some years ago we had the “Two THOUSAND POUNDS” fund before us. If the same thing were done now there would surely be but little difficulty in carrying it out. “*Two thousand pounds!*” What is that among so many? If those who are at present connected with the Association have “a mind to work,” it may be done before the next annual meeting.

Large sums are being raised for the sick and wounded in France and Germany, and it is quite right it should be so; but of all the soldiers that fall, none fall so nobly as the soldiers of the *cross*; and among the noble, none surely are more noble than the old *local preacher*, who has spent his life in active service, at the call of Him “whose he is, and whom he serves.”

I do not mean by the above that those who are set apart wholly to the work of the ministry do not fall nobly, or that they are not worthy of support “in age and feebleness extreme.” Such have a claim upon those they have lived to serve, and I am thankful they have it. All we are brethren, and if some of our local preachers are poor, I would say to the people for whom they have lived and laboured, as an inspired apostle has said—“I would that ye should remember the poor.”

Yours affectionately,
Mr. Creswell. Geo. Sims.

THE WHISPER OF THOMAS WYKES.

DEAR BRETHREN.—I have received a capital letter from Thomas Wykes, and there are some points in it which I should like to be brought before all our members. But as he may not wish for your readers to know exactly where he lives, I may just say he hails from Leicestershire.

Yours truly,

PHILIP PARKER.

"Dear Sir,—I have taken '*The Local Preachers' Magazine*' from the commencement. I will just say I take much pleasure in reading it, and think it a shame that all the members of the Association do not take it. I should like to whisper in the ears of every member that *I consider myself a proprietor of the Magazine and you ought to do the same.*"

[Well done, Thomas; that is a right view to take of your relation to the Magazine, and I hope your whisper will be heard by every member, and responded to; then the Magazine estate would become a valuable property, and return a nice yearly profit. But I must let Thomas continue his whisper:]

"It is our own business; and the man that will not attend to his own business, is either careless or idle, or both."

[Plain whispering this, Thomas, but it is quite clear you think that the member who does not take in his own Magazine is not minding his own business. I am not sure but

that you are right. Thomas, after all, has a kind heart. Hear him:]

"I should not like to hurt any brother's feelings. There may be some who cannot spare twopence a month; but if there is one that cannot, I should like to have the pleasure of giving a year's numbers to that brother, although I am only a farm-labourer, and in about a month shall be seventy-three years old, and have had nothing but what I worked for."

[This is noble of the farm-labourer seventy-three years of age. And now, if any poor brother who really cannot afford to take the magazine, will send his name and address to me, 8, Exeter Hall, I will send him the Magazine monthly. And I have little doubt if more than one applicant should send, there are other brethren who would feel it an honour to follow in the footsteps of THOMAS WYKES.]

A THANK-OFFERING.

DEAR BROTHER CRESWELL,—As the new year opens I have been thinking of the past, and the remembrance of God's goodness to me above many of my dear fellow-labourers in the vineyard of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It causes gratitude to rise in my heart towards God for another year's health of body and mind. Thank the Lord, I have no doctor's bill to pay; and I think the least I can do is to give one pound to the funds of the Association.

Yours truly,

Halifax. WM. GARRETT, Loc. Sec.

Mutual-Aid Association Reporter.

LOUTH.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have pleasure in forwarding to you an account of the eighteenth anniversary services of the Louth branch, of the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association.

On Sunday, November 13th, 1870, three excellent sermons were preached on behalf of the Association, in the Free Methodist Chapel, Eastgate, morning and evening, by W. Bowron, Esq., in the afternoon by

Rev. J. Kirsop, one of the circuit ministers. On Monday, 14th, a tea meeting was held, which was not so large as usual, the afternoon being unfavourable. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. S. F. Salmon, honorary member of the branch.

The meeting was opened by the Rev. J. Barker giving out a hymn and engaging in prayer. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Bowron, ex-president, who attended as honorary

deputation; also the Rev. J. Kirsop, Mr. J. Burkett, Mr. T. Oldham, representatives to last aggregate meeting. The services throughout were very good. I have pleasure in forwarding you £15, net proceeds. Our aged Sister T— has handed me £3 13s. 1d., which she has collected during the year in small sums; also by Mrs. Ryall, 12s., which I forward to you.

I am, dear brother, yours truly,
W. MAWER, Local Sec.

N.B.—The subscriptions acknowledged in the Magazine should have been Mr. Johnson, Mr. Boothby, Mr. Mawer.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

The monthly meeting was held at Dr. Aldom's, Leyton, Essex, on Wednesday, 11th January, 1871.

Present: The President, Ex-president, Treasurer, Hon. Secretary, Bros. Aldom, Wade, Coman, Durley, Madder, Cole, Parker, Jameson, Harding, and as a visitor, Rev. W. O. Aldom.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. W. O. Aldom.

The minutes were read and confirmed.

The President reported that a meeting might be held at Denbigh Road, Bayswater, in January or February. Brother Coman was appointed to assist the President in making the necessary arrangements for the meeting. Brothers Bowron, Aldom, Carter, Wade, and Harding would attend as speakers.

Nothing was yet reported from Greenwich.

Sheffield was arranging for a meeting in March.

Hitchin was left in the hands of Brother Durley.

The annual sermons at Rochester were said to be fixed for the 26th of February, and the public meeting on the following day.

The Honorary Secretary suggested that two or three of the brethren should meet him at the Bank of England, when he took the dividends; they could then certify that the investments were all right. The President, and Brothers Plant and Jameson were requested to attend accordingly.

The monthly statement showed that the receipts from branches, including legacies, had been £1,151 7s. 0d. The payments to them, £1,151 0s. 1d. The half-year's dividends, and about half the balance in hand at last year's audit had been consumed by the working expenses.

During the month seven members and two members' wives had died.

The sick now receiving relief were 66, and the annuitants 108.

A faithful brother submitted, by letter to the committee, the case of a sister, in humble life, who, out of her hard earnings, was accustomed to send to our funds the sum of six shillings twice or thrice a year. The committee directed that a copy of the magazine should be sent to this sister regularly.

A brother, aged 60, in fair health, a local preacher from March, 1837, applied for membership. Ordered that his entrance fee be fixed at £5.

Another brother, of the same age, described as being in good health and very active, also applied, and his entrance fee was fixed at the same amount.

Another brother, aged 78, a preacher for fifty-three years, also applied for terms of admission. The sum of £10 was fixed in this case.

Permission was given for the formation of a branch at Blandford, where we already have some members.

Brother Parker reported the progress made for the issue of the portrait of the President. The matter was left in the hands of Brother Parker and the Honorary Secretary.

The Honorary Secretary was requested to communicate with the Keighley friends respecting the annual meeting.

Brother Cole (Sheffield) expressed his willingness to attend public meetings, held in our behalf, anywhere he could reach in the month of March.

Some minor matters were settled, and the President closed the business with prayer.

The next meeting will be held at Brother Cuthbertson's, No. 23, Wellington Square, King's Road, Chelsea, on Monday, 13th February.

Obituary Notice.

DIED at Northampton, on Sunday, 25th December, 1870, Brother Newman Meadows, aged 79. He had been a member of the Association ever since its commencement; has been a very successful class leader for many years, and a local preacher for more than sixty years; having come upon the plan at the same time with the father of our Honorary Secretary, Brother Chamberlain. He was out preaching on Sabbath day, December 18th, a week before his death. His last illness was remarkably short, being out only a day or two before. His death was calm and peaceful.

"One gentle sigh, his spirit fled,
We scarce could think it gone,
Before his ransomed spirit took
His station near the throne."

DEATHS.

Nov. 30, 1870. Mrs. Thomas, of St. Ives Branch. Claim £3. After a long and painful illness, calmly entered into rest.

Dec. 26, 1870. Mrs. Jacob, of Spitalfields Branch. Claim £3.

Dec. 21, 1870. John Jones, of Wellington, Salop, aged 40. Claim £6. Quietly but triumphantly passed to his rest.

Dec. 24, 1870. William Liddle, of North Shields, aged 64. Claim £6. Having a desire to depart and be with Christ.

Dec. 25, 1870. Newman Meadows, of Northampton, aged 79. Claim £6. His end was peace.

Dec. 30, 1870. Robert Pigg, of Booton, Norfolk, aged 62. Claim £6. In full assurance of a joyful resurrection.

Jan. 5, 1871. William Griffiths, of Birmingham, aged 63. Claim £4. Very happy in the Lord.

CASH RECEIVED BY THE GENERAL TREASURER TO JAN. 16, 1870.

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>Leicester</i> —Mr. James Macpherson, 2s 6d; previously published, £5 18s	6 0 6	2 11 0
<i>Helston</i>	1 7 0	1 7 0
<i>Barnstaple</i>	1 10 0	0 6 0
<i>Wednesbury</i>	0 6 0	
<i>Pickering</i> —Mr. W. Rickaby, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Geo. Smailes, hm. £1 1s...	2 2 0	3 15 0
<i>Skipton</i>	1 13 0	
<i>Brackley</i>	3 15 0	
<i>Bristol</i> —Miss S.'s thank offering, per Bro. Maynard, for the poor Old Hundred	1 0 0	
<i>Lynn</i> —Mr. Wharton, Ringstead, per Miss Yaxley	0 5 0	1 7 0
<i>Stourport</i>	3 12 0	
<i>Stafford</i> —Collected by Bro. Petchell	1 0 0	
<i>Sheffield</i> —Mr. G. Bassett, hm. £1 1s; Do. donation, 10s 6d; Mr. S. Meggitt, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Straw, don. 10s; Mr. B. Nicholson, do. 5s	3 7 6	6 17 6
<i>Hexham</i>	2 5 0	
<i>Wellingborough</i> —Mrs. Simmons, hm. in memory of her late father, Bro. Woolston, Leighton Buzzard	1 1 0	
<i>Abergavenny and Pontypool</i> —R. Greenway, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mr. John Price, don. 10s	1 11 0	1 13 0
<i>Spitalfields</i> —Collections as under: Spitalfields, £2 19s 3d; Jubilee Street, £3; St. George's, £3 1s 6d	9 0 9	9 6 0
<i>Bristol</i> —A token of regard for Local Preachers, by Mrs. Sarginson, 6s; per Bro. Spear	0 6 0	
<i>Penzance</i> —Mr. J. F. Clarke, hm. £1 1s	1 1 0	
<i>Bradford</i>		1 14 0
<i>Wisbeach</i>		1 3 6
<i>St. Agnes</i>		1 7 0
<i>Thame</i>		0 15 0
<i>Kinerton</i> —W. Gardner, Esq. hm. qrlly. 5s 6d.	0 5 6	0 6 0

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>Leigh (Lanc.)</i>		0 18 0
<i>Northampton 1st</i> —Mr. Samuel Perkins, 5s; Mrs. Samuel Perkins, 5s; Mrs. Horn, 5s	0 15 0	3 0 0
<i>Ashbourne</i> —Collected by Mrs. Allport, £1 1s	1 1 0	1 18 0
<i>Derby</i>		2 14 0
<i>Halifax</i> —Mr. A. Farrar, hm. £1 1s; Mr. G. B. Brown, hm. £1 1s; Mr. E. M. Wavell, hm. £1 1s; Bro. Garrett, £1	4 3 0	2 19 0
<i>Woolwich</i>		0 9 0
<i>Congleton</i>		2 3 6
<i>Framlingham</i>		0 12 0
<i>Holynwell</i>		0 3 0
<i>Malton</i> —Mr. Paul Hick, ann. 10s	0 10 0	0 18 0
<i>Stockton</i>		1 11 6
<i>Dursley</i> —T. Hardwick, Esq. hc. 10s; Mr. J. Nichols, don. 5s; Mr. Bloodworth, 2s 6d	0 17 6	0 9 0
<i>Sherburne (York)</i>		1 1 0
<i>Holmfirth</i> —Bro. Wadsworth, don. 10s	0 10 0	1 1 0
<i>Huddersfield 2nd</i>		3 1 0
<i>Newport (Monmouth)</i> —Mr. Edwards, hm. qrlly. 5s 3d; Mr. Cole, hm. ann. £1 1s; Mr. John T. Cole, hc. 10s 6d	1 16 9	1 4 0
<i>Peterborough</i>		1 1 0
<i>Guernsey</i>		0 12 0
<i>Rochester</i>		3 17 0
<i>Sunderland</i>		0 15 0
<i>Leighton Buzzard</i> —Rev. John Cooper, Wesleyan Minister, hc. 10s; Mrs. Hedges, hm. £1	1 10 0	2 4 6
<i>Devizes</i> —Mr. W. Hampton, hm. £1	1 0 0	3 2 0
<i>Manchester</i> —Eli Atkin, Esq. hm. £1 1s; R. Johnson, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Samuel Turnbull, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Thomas Briggs, hm. £1 1s; Mr. John E. Sandbach, hc. 10s 6d; Bro. Nicholson, qrlly. 10s; Mr. John Wolstencroft, 5s; Mr. W. Gamble, 5s; Mr. John Baines, 5s; Mr. Burtenshaw, 5s—less expenses, 1870, £1 12s	6 2 0	2 0 0
<i>Driffield</i>		1 7 0
<i>Holt</i> —Mrs. Farthing, qrlly. 3s; Mr. Thos. Leeder, do. 2s 6d; Mr. Edw. Taylor, do. 2s 6d; Mrs. Nicholls, hm. £1	1 8 0	1 16 0
<i>Sleaford</i>		1 18 0
<i>Dis</i>		0 18 0
<i>Canston</i> —Mr. A. Winter (Lenwade), 10s	0 10 0	1 1 0
<i>St. Columb</i> —Mr. Philip Northey, hm. £1 1s	1 1 0	1 7 0
<i>Burnley</i>		0 15 0
<i>Wellington (Salop)</i>		4 18 0
<i>Mansfield</i>		1 19 6
<i>Launceston</i> —John Dawe, Esq. hm. £1; John Dingley, Esq. hm. qrlly. 7s 6d; E. Pethybridge, Esq. do. 7s 6d	1 15 0	1 1 0
<i>Andover</i>		2 3 0
<i>Cheadle</i>		0 3 0
<i>Oroydon</i> —Mrs. Eliza Hill (Sutton), 41st don.	0 5 6	
<i>Hinde Street</i> —Per Brother Sims: A. A., 3s; Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, qrlly. 2s; Miss Bumstead, ann. 5s; Mr. Camfield, hc. 10s; Mr. Daw, hc. 10s 6d; James H. Chance, Esq. hm. £1; John Ivey, Esq. hm. £1 1s; H. T. Northcroft, Esq. hm. £1 1s; W. Foster Newton, Esq. hm. £1 1s; John Davies, Esq. hm. £1 1s; James Davies, Esq. hm. £1 1s; James Harman, Esq. hm. £2 2s; William Johnson, Esq. hm. £1	10 17 6	
<i>Per President</i> —Mr. A. Greenwood, Boston, £3 3s; a Methodist, Louth, 5s; collected from friends at Caledonian Road on Christmas Day, £4 13s; Vernon Blackburn, Esq. Sheffield, 5s; Miss Edith Waddy, Bristol, 5s; Mrs. Bourne, Denby Pottery, Belper, £10	18 11 0	
<i>Ashbourne</i> —Mr. Marbles' Legacy	19 19 0	

£ 99 12 6 102 15 0

Original Essays.

REVISION OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.—No. III.

PROBABLY some persons may think it unwarrantable on the part of any one to say, as we have already intimated, that there are, in our authorised version of the Bible, words and phrases that have become barbarisms. But what else can be said of such a form of speech as “can skill” to do something? The meaning intended to be expressed is that of the adjective *skilful*. And what can an unlearned reader make of the concluding clause of 2 Chron. xxxiv. 12: “All that could skill of instruments of music?” He has to guess at the meaning, and content himself with an indefinite idea. “We do you to wit,” is another example of this class. The word “wench” may also be mentioned here. Only in some parts of the country, and among the lower orders, is a girl or a young woman called “a wench;” whilst millions of British people would be at a loss to know what might be its meaning. We find it but in one place of Scripture (2 Sam. xvii. 17), and that is once too often. There is something dreadful—almost horrifying—in the words “Let them go down quick into hell.” Ps. lv. 15. But the horror is much abated by the more modern and correct rendering, “Let them go down alive into the grave;” or, in other words, let them be swallowed up by an earthquake. It is a predictive declaration of the fate of some of the ungodly, such as overtook the rebels whose fate is recorded in Numbers x.

Of words not now admissible, because of their degradation since they were in unexceptionable use, may be mentioned the adjective “bloody,” which low and brutal men have so mouthed and vulgarised that its primal dignity is gone, probably beyond recovery. Another word, freely used at one time to designate a certain fluid ejected from the animal system, never falls now from the lips of any but the most vulgar. No doubt it will be removed from 2 Kings xviii. 27, and Isa. xxxvi. 12, and its kindred verb from many other texts, by those who undertake the duty of revising the authorised version.

Some of our grammatical forms, we have said, have become so altered as to give a degree of definiteness, precision, and beauty to our mother tongue beyond what was possessed when the authorised version was made. We may add, that especially is this fact apparent in the use of prepositions, pronouns, and adverbs; and in the collocation of words into sentences. The relative pronoun, “which,” is not now so frequently heard screeching in the conversation of speakers, and in the utterance of readers, as formerly it was. It is now limited by the best writers and speakers to do duty for *things*, whilst the more euphonious relative, “who,” is given to *persons*, and withheld from *things*. Order and beauty in the structure of sentences are studied by all who aspire to acceptance as speakers and

writers. One object of revision will no doubt be improvement in these points.

Some texts there are, also, which, either through inadvertency or a particular doctrinal bias, or for want of skill, the translators of the present version have rendered inaccurately. The following may be taken as illustrative instances: Acts ii. 47—“And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.” The rendering of the concluding words of this text, required for a correct representation of the original, is, “such as *were saved*.” According to this it will be seen that the actually saved—persons already saved by grace, and not the *prospectively* saved—were those whom the Lord added to the church. Some critics render the words, “such as *were being saved*,” or, “that were in the way of salvation.” A little further in the apostolic history (Acts iii. 19) we read,—“Repent, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.” This is a rendering that encourages procrastination; the plea of half-awakened souls being, We must wait for the “times of refreshing” to come “from the presence of the Lord,” before we can “repent and be converted.” The true rendering of the latter clause is, “that the times of refreshing *may come* from the presence of the Lord.” This makes “the times of refreshing” to be a *result* of repentance and conversion, and consequently a *motive* to real repentance and conversion.

Enough has been said to show on what grounds a revision has become desirable, if not absolutely necessary. This has long been felt and seen by some persons; so much so that fully thirty years ago the late Dr. Conquest, a learned physician, published an edition of the Bible so far revised as to be distinguished by no fewer than 20,000 emendations! The very announcement of such a number of alterations alarmed many timid and unlearned Christians, almost to consternation. And yet, in so large a volume as the Bible, a far greater number than that would fail to express all the changes that might be made for the better, in the omission and admission of small words, and in the punctuation, without altering at all the staple of its style. Look at the great number of words printed in *Italics*, not to mention any other. All these are words supplied by the translators, with a view to making the sense, according to their judgment, more apparent to the reader than it would have been without such addition. And yet the progress of thought has brought us to such a mental habit and such a style of expression as to render these supplied words incumbrances and blemishes rather than aids and ornaments. In some places there are whole clauses in *Italics*, where the supplied words are intended to give the sense of one or more words supposed to have been overlooked by ancient transcribers of the original manuscripts. These, and similar cases, will have to be considered in the light of true criticism, aided by the ancient manuscripts that have been discovered since the time of the last revision, the existence of which was unknown to the revisers.

Of all existing denominations the Methodists have the least ground to decry the motion for revision. Most unseemly would it be for them to raise an objection. Why do we say so? Because their founder issued a revised edition of the New Testament 116 years ago, or more than one half the period that has elapsed since the publication of the authorised version. If his revision was necessary, or if it was justifiable *then*, how much more must revision be necessary or justifiable now! Let us not add to the cloud of dust that has been raised upon the question. There is more than enough already. Let interested publishers and authors cry out against what may, for a time, interfere with the trade in Bibles, Prayerbooks, Concordances, and some other branches of religious literature—let jealous sectaries exclaim against changes that may possibly be less favourable to some of their favourite dogmas than are the present renderings of some controverted texts; let timid believers give free utterance to their fears—for they spring from a principle that must command respect, not to say reverence;—but let Methodists allow the learning, the intelligence, and the piety of the age to travel in the wake of John Wesley, in this, as in many another enterprise, in which he was so remarkably in advance of his own age. All honour to the scholarly men by whom this enterprise is undertaken. Let us pray that they may have Divine assistance in their important work, and that they may be enabled to effect such a revision as will find acceptance with all God's children and all sincere inquirers after truth.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR: ITS PRINCIPLES AND RULES.

No. II.

THE intention of the writer of these papers is not to elaborate a complete scientific system, but to bring out the philosophy of Grammar, according to the order of nature, in as clear a way as he can, so as to enable the uneducated to enter with ease and pleasure upon a more scientific study of the subject. With this view it was that the noun was mentioned before any other part of speech, or class of words; and before making any reference to spelling or to the letters of the alphabet.

There is a very small class of words, connected with nouns, in perpetual use, called *Articles*. In our language they number only three, *a*, *an*, and *the*. And these, though three in form, are but two in reality, *an* being the same as *a*, only having *n* added when the word following it begins with a vowel. This is done for the sake of euphony or pleasanter sound; as *a egg*, or *a apple*, would sound unpleasantly; therefore we say *an apple*, and *an egg*. The same reason applies to the article *a* when followed by an unsounded *h*. Hence we say "*A hearty* good fellow," because the *h* is sounded in the word *hearty*; but, *An humble-minded* man, because the *h* is not sounded in the word *humble*. In some few

instances a vowel beginning a word has not a vowel sound, as in the word *one*. It is pedantic and absurd, therefore, to say, as some educated speakers do say, *Such an one*, instead of *such a one*. They blindly follow a rule that was framed for the sake of euphony, even when the application of the rule destroys euphony. The translators of our English Bible were high scholars of their own period, and knew how to make a mechanical rule give way to a philosophical principle, when the case required it. We read, therefore, in Ruth iv. 1, "Then went Boaz up to the gate, and sat him down there: and, behold, the kinsman of whom Boaz spake came by; unto whom he said, Ho, such a one! turn aside, sit down here."

A or *an* is used to express any one whatsoever; but *the* is used to express some one in particular; as *a* man, *a* tree, *a* house, *a* book; that is *any* man, tree, house, or book; but in saying *the* man, *the* tree, &c., we mean some man, or tree, or whatever else it be, in particular.

There is a class of words used *instead* of nouns, when we wish to avoid repeating nouns, the repetition of which would be unpleasant to the ear. Suppose I wish to inform you how this Magazine is managed. I may state the matter thus. Several local preachers having been appointed by their brethren to conduct the Magazine, they write articles, and accept articles written by others, for it. The articles are read by them, revised by some of them, and accepted or rejected by their concurrent judgment. They read and correct the sheets in passing through the press. They do their work gratuitously, with a willing mind, from love to their brethren and for the good of the Mutual-Aid Association. In this statement, the words *their*, *they*, *it*, *them*, are used instead of repeating the words Local Preachers, and Magazine; and being thus used instead of nouns, are called *pronouns*. If we had no pronouns the statement must have been made thus: Several Local Preachers having been appointed by the Local Preachers to conduct the Magazine, the appointed Local Preachers write articles, and accept articles written by others, for the Magazine. The articles are read by the appointed Local Preachers, revised by some of the appointed Local Preachers, and accepted or rejected by the appointed Local Preachers' concurrent judgment. The appointed Local Preachers correct the sheets, &c. &c. The value of pronouns is sufficiently apparent from this example.

Pronouns are distinguished not only as nouns are, by number, gender, and case; but also by *person*. They are of three persons. Those proper to the person speaking—as *I*, *me*, *we*, *us*,—are of the *first* person. Those proper to the person, or persons addressed—as *thou*, *ye*, *you*,—are of the *second* person. Those proper to absent persons, or the person about whom we speak—as *he*, *she*, *it*, *them*, are of the *third* person. The reader may find in any Grammar the *declension* of the pronouns as well as of nouns; that is, the way in which the differences of number, gender, case, and person are expressed.

The next matter to be mentioned in relation to nouns is quality, or distinctive speciality of any kind. Any substance or thing may be good, bad, long, short, or something else that distinguishes it from substances or things of like nature, but of different quality, or not having the same peculiarity or speciality. If I say I am writing with a bad pen, upon good paper, resting upon a red tablet, laid on a green cloth, and having a bright light, all in a little room, in the company of three persons,—I use a number of nouns, each qualified by another word. Let us first pick out the nouns, and then the qualifying words. The nouns are these: *pen, paper, tablet, cloth, light, room, persons*. You see that these are all nouns, because they are the *names* of things, or objects. Now for the qualifying words, which express the kinds or qualities or properties of those things. They are these: *bad, good, red, green, bright, little, three*. These words, and all words that express the qualities of things are called *Adjectives*. The last in the list is a *numeral* adjective, or adjective of number. All except that one may be of different degrees. If I have a *bad* pen, the writer near me may have a *worse*, and another pen that has been long in use may be the *worst* of the lot. If my paper is *good*, there is *better* to be had, but I can do without the *best*. The words *bad, worse, and worst*, express degrees of an ill quality; as *good, better, best*, do of the opposite. So of the other words of the list, except the numeral, which is absolute, each may be altered to express a higher or lower degree of the quality. Hence Adjectives are distinguished by three degrees of comparison; Positive, Comparative, and Superlative. The latter is applied to either the highest or the lowest degree; as *great, greater, greatest*; *low, lower, lowest*.

THE VICTORIAN ERA; OR, THE SOCIAL, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF THE PRESENT AGE.*

ENGLAND is the fairest flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea, and the brightest star in the firmament of nations. She is the birth-place and home of liberty; the market-place, the workshop, and the bank of the world. God has crowned her queen among the nations of the earth, and consecrated her the spiritual lamp-holder to regions beyond.

“We love her when we see her stand
The *hope* of every other land!”

The dominion-wealth of England's Queen embraces one whole continent, a hundred peninsulas, five hundred promontories, a thousand lakes, two thousand rivers, and ten thousand islands. Her ships girdle the earth,

* A Lecture delivered on behalf of the “Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association,” by Bro. John Rose, of Aylesbury, Bucks.

and her cannon look into every harbour. English commerce flows into every nation, and England's heart-throbs are felt to earth's remotest bound. "Our gracious monarch waves her hand, and a thousand ships of war, with a hundred thousand sailors, are ready to perform her bidding on the ocean. She gives the command, and five hundred thousand warriors rush into the battle-field to conquer or to die. The Assyrian empire was never so wealthy; the Roman empire was never so populous; the Persian empire was never so extensive; the Carthaginian empire was never so much dreaded; nor the Spanish empire so widely spread. We have overrun a greater extent of territory than Attila ever ruled, or the Tartar ever spurred his horse's hoof across. We have subdued more kingdoms than Alexander of Macedon; and we have dethroned more monarchs, if it be anything to our credit, than Napoleon in the plenitude of his power."

England's greatness consists not in her extent of territory, nor in her strength of arms, but in the surety of a wide-open Bible, and in the smile of a faithful God. Our national dignity is not traceable to any inborn strength, but rather to the fact that God is in the midst of us. Our liberty is guaranteed, because God's word is not fettered; and our fame resounds, because the world itself is become a whispering gallery, where Bible-truths echo with increasing interest, being ministered by men from our native land. Listen to the unbiassed testimony of Lamartine, after a visit to England. He says: "It was impossible for me not to be dazzled by the immense progress made by England in population, in industry, and in wealth. The sanitary improvement, vast growth, and embellishment of its metropolis are marvellous. But especially deserving of notice are the ever multiplying charitable institutions, the many associations of real, religious, conservative, and fraternal socialism between the different classes. These prevent explosions by evaporating the causes which produce them; these stifle murmurs from below by conferring benefits from above; these close the mouths of the people, not by the fell force of police-power, but by the arm of public virtue. The source of that public virtue is the religious feeling with which the English people is endowed more than many others." We may still merit this meed of praise, and improve our virtue by exercising it!

"Still let soft charity repair
To burst the bonds of grief;
Down the harrowed couch of care,
Man to man must bring relief."

"Hast thou power? the weak defend.
Light? give light, thy knowledge lend.
Rich? remember Him who gave.
Free? be brother to the slave."

But let us bear our honours meekly. Our lot has been cast in propitious times. "Other men laboured, and we have entered into their labours." The foundation of England's greatness was laid centuries since; and we

are reaping the fruit of that seed which was sown two hundred years ago. Our national parentage is a religious one ; and this,—one of Heaven's richest blessings to us devised,—this is a patrimony more precious than much fine old. We ought, therefore, to maintain, and show forth our high character as being the most religious, free, happy, and benevolent people on the face of the earth.

The Reformation in the sixteenth century was the germ ; the Revolution in the seventeenth century, the blade ; and the Revival in the eighteenth century, the ear of England's greatness. The history of England is the wonder of the world. Before the Reformation this country ranked only as a third or fourth-rate power : but with its acceptance of a purer faith, and its realising of a healthier spiritual life, it began to develop its internal resources, and to extend its conquests. Maintaining a bold stand for Truth, and consecrating life and wealth to its spread, this country has pursued an unchecked career of glory. Its name is the shield of the traveller, the safety of the exile, and the hope of the slave. It is the glory of England that, like the prayer of Solomon, her first wish has been wisdom ; and it is her happiness that, like the answer to that prayer, riches and honours beyond all measure have been her blessing. Her greatness is a glowing proof that the soundest religious policy of a nation is its safest political one. Britain's Bible is her bulwark ; and, like the wonder-working wand of Moses, where that Bible has been uplifted, blessing upon blessing has been vouchsafed. Let any godless Englishman be stripped of every good he enjoys through the benign influence of God's word upon our nation, and his privileges and enjoyments will depart, leaving him in ignorance and ruin. England is morally the Mount Moriah, the modern Jerusalem of the world. Our advantages are great ; God recognised in our senate, his name stamped on our currency, his blessing invoked upon our queen, our gospel ministry, our religious freedom, our unfettered privilege, our precious Sabbath, our unsealed, entire, wide-open Bible. We fear our national life is not in accordance with our national strength. Let us, in obedience to an inspired injunction, "*try the spirits*" which are rife in our midst, whether "*they are of God*" (1 John iv. 1) ; for whatsoever is for God's glory, tends also to England's weal, and the world's well-being.

Let us take God's word, therefore, as the true and proper standard of our observations.

As Englishmen we think ourselves somebody, and cherish too much a spirit of boasting. This was shown by the Englishman who, with high-minded mien, exclaimed, "The sun never sets on our queen's dominions." "Ah ! then I'll tell you the consequence," cried an American : "the tax-gatherer is always on tramp." "Nay," said an Indian : "The reason is, because God is afraid to trust the Englishman in the dark." There is some truth in the American's retort. John Bull needs no buttons to his pockets, nor strings to his purse. English rights are costly, but they are secure. While absolutism in England has gone for ever, public opinion

is revered and obeyed as the only true English power, the only safe English ruler. Public opinion has softened as it has ripened, and become kinder as it has become wiser. This power is gaining ground in other nations with startling and significant speed. It is as though other peoples have smelt the banquet we taste, and their appetites are whetted for sharing the same enjoyable treat. Christianity has prepared the table, and its Author has given the food; a free Bible has been the forerunner to free trade; reverence for the Sabbath is bound up with our national peace; and sending the Gospel to the nations beyond, has, to a large extent, secured to us our national prosperity. There is philosophy as well as fact in the Saviour's words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Christianity is the guarantee for all temporal blessings. Its tendency is to produce them. And just in proportion as Christianity prevails, so the curse will relax. Power is in spirit; and where the spirit is evil, if exerted, the power will be injurious. Rifle corps have been established for volunteers to play at soldiers; and thousands of rather aged boys, with sword and rifle, fence at the air, and shoot the wind with harmless effect and enjoyable glee. But a martial spirit has been created by this movement, which, in its real effect, will not bring very much "Glory to God," neither beget much "peace on earth," nor secure much "good-will toward men." The best attitude for self-defence is a civil tongue. Hot words are always succeeded by cold feelings.

A French wit once said, "English society is like a barrel of its own beer; the top is froth, the bottom dregs, the middle excellent." For the want of the refining process of education, the lowest ranks of society are still down in the darkness. Happy will it be for all classes, when to them the postman's knock has more attractions than the innkeeper's tap. We know that the etiquette of modern society often interferes with moral duties; but this must not be broken down if those who are down must be raised up. Hoping and wishing will effect no cure. You cannot get pork out of pig-iron; nor can you learn to be a shoemaker by just drinking sherry cobblers. The company of the poor must be sought after by the rich; for both classes have lessons to learn of each other, which can be acquired only by mutual intercourse. What is needed by the rich and genteel towards the erring and destitute, is *sympathy*. I know it is found among the brotherhood of planets; among musical sounds; among the glowing colours of the rainbow; and you may also find it in the dictionary. But, alas! in these things it is found too cold and exotic for suffering humanity. The late Justice Talfourd died to remind the upper classes of the need of sympathy; and the late Prince Consort, baptized by a nation's tears "Albert the Good," died to produce it. Sorrow, with weeping eyes and widow's weeds, climbed up the throne of England, and became a magnet to attract a nation's sympathy. Albeit, many coal-mines have become sepulchres for hundreds of colliers, yet they have produced a resurrection of buried wealth to relieve the relatives who were

so soon turned into mourning and distress. Our gracious and virtuous Queen set her subjects a pattern of charity, and royal sorrow was sympathetically crowned with princely benevolence. The poor still need to be told that the "religion of Christ, and that alone, is the life-tree which bears leaves of healing for the nations,—that the only remedy for their degradation, want, and woe lies in the regeneration of their character; that then, and only then, will ours be merry England, when virtue sits at every hearth-fire, and the sons of the soil have become the children of God."

But what shall we say of the upper classes? There are some of the peerage of this land who have distinguished themselves in the cause of Christ, while others have disgraced themselves and brought contempt on their name. Even princes have not been proof against reproach; though, like the wife of Cæsar, they ought to be above suspicion. If every prodigal upon the turf this week were to be under it next week, how many aristocratic people would be placed in mourning? This sporting spirit which obtains among us is anything but creditable to Christian England. The alms-box of the Samaritan Fund of St. George's Hospital, at Tattersall's, the sporting emporium, was opened during the last week of the year 1869, after an interval of twelve months, when, lo! not a single farthing was found in it. Our age is hard, unreal, materialistic, money-loving. There is corruption in its high places. It is tainted with the lust of dominion, and tainted with the greed of gain. Trade spirit is rampant, and speculation is rife. The large liberalities of nature do not always suit the small economies of man. Hence an abundant supply of providential mercies is looked at by speculators as a calamity. Ricks of old corn held in reserve may be taken as indicative of the owner's full-fraught purse. But they are blessings to our country, inasmuch as they prove a barrier to the sight of money-eyed speculators. This age is too prone to give the old proverb a new and mercenary rendering:—"Money is the principal thing, therefore get money; and with all thy getting get wealth." Some would buy a character one day for fifty pounds, and sell it the next for a hundred. Ungodly gain is a loss; for, like a robin fighting itself in a looking-glass, or a drunkard fisticuffing a tree,—he who gains wealth by fraud inherits the greatest injury. Unreasonable employers engender dissatisfaction among the employed; strikes with the latter ensue; and discomfort, and suffering, and anger are the issue. All strikes, but one, are damaging—that one is serviceable—I mean the strike which holds the office of prime minister to the bushel. The spirit of Mammon still lends energy to its devotees, and continues to impede the consummation of that song which angels sang in honour of the birth of Christ. "Covetousness is still shrined in the marts of the busy world, receiving the incense and worship of the traders in vanity—arrayed in purple and faring sumptuously every day in the mansion of Dives—twining itself round the pillars of the sanctuary of God; it is the great world-emperor

still, swaying an absolute authority, with legions of subordinate vices to watch its nod, and to perform its bidding." Among our mid-day privileges, there are blent some murky clouds.

In this age, labour is a power which is recognised and honoured. It has been enthroned in palaces of crystal. Royalty has paid it homage; authors have chronicled it in literature; and poets have embalmed it in song. But John Bull being fonder of recreation than of toil, the glass-house is now devoted to deeds of diversion. But with the honour thus paid to labour, handicraft has been raised from mere drudgery to a scientific status, and the pulse of industry has been quickened. The Victorian Era has indeed been the time for the advent of marvellous discoveries, and the birth of scientific exploits. The nation invited men of mind and scientific knowledge to the first glassy palace, and forth they came; as if genius had brought out her jewels, and furnished them nobly for a nation's need. Ocean cables, and under-ground-railways, and sanitary improvements, and sewerage appliances, and sewing machines, and the manifold advances in mechanical operations, are a portion of the fruits of our Great Exhibition. Modern thought seems to value all things according to their utility. The steam-engine with limbs of iron, stomach of fire, and breath of hot vapour, is the offspring and the parent, is the type and the law of this fast age, of this age of sensation. The iron-horse is as powerful as a thousand giants, and yet more obedient than a babe in arms. The railway allows nothing to stagnate, lets nothing stand still, except "the king's highway," which is now a by-way. The railway was invented simply as a means of going, but it has been converted into a means of gambling—a new element on the stock exchange. What with speculation and accidents, many an old man has had a lesson which he could read without spectacles. Albeit this is an age of wonderful and powerful machinery, yet a man is worth something still, and so is a woman. The very steam-engine cannot do without *him*; it is as a ship without a captain; and the sewing machine cannot do without *her*; it is as a boat without a rudder.

Man's importance has been admitted by the extension of the franchise. The working classes were like hungry men in an eating-house with their mouths muzzled, before the franchise was conceded to them. The effect of this concession will be to strengthen our English constitution. The withholding of it weakened our national power; because respect for law could not be expected while the law sanctioned injustice; and the peace of any people must depend on their respect for the laws by which they are governed.

But political power is only gilded greatness, while religious power is the gold. We have enjoyed the benison of free trade, and thought we had got everything; yet the trade in England to-day amply proves that the best interests of a nation do not lie in free trade; for being free, like birds, to some extent, our trade has flown away. They are the farthest-

sighted politicians who see Him that is invisible; because they know that the truest and best policy for the life that now is, is a reverent recognition of the life which is to come. David in Psalm lxvii. 5, 6, proves that national gratitude is the best earth fertiliser; and thanksgiving to God the greatest surety for universal prosperity.

Were Ireland more Christian, she would be more content; and had she never courted the Pope, she would have been more peaceable. Fenianism speaks for itself. We may always tell where influence comes from by what it leads to. Fenianism is too fiendish. As well try to leaven bread with gunpowder, as to exalt a people by the Fenian spirit. To give it the slightest sanction, would be to shut one eye because the other is blind; or like granting the request to the villain who murdered both his parents, when asked at his trial whether he had anything to say in arrest of judgment, replied, "Nothing; only I hope the Court will take pity on a poor orphan." Better let Ireland remain in her *ire*, than encourage wrong principles to retain her *land*. Let science and Christianity lay hold of her; the one to entrap the will-o'-the-wisps that flutter over bogs and wastes, and by the chemist's patent magic turn them into brilliant lights for domestic comfort; and the other to permeate her mind with principles that will secure to her present and everlasting peace.

In this epoch, princes have wonderfully gone down, and peoples have wonderfully gone up. The middle-class is now the strength of every nation that is strong. It brings down the upper ranks, and lifts up the lower, assimilating both to itself. Respect for royalty will henceforth depend upon the character of the sovereign more than upon the dignity of the throne. Palaces are built for prisoners as well as for princes. Truth has been too long on the scaffold, and wrong has been too long on the throne; but a brighter future is beginning to dawn. For nations, as for individuals, that which is right is safe. Christianity, like the flame of the fire-girdled bush at Horeb, sustains our grand old country; and like the display of flame in the face of lions, shields her from all foreign enemies. "England is rich in ancestral memory, and radiant with a younger hope; the Elim of palms and fountains in the exiles' wilderness—whose soil many a glad slave has blessed as he has leaped on her shores a freeman. England—standing like a rock in mid-ocean, and, when the tempest howls elsewhere, receiving only the spent spray of the revolutionary wave; or, as the ark in the deluge, the only mission of the frantic waters being to bear it safely to the Ararat of rest." England—great by her gospel heritage, powerful by her Protestant privileges, and free by her forefathers' martyrdoms; if she is but faithful to her charge, and true to her God, her future will be more grand and glorious than the past, and her destiny the admiration and wonder of the world.

(To be continued.)

Biography.

MEMOIR OF MARY SHEPHERD.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE."

SIRS,—Although the subject of the following brief record has been in the better land for two years, and was not the wife of a Local Preacher, yet she had the interests of the Association always at heart, as her frequent contributions, during life, will prove; and, in death, the claims of our brethren were not forgotten.

MARY SHEPHERD, was born at Moxley, near Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, in the year 1818. Of her parentage, it is not our purpose to speak here; suffice it to say, she was not favoured with a pious example, nor a religious training.

The former part of her life was spent in gaiety. The card-table and dancing-room, and other pleasures of the world, were the sources from which she sought to draw her happiness; whole nights were frequently spent in these pursuits, but, alas! she proved that all was "vanity and vexation of spirit."

Her conversion probably took place about the year 1842. This is inferred from her quarterly tickets (all of which she carefully preserved), the first being dated September, 1842. On this ticket we find the following text of Scripture: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" Rom. xi. 33. Such was truly the language of Mary Shepherd when awakened to a sense of her guilt and danger as a sinner; her convictions were deep and pungent. While in a prayer-meeting, conducted by a young minister, for whom she ever cherished the greatest Christian regard as the person by whose instrumentality she was brought to God, her convictions were so powerful, and the burden of sin so great, that she not only cried aloud for mercy, but literally "roared for the disquietude of her soul;"—fell on the floor as one dead, and had to be taken to the vestry, where prayers and "supplications, with strong crying and tears," were presented to God on her behalf.

It may possibly be objected, on the part of some, that this was the effect of *excitement*, rather than that of Divine influence. In reply to that objection, we ask, "Was the conversion of Saul, when on his way to Damascus, the result of excitement?" "Suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven: and he *fell to the earth*, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" The effect was such as to overpower the body. He saw the light, and heard the voice, and, like the prophet, "fell, as one dead." Thus was it in the case of Mary Shepherd. God

"Spake with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bade the sleeper rise!"

She soon obtained "peace with God through believing." This, however, was not without a struggle. She well knew how utterly impossible it was to serve two masters. If she was to become "a new creature in Christ Jesus," "old things must pass away, and all things become new." If we are to be translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son, we must first be delivered from the kingdom of Satan. Having counted the cost, she resolved on giving up at once, and for ever, those worldly pleasures and amusements in which she had formerly sought happiness, taking the Lord for her portion. She chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Her choice having been made, she determined to abide by it throughout life, and to this she stedfastly adhered.

Having been made a partaker of the saving grace of God, His love being shed abroad in her heart, she could sing, "O Lord, I will praise Thee; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the LORD JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation." With such feelings she came to London. Cast on her own resources, she found in God, "whose she was, and whom she served," an unchanging and never-failing Friend.

During the greater part of her life in London it was the privilege of the writer to enjoy Christian fellowship with her, both being members of the same church and of the same class. She was generally—what may be termed—a happy Christian. Her faith in God and His promises was strong; her love to the Saviour and His people warm. Her desire and readiness to do good were always proportioned to her means. When any thing was wanted to help on a good cause, our sister had only to be asked and it was at once and cheerfully rendered.

By an inscrutable, all-wise, and unerring Providence, affliction was permitted to lay hold of her, and many of the later years of her life were years of great suffering, not without mitigation, but certainly without her knowing what it was to be *free from suffering*. Generally it might be said of her, "In patience she possessed her soul," often saying, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Her affliction continued to increase; pain and suffering became almost more than human nature could endure. It is impossible for any one, not acquainted with the nature of her disease, to form even an idea of what she had to endure in every-day life. She attended her usual place of worship with the utmost regularity, until affliction rendered it impossible for her either to walk so far, or to sit when there.

Much, however, as Mary Shepherd suffered in her body, she proved the truth of the wise man, Prov. xviii. 14: "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" For years she was

subjected to a trial that came from a quarter which rendered it extremely difficult to overcome; but she remained "steadfast and immovable," exclaiming, "Thanks be to God who always causeth me to triumph!" God was the "strength of her heart," and is now her "portion for ever."

A short time before her final affliction she went to her native home, thinking a month's rest might prove beneficial. But the decree had gone forth—"This year thou shalt die!" and she returned to London, "nothing better, but rather grew worse." On Monday, Sept. 21, she went into the Middlesex hospital. The writer of this visited her at her own house on the Sunday evening previous, and found her very ill. He visited her again on the following Sunday in the hospital, and then thought—and the nurse said—she was fast sinking. On the following morning, Sept. 28, 1868, she quietly passed away to be "for ever with the Lord." She was a faithful woman, "and feared God above many."

Mary Shepherd was never married, although she had many opportunities for marriage, which seemed to bid fair for the future, as far as the present world is concerned; but she had made up her mind, from the moment of her consecration to God, strictly to adhere to the apostolic injunction, never to marry "except in the Lord."

She gained the entire confidence of those by whom she was employed. The management of a large household was entrusted to her; and in the discharge of duty she was scrupulously upright, even to a penny. She was careful in little things. According to the adage, she took care of the "farthings and pence, knowing the pounds would take care of themselves." In this respect, let all who are entrusted with what belongs to others (and who is not?) learn a lesson from her.

It has sometimes been said, "If you wish to know what a person is, you must *live with him*." As regards the subject of this brief memoir, the testimony of one who *lived with* her for years, and those were her *latter* years—years in which her sufferings were the most acute, the most severe—that friend says, "I bless God that it was ever my happy lot and privilege to live with Mary Shepherd. She was an upright Christian. Hers was an every-day religion; a religion which was carried into all the duties of life. She 'adorned the gospel of God her Saviour in all things,' and was a pattern to all who lived with her, showing 'piety at home.'"

Her attendance on the "means of grace" was exemplary. To her they were "means of grace." She proved that by waiting upon God we renew our strength. A greater sufferer—and yet attending to the duties of life, and to be found regularly in her place of worship—I never knew. From a desire to do what I could to minister to her spiritual comfort, I preached a sermon on the duty of "submission to God." After the sermon, we sang,

"O, what are all my sufferings here
If, Lord, Thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet?"

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away,
 I come to find them all again
 In that eternal day."

While singing the above, "whether in the body or out of the body," she could scarcely tell. The page in her hymn book was marked till the day of her death. The substance of the sermon was published, on her account, in the LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE. Her remains were committed to the silent grave on Friday, Oct. 2, "in sure and certain hope of a resurrection unto eternal life." Let us ever remember that the great end of life is to glorify God and find our way to heaven. GEORGE SIMS.

Narrative.

AMERICAN SKETCHES.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A BACKWOODS MISSIONARY. NO. VI.

IN the foregoing chapter, the reader has had a glance at the features of an old fashioned "two days' meeting," in this early day, at these out-posts. Two days' rest to the preacher were generally found necessary, following such an effort. Tuesday morning had arrived, my weariness was relieved, and I was prepared to join "Uncle Billy" on an adventure into the swamp, to see its "lions," and especially its snakes. It is yet early in the morning, however, and the cold rain of a few nights since, renders it necessary for us to wait until the hot hours of the forenoon. I will seek a brief interview with Aunt Susa, in her little cabin.

"Good morning, Aunt Susa," said I, as I stepped into her quarters.

"Why, good mornin', Massa Watson: laws o' mercy, dis no place for de likes o' you."

"Why?" said I, "Aunt Susa;" and saying this, I advanced toward a little mantel-shelf and seized Susa's pipe, together with some nice tobacco leaves of her own raising, and was preparing to regale myself a little, when she flew toward me, exclaiming: "Massa, you no shall smoke wid dat pipe; it no go in your mouf arter havin' been in dis child's dirty mouf; dat sartin. Here be a new pipe, an' a mighty good un, too; an' like to de colt de foal ob an ass, we read ob, massa, which no one neber ride afore, no one has eber smoked in it." And here she commenced filling it up, as I threw myself into the rude resemblance of a chair.

"Susa," said I, "where did you get this?"

"I brings it from old Tennessee," said she, "twenty years ago;" saying which, she handed me the new pipe, on the top of which she had balanced a piece of burning charcoal from the hearth. Inhaling a whiff or two, said I—

"Susa, can you read?"

"Yes, massa, blessed be God! I reads mighty well for de like ob me; do de hard words are a great bother—some ob which I skip; but I hab read dat Bible dar a mighty heap; read it from de apostle Solomon al de way to de prophet Saul; but reads de most in dat part whar Jesus be on de earth, it bein' de most easy."

"Can Uncle Billy read?" I asked.

"No; he say he be too old to larn now; but he set here an' smoke ob nights an listen mighty close to what I reads. He tinks it be enough for I to know how to read."

"Who taught you to read, Susa?"

"Well, now dat be a funny question, kase if I tell you, I fear you larnt men won't believe me nohow."

"Why, yes," said I, "Susa, I will believe you."

"Well, den, I tell ye it was de angels. I no know how to read, an' I lay an' cries an' prays about it ob nights; I den goes to sleep an' dreams about it, an' most ebry night for a year I prays an' cries an' takes up my Bible, when one night it seem as if an angel come down, an' I don't know whether I 'wake or sleep, I sees all de letters in de book, an' it say to me, 'Dis be a, an' dat b, an' dat c,' an' so on; an' arter a little while I gits up, I opens my Bible, when I knows most ebry letter. Next mornin', young Massa Tom, who know'd how to read, come in here to run bullits, when I axed him; says I, 'Tom, does you call dese letters dis?' 'Why, yes,' says he, 'you old fool you.' 'Now,' says I, 'Tom, you'll want some ob my good bacca soon, an' if you 'buse me dat way you no get it.' 'Well,' says he, 'Aunt Sue, if you'll run my bullits for me dis mornin', I'll come in here to-night an' show you a heap about reading.' So I run Tom's bullits, an' he comes at night, an' I larns mightily. But Tom wouldn't larn me long, anyhow. So I told him dat I find him in bacca an' run his bullits always, if he larn me a little now an' den. Well, Tom did; an' you see dat it was de angel fust, an' Tom next, dat started me on in readin'. An' oh! what a blessed ting it is; I would rather die dan gib up my Bible; an' I'se been a readin' dis mornin'; but before I say dat, I tell you again I neber should read a howter but for dat angel."

Here I was for a moment profoundly grave at the mysteries of the imagination; and then, smiling at the garrulous old saint's credulity, said I—

"Susa, what is that you have been reading this morning?"

"Why, as I was sayin', I was readin' in Ge-nee-sis about dat sarpint dat was more suttly dan de oder cattle ob de field, which I s'pose mean dat he be brack, kase he come from dat place whar de wicked go dat burn all de while wid fire an' brimstone."

Here I smiled again over this new exegesis, and said:

"Aunt, what did you read about that old serpent for this morning?"

"O, I hardly knows; I guess kase Uncle Billy tell me you gwine snake

huntin' to-day, an' kase as how it say de sons ob de woman shall bruise dar heads."

Here I paused to simplify the theology of this blessed passage, which I feared this simple saint had understood too literally, when she exclaimed that she "had often kind ob thought dat!" and that Jesus, to her, "was de sweetest name under de sun," and that she loved to sing,

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone."

A stave of which, with moistened eyes, she had already struck up, when Uncle Billy's arrival announced all things in readiness for our tour in the swamp.

Accompanied by young Massa Tom, and the campaign headed by Uncle Billy, each with a rifle on the shoulder, we were soon at the edge of the lake, or morass, to which reference has been made. Following along its low shore some half-a-mile, my nerves were gradually schooled to the test to which they were to be subjected by frequently meeting with snakes that literally swarm in some parts of these morasses. It is not the ordinary water-snake, but a lazy, sluggish, and arrow-mouthed, poisonous reptile, called by the swampers the "Moccasin-mouthed Snake." He executes his bite but clumsily, which greatly lessens the danger of his presence; and he seldom leaves the shores of these unsightly marshes more than a few yards,—another most fortunate circumstance; and in the season of the year already referred to, they seem to be congregating for winter quarters, which may account, somewhat, for what we shall in a moment detail. The bite of this reptile is deadly; quite as much so as that of a rattlesnake or copperhead. I was informed that swine very readily devour them; which item of information I should have felt quite as well not to have received, as I had been enjoying, at Brother S—'s, the luxury of some well-smoked side bacon, together with some kroust and corn dodger. At the next meal I felt my preference for venison very much to predominate. We soon arrived at Billy's canoe. Two paddles quickly sent us some distance out into the muddy and shallow waters, and amid the huge trunks of fallen trees and conical tussocks, which constitute the musk-rat's home. Snake after snake soon began to make its appearance, coiled upon almost every square inch of surface. On a single log I counted ten,—ourselves not more than ten feet from them! I shouldered my musket, then prepared for the fight; while Uncle Billy shook his burly sides in impertinent laughter, and Massa Tom amused himself by seeing how many decapitations he could make by a given number of shots. On we paddled, and more numerous became the snakes. Occasionally they splashed about the sides of our bobbing nautilus; and now, as we passed under the low limb of a tree, Billy would knock them off with his paddle almost into the canoe. I remonstrated, pleaded, hallooed; but could procure no retreat. Tom went on with his snake shooting, Uncle Billy paddled us farther and farther into the pandemonium, when the

horrible idea took possession of my mind, that, should we tip over (an event by no means improbable), what position could be imagined more horrible than thus to be tumbled into the very toils of a thousand detestable reptiles, amid mud and quicksand! From entreating, I became peremptory, and Uncle Billy paused. When at a safe distance from the detestable "varmint," we counted all that were visible. I counted one hundred and fifty snakes, the farthest of which was not more than fifty feet from me. When thoroughly satisfied that what Uncle Billy had said about "de way he would show me snakes was a caution, dat sartin," was no exaggeration, we returned to the shore, and to our home.

With Tom and Uncle Billy the sight was commonplace, to me it was far different. It was the reality of more than I had ever read or dreamt about; horrible dens of serpents, whole regions now and then strewed with rattle-snakes, etc. I said little more than to remark that, "it was a mighty snaky country there," at which Uncle Billy laughed. I spent the rest of the day in reading my Bible; but with me, as with Aunt Susa, the subject of "sarpints" became rather obtrusive. But if my waking thoughts were of snakes, my dreaming ones, that night, greatly exaggerated the whole matter. My sleep was as much interrupted as if I had been the doomed Medusa. The want of sleep steadied my nerves toward morning, so that sleep, oblivious, triumphed for a refreshing season. I awoke at an hour rather late, and if my first thoughts were not of "sarpints," my earliest ones certainly were. Opening my eyes, what should I see directly over my bed, protruding from a knot-hole in one of the rough logs, but the head of a detestable snake. At first I thought I dreamed, and it could not be a reality; when, watching my loathsome visitor for an instant, I saw the head turn, and the forked tongue protrude; but I saw no more. In an instant I was on the floor, and, seizing the most indispensable of my wardrobe, I retreated to the hall with a terror-stricken countenance, that secured the anxious presence of Susa in a trice. I told her what I had witnessed, and pointed to the knot-hole over my bed, not doubting but there were one or two others in my bed, if she would but look. At that moment the head of a little harmless reptile, with a white ring about its neck, again made free to take observation from the knot-hole. As we were joined by one and another of the members of the family, old Aunt Susa's laugh, which had commenced with the first sight of the cause of my fears, became perfectly obstreperous.

"Why, Massa, dat no more'n a little bit ob a milk-snake, an' he no more bite dan a worm. Dey come back ob de house here to de spring-house to steal my milk, an' I kills one ebery now an' den, an' dey does climb up de corners ob de house, for I seed one dar toder day, an' struck it wid my broom. I s'pose dat log hollow, an' he creep in dar; but if it war full ob such snakes dar be no danger, dat sartin."

Taking it thus coolly, and with such provoking sympathy for my fears

Aunt Susa retired to complete her breakfast, when, as she retired, I sent this rebuke after her: said I, "Aunt Susa, I hope that snake will get into your bed to-night, that we may see how easily you will be frightened;" when, remembering my lecture in the morning, she wittily retorted,

"Preachers dat come into dese woods to bruise de head ob dat old sarpint, de debil, musn't be frightened into a fit at de sight ob a milk-snake."

There was much more in Aunt Susa's retort than she herself comprehended. It was fruitfully suggestive. Yes, thought I, the missionary of these woods must not be a man of starch and buckram, of taper fingers and tender stomach, white hands, kid gloves and broadcloth, velvet slippers and spotless linen. Here, the stalwart form, the brawny fist, the hunting-shirt, with Bible and discipline under one arm, and rifle on the other, are the best representatives of the missionary. Like John in the wilderness, he must wear what the people wear, and eat what the people eat, asking no questions. Yes, Aunt Susa, he must not be afraid of snakes. If gifted in the tact of his holy calling, his education and refinement will only aid him to adapt himself to these ruder paths of life, and cause him to be a guide, light, and example to them; but if wanting in this tact, his timidity, and, in some respects, his manifested superiority, will not be appreciated. What would be natural in another latitude would here be prudery; what would be becoming in another place would here be ridiculous; and more than one would exclaim, with Aunt Susa, "Preachers dat come into dese woods to bruise de head ob dat old sarpint, de debil, musn't be frightened into a fit at de sight ob a milk-snake!"

Miscellaneous.

THE STREETS' NEWS AGENTS.

"Good news to-night, sir!" was the remark of my little news agent, as she handed me *The Echo*, on the evening when the telegraph had flashed the news across the Channel: THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS. *The Globe*, *the Sun*, *the Standard*, *Pall Mall*, and others had issued special editions, and printed in bold letters on the placards, THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS. The Strand was alive with girls, boys, and young men, running east, west, north, and south, and vociferating at the top of their voices, SPECIAL EDITION! CAPUTATION OF PARIS! Not one in ten but dropped the second syllable in capitulation. Who could, in these hurrying circumstances, stop to pronounce a word of five syllables without clipping it?

"Good news to-night, sir!" However did this idea get into the head of my little news vendor? The child—for she was only a child of about ten years of age—had as animated a countenance as though she were specially interested in the "good news." Her eyes sparkled, and her

face was radiated with smiles, as she handed me the paper. She was bonnetless, and the whole of her clothing probably would not fetch, if put up for sale, sixpence.

Many anxious hearts had been throbbing with deep emotion for days and weeks, yea, months, as they heard of the sufferings of the besieged Parisians. In every direction the question had been asked, "Why don't they give in?" When the news at last reached our shores, that "Paris had capitulated," it seemed as though a load had been lifted from our spirits. Strange as the cry sounded to my ears, "Good news to-night, sir;" yet the little girl of ten years did but express the general feeling when she uttered the words.

Towards the end of 1868, at the railway stations, and in every other available place, there were announcements in large characters, *The Echo*, an evening paper, price *halfpenny*. "How," was asked, "is a paper of that price to pay, and to cover the enormous expense of the advertiser?" It has paid, I presume; for it is still in existence, after having been before the public for upwards of two years. What has made it a success? Its advertisements? Not unlikely. But I question if it would have succeeded had it not been for these little boys and girls, *the street news agents*. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon I can hear, from my office, the voices of the street news vendors as soon as the paper comes out. At four o'clock there is a fresh outcry from numerous voices,—"*Second Edition*." Between five and six, "*The Third*;" and at seven, "*The Special*." But on the occasion before us it was "*Special*;" because the little girl announced truly, "Good news to-night, sir."

These young news agents, who go between the public and the publisher, are many of them shoeless, capless, and bonnetless; but, after all, they are a merry, active lot. I have seen them, when any thing special has occurred, running with all their might to the city, or over London Bridge to the railway terminus, in order to reach those crowded spots with the first news. Little, perhaps, as we may think of it, these news agents have their use, and are a *power* among us. How many of those who throng our public thoroughfares would trouble to go into a shop to buy a halfpenny paper, which is now pushed upon them as they walk along the streets? And who would not buy, I should like to know, when a pretty little girl, with sparkling eyes and animated countenance, looks up into your face and says, "Good news to-night, sir?"

Sunday School Column.

ADVANTAGE OF REVIEWING.

I wish to send a despatch to Mobile. I hand it to the operator, and ask, "How much?" "Four dollars." "Will that make it sure?" "Not

absolutely; we can repeat it for two dollars additional, and make it so." The words are, "Not good for any amount." Click, click, click—the despatch is gone. The operator in New York, whence I despatch, asks his friend in Mobile to repeat or send back the message. Back it comes,

reading as I wrote it, "Not good for any amount;" all right. I pay my six dollars. If it had not been repeated it might have read, "Note good for any amount," and the change of one little letter would have made me infinite trouble. By recalling and repeating *I know it is all right*. Recall and repeat with your pupil, and know that he knows that all is right.—*Rev. J. H. Vincent.*

THE INEXPERIENCED TEACHER.

A YOUNG man or young woman, not very far removed from boyhood or girlhood, fresh from the Bible-class and boarding-school. A young person of excellent intentions, but of such limited experience, and of such slender acquaintance with the things of the world, or of the Sunday-school, that the good intentions fail of development into practical usefulness. The inexperienced teacher goes to his work with very little understanding of its duties or responsibilities. An earnest call has been made for teachers. All who can teach are invited to come and fill up the gaps in the school. Our young friend thinks he can teach. It looks easy. The older teachers seem to get along well, and he does not see why he should not get along as easily as they. So he offers himself, and his services are thankfully accepted. His mind is filled with the thought of great activity and usefulness. This teacher has some talent for teaching, but his difficulty is, that it is yet undeveloped. Like a raw recruit who goes into battle, and fails to shoot any of the enemy, because he does not know how to handle his gun rightly, so our raw teacher is ignorant about taking aim so as to send the shafts of gospel truth home to the hearts of his scholars. His abilities must be developed by the kind training of those in the school who are older than he is. A little unkindness or unnecessary reproof may snub him, and nip his usefulness in the bud. He asks the boys how their old teacher used to teach them. Although they know just how he taught, and would like to be taught again in the

same way, they are unable synoptically to explain how it was, and the teacher fears that they are stupid, because they do not tell him. What is he to do with such a dull set of boys? He has formed no plan for teaching; it never occurred to him. God bless our young, raw, inexperienced teacher! Go on, young friend, and take courage. "Let no man despise thy youth." "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." —*Taylor.*

CHILDHOOD PIETY.

WE are apt to forget that a child does not cease to be a child after the tender embrace of the loving Saviour any more than an adult Christian ceases to be a man. We retain our individuality in the Christian sphere. A Christian boy might shock the notions of some of his seniors in the faith were he to be detected climbing a tree or leaping a ditch; and a Christian girl would provoke the frown, perhaps, of some maidenly aunt were she to confess to a love for dolls, and skipping-ropes, and a romp on the lawn; but they might be good Christians notwithstanding. A man does not forfeit his title to be a Christian by his attention to business, neither should a child by his devotion to his plays. The transition from the family altar to a game at cricket is not greater to a child than the transition to the counting-house or the shop is to an adult. It is most unnatural, and the result will be pernicious, to frown down a love of play in a child as being inimical to Christianity. A child may be a Christian without being able to define the precise moment when his affections found rest in Christ. But many little ones have been frowned back by some injudicious deacon because they have not been able to tell when they first passed from the twilight of the artless simplicity of childhood into the full sunlight of Christianity. —*Charlesworth. Sunday School World.*

Temperance.

TOM JOINER'S "GOOD ANGEL."

I COULDN'T even say my A B C at that time—could I, Mary?—and as to book learning, I was the only one in our shop not able to read the newspaper. I was almost ashamed to listen to them, and always kept out of sight when they were reading. At breakfast-time they would all be sitting down on a heap of shavings and sawdust in one corner of the shop, reading and talking, while I would stay in the next room pretending to work; but I stopped there not to work, but to *think*, and the only consolation I obtained was the knowledge of my ignorance. You might have seen me crouching behind the door, with my ear against the crevice, listening until I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself and my lack of education. But then, thought I, there is not a man in the workshop who can plane, or join, or chisel, or cut better than I can, and I do it without the aid of books,—so you see that although I envied them when they were reading, I hadn't the courage to take kindly to learning.

"No," I said, "if a man comes to be thirty years of age and knows his trade well, without having had any book learning, he is sure to get on in the world."

I was going to tell you how I came to be foreman in the shop where I now work. I shall come to it presently. When I married Mary I didn't know B from a bull, as the saying is; and on taking her the first week's wages she said, holding up a shilling, "I am going to put by a shilling every week to buy papers and books for you when you can read."

"That won't be for a long time to come," said I. "How long did it take you to learn?"

"Not a great while; about twelve months, I think."

"It seems to me, Mary, that's a long time. But why should I learn to read?" I asked, for I didn't like even Mary to know that I *wanted* to learn, and was too proud to commence.

"Never mind," said she playfully; "you shall buy a spelling-book to-night, and I will teach you myself."

"Nonsense, Mary; you've quite enough to do to attend to the house, to say nothing of your dressmaking trade."

"I can find plenty of time to teach you, Tom," and she came up to me, and laid her hand so lovingly on my shoulder, and fell to coaxing me in such a pleasant manner, that I could oppose her wishes no longer, and went straight to the bookseller's shop for the spelling-book; and that very same night Mary gave me my first lesson. I never had *many* hours to spare, and haven't now; so you must not expect that I know a great deal; but I can and do read and understand my Bible and the newspapers, and on Sundays, when we go to church or chapel, I can always join heart and soul in the service, because I now know what it all means. We read the Bible together every evening, Mary and I; she reads one chapter and I the next, and we should do so in the morning also, but you know how early I go to work—long before she is awake.

About a month after we were married, whom should I meet but a very old mate of mine, Jack Ruggles? 'Twas Saturday night.

"Well, Tom," said he, "how are you? I haven't seen you this age."

"Middling, Jack; nothing particular to complain of."

"Still at the old shop?"

"Yes, and likely to stay there, if I mind what I'm about."

"That's the sort. I've heard you are married—is it true?"

"It is," said I.

"Well, come and let us have a glass over it."

I didn't make any objection, although I would rather have gone home to Mary. I didn't like to refuse, or he would have said I was under petticoat government. That's what they always say when they see a newly-married man wants to get home to his wife, and they want him to go drinking. We went into the "Slow and Easy," and called for a pot of beer, and then several of our chums dropped in, and, I am

sorry to say, I drank more than was good for me. I got drunk—don't look so grave—'twas for the *last* time. I thought of Mary at home expecting me, and wondering whatever had happened. What would she say? Could she fancy I was getting drunk at the "Slow and Easy?" No—never!

I lost my situation and was out of work six months. Mary's dress-making supported us the first three of them. Of course I was ashamed of the fact, but what could I do? I could not starve, and no one would employ me. If anybody wanted a hand, they referred to my late master for a character, and asked the reason of my leaving. And he, like the Christian man he is, told the truth. But he also added, that I was a very good workman.

It was no use—we were starving! Mary had overworked herself, and was now very ill. We got into debt, gradually but deeply, and there wasn't a single shopkeeper who would trust us further. One by one every article of furniture, except the bed on which Mary was lying, even the bedstead, was either seized by the creditors or sold by me to obtain drink—for I *would* have drink, taking care, however, never to get intoxicated—while Mary was dying for want of the common necessities of life. I became thoroughly reckless, and cared for neither man nor God.

Mary's friends at length heard of her miserable condition, and wanted to take her away from me. But, like the brave, true wife she is, she refused to go until every means she could think of to make me better had failed. They then brought her money and provisions, which she insisted upon sharing with me, in spite of their remonstrances.

Still, after all her kindness and self-denial, I would not listen to her advice and entreaties to become a teetotaler.

When she became better she said to me,—

"If I were you, Tom, I would go to your old master, and tell him honestly how we are situated; ask his forgiveness for your misdoings,

and I'll be bound he'll take you on again."

"No, Mary," said I. "I'd sooner starve."

"Don't talk like that, Tom, or I shan't love you half as much as I do now. You know we are deeply in debt and penniless, and the landlord threatens to turn us into the street. Do, please do, Tom, go to your old master. I'm sure he'll give you work."

"No, I won't," I answered sharply.

Mary seemed greatly hurt, but said nothing. After that, instead of getting better, as before, she became worse. Day followed day, and week, week, and still things were in the same unsatisfactory state. I could *not* get work, not even an odd job. Mary was dying.

I hadn't any faith in prayer then; but I thought that was the time to try it, if ever. We couldn't be worse off than we were, so I took to praying to God that Mary might get better; and whether 'twas nature, or whether 'twas faith in prayer, worked the cure, certain it is that Mary from that time began to mend, and I too seemed all the better, although I was half-starving.

"I've had such a strange dream," said Mary to me one morning when she was nearly well, and when there wasn't a bit of crust in the house to eat. "I dreamt, Tom, that you were back at your old shop, and that you were foreman there. Do go to the old master to-day, and ask him to give you something to do."

"No, I won't," I replied as sharply as I could; for I was determined I wouldn't humble to him.

"Then I'll go for you," she said very quietly.

"Nonsense, Mary. You'll go on a fool's errand."

"Can but try," said she; and before I could say anything further, she was ready to start. Then she came towards me, and putting both her hands on my shoulder in that confiding, loving manner which cannot be resisted, and raising her clear, heavenly eyes, beaming with hope, she sweetly said, "Tom, we have been married only a short time, and I am quite disappointed in you. I

don't know why, but I always thought you were a teetotaler; and as I know you always keep your word, please promise me you will be one now and for ever."

"It's precious queer," said I, "if I'm not a teetotaler now; for there's no money to buy drink or anything else with whatever."

"I know that," she said; "but I want you to *promise* to be a teetotaler always; or, if you think that's too hard, until we live in a house of our own;" and she finished by giving me one of those bewitching smiles all women know so well how to bestow when occasion requires.

"I'll promise *that* with the greatest pleasure," I answered; "for when you were so very, very ill, Mary, dear, I had time to think over matters, and I came to the conclusion that if I hadn't got drunk on that unlucky evening, I should have been in work now, and able not only to support you, but to purchase those nourishing things the doctor ordered."

"Never mind, Tom, dear, all will be right in the end, you may depend upon it, now that you have promised to abstain. That dream I had in the night, though, still haunts me. I wish you'd go up to the shop."

"No, I won't," I said again, "but you may if you like."

"All right," she nodded, with another smile, and after giving me a kiss she went out. I did not think for a moment she was in earnest, or I wouldn't have let her go.

In about an hour she returned with the pleasant news that she had been to the shop, had seen the master, and that I was to go to work again on the following Monday morning, provided I meant to keep my promise of being a teetotaler.

"Mary, my dear," I said to her, "when I say a thing I *mean* it, and, by God's help, I'll keep fast to my word."

"I believe you will, with all my heart, Tom, or I wouldn't have gone to the shop so willingly. I'm *sure* you'll keep your promise."

And I did. I went to the old shop the next Monday morning a little before six o'clock, and the governor at once asked me if it was true I was

a teetotaler, and whether I meant to keep the pledge. I asked if he ever knew me break my word. He said, "No;" and I told him I wasn't going to begin then. And I set to work, singing as merrily as a lark, and quite astonished and alarmed the other workmen, ay, and the governor too, by the vast quantity of work I managed to get through during the day. And the whole week passed so quickly and happily that I was really surprised to find how soon it was ended. And when I took home to Mary every farthing of the first week's wages, we danced like two little children, and laughed till we cried. And everything seemed so very joyous and different from the dull dreary weeks I had wilfully wasted—not perhaps altogether wasted, for I had been learning a wholesome lesson—that we thought we were living in another and more beautiful world. The next day, Sunday, we went to church very early, and asked the minister to offer up that thanksgiving in the prayer-book which says:—"For all Thy goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all men, *particularly to those who desire now to offer up their praises and thanksgivings for Thy late mercies vouchsafed unto them.*" Great mercies indeed had been vouchsafed to us.

Mary again set about teaching me to read and write; and this time with some success. In a few months I was a tolerably good scholar, and began to devour all sorts of books eagerly, particularly volumes of history, biography, and travels.

When, a year after my return, our foreman gave notice that he was going to set up in business for himself, our master came to me and said, that in consequence of my keeping the pledge he would make me foreman in his place. I was to have five shillings a week extra for the first six months, and after that another five shillings a week.

We were exceedingly careful and thrifty, and soon paid off our debts and began to save. The house we live in we bought some time ago, and we have something put by towards buying more. Haven't we, Mary?

Now, can you wonder that I call her my "good angel?" She taught me to read and write, she maintained me when I was out of work, she obtained work for me when I wouldn't seek it myself, and it was in consequence of her making me promise to become a teetotaler that when the foreman left I stepped into his place; it's through her that I am the owner of a house, and to her I owe it that I am not an outcast and a vagabond.

The old saying is a true one: "There is nothing on this earth so good as a good wife."—*Sunday Magazine*.

Phenomena of the Months.

MARCH.

THE sun rises on the 1st at twelve minutes before seven, and sets at twenty-three minutes before six; on the 15th it rises at fifteen minutes after six, and sets at three minutes after six; and on the 31st it rises at nineteen minutes before six, and sets at half-past six. The vernal equinox (beginning of Spring) falls on March 21st, about which time day and night are nearly equal in length all over the world.

On the 1st, day breaks at seven minutes before five, and twilight ends at thirty-one minutes after seven. There is full daylight for ten hours and fifty minutes. During the month the length of the day increases about two hours. There were thirteen days in March, 1870, on which rain fell, the total fall being nearly a quarter of an inch above the average. The average temperature increases in March about four degrees.

The moon is full on the 7th at twenty-one minutes before four in the morning, and new on the 21st at four in the morning. On the first Sunday it rises before four in the afternoon, and sets after six in the morning; on the second Sunday it does not rise till after midnight, and sets in the forenoon; on the third Sunday it rises and sets during daylight; and on the fourth Sunday it shines in the evening and till near midnight.

The moon is near to Uranus on the 2nd, and on the morning of the 3rd

will occult that planet from twenty-five minutes after three until nineteen minutes after four. The moon will be near to Mars on the 8th, to Saturn on the 14th, to Mercury on the 20th, to Venus on the 23rd, and to Jupiter on the 27th.

Mercury is a morning star until the 20th, but continues to set before the sun until the 29th, and thence becomes an evening star.

Venus becomes better situated for observation as the month advances. It sets two hours and a half after the sun at the end of the month.

Mars, after the 17th, shines all night. This is the most favourable month of the year for observing this planet.

Jupiter sets in the hours before and after two o'clock in the morning all the month. It is conspicuous after sunset.

Saturn is a morning star.

Literary Notices.

Lights and Shadows in the Life of King David. By Charles Vinco. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

"Of making many books there is no end." So wrote the wise man, centuries ago, long before the days of printing. What would he say now? In the book before us, pages in the history of David have been selected, on which we have notes and reflections. The style of the writer is not quite to our taste, but there are many readers to whom the book will be very acceptable, no doubt. The paper, printing, and binding, are all that could be wished, excepting the grotesque woodcut which disfigures the headings of chapters iii. and vi.

How to Succeed in Business. By John Maynard. London: Bible-Christian Book Room.

THERE would be fewer failures in business if tradesmen were to pay attention to the teaching of this little book. The price is 4d.

Old Jonathan. Number for Feb. 1d.

The Gardener's Magazine. Part for February, 10d.

The Christian. Part for February, 5d.

Mutual-Aid Association Reporter.

FORMATION OF A BRANCH AT BAYSWATER.

A MEETING on behalf of the Wesleyan Methodist Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association, was held in the school-room of the Wesleyan Chapel, Denbigh Road, Bayswater, on Monday evening, February 6th, 1871.

The chair was occupied by Rev. G. T. Taylor, instead of Rev. T. M. Albrighton, superintendent of the circuit, who was absent through illness.

Mr. Taylor said he had seen some of the workings of the Society, which had his warmest sympathy. He well remembered a local preacher in the Barnsley circuit, more than seventy years of age, who had always been ready to preach the word, which he did with ability and acceptance; and though he has passed his three score years and ten, he still is given to study and preaching *new sermons*. The Association has been of considerable benefit to him.

Mr. Waddy (President) was next called upon. He did not expect very much sympathy, in one sense, inasmuch as when people "are rich and increased in goods," having fine large chapels and regularly ordained ministers, they seldom hear local preachers, and know but little about them.

One great reason why there is a want of sympathy in many quarters with the Association is, ignorance of its design, and misconception of its nature.

The Association has a great advantage over other "friendly societies," inasmuch as we receive none but *sober, industrious, converted men*, and on this account are not so often drawing from our funds as some others do. "Health is regarded. They know that godliness is profitable for all things." For this reason they are not as a rule so often sick; we are therefore able to give a larger amount for what we receive than any other society whatever.

Throughout the country we have

a very large number of local preachers. Some of them are very poor. At the same time there are among them some first-rate preachers. (A striking illustration was given.) Surely it is not too much to expect, that the church which has been served should help those, when it is needed, who have served it. If they sow to you spiritual things, it is right they should reap your carnal things.

As to the benevolent part of the Association, none are admitted on the superannuation list until at least sixty years of age.

Several extracts were read from the last report.

Rev. N. Curnock was the next speaker. He believed there were many members of the Bayswater church and congregation who would be glad to become honorary members. He knew by his own experience that there were hundreds of chapels in our country circuits which would have of necessity to be closed altogether, were it not for our *local preachers*. He was glad to be present on this occasion, as it gave him an opportunity of meeting, not only with his own people, but with several members of the *Free Church*, and hoped it would be the means of drawing us more closely together.

Mr. W. Bowron (Ex-president) was then called upon. He had not only been connected with the Association from the first, but it was his privilege and happiness to take an active part in its formation. This was to him one of the greatest pleasures of his life.

"What he had felt and seen
With confidence he told,"—

relating several facts with which he was personally acquainted.

Mr. Carter (Treasurer) was the next speaker. He was very happy to say a word on the subject of the "Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association." His speech, however, on account of the time being gone, was necessarily short.

Some questions were asked by a

gentleman in the room as to the "reserve fund," which were satisfactorily answered.

Arrangements were then made to form a branch for Bayswater; Brother Broomhall engaging to act as secretary *pro tem*.

Five annual subscribers were secured as honorary members. The collection was then made, and subscriptions taken.

The meeting, which had been a good one throughout, was closed with the doxology and benediction.

PERRY HILL LECTURE HALL.

ANNUAL MEETING IN AID OF THE
WESLEYAN METHODIST LOCAL PREACHERS'
ASSOCIATION.

ENCLOSED, I send you an abstract of the accounts connected with our annual meeting here, together with a cheque for the balance in favour of the society, £26 9s. 9d.

The meeting was held on the 5th of December last in the St. GEORGE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH—our "Lecture Hall" being now so designated—being used as a temporary parish church, regularly licensed by the bishop of the diocese, and having its clergymen, organist, choristers, &c., *en règle*.

This is, perhaps, the first meeting in aid of the Association held in an episcopal church!

A free invitation had been issued to all the local preachers in the London and suburban circuits, in order to afford an opportunity of bringing the benevolent objects of the society more fully under their notice, and impressing their minds with the importance of uniting therewith, either for their own personal advantage, or for the benefit of their poorer and more needy brethren.

The trustees of the building (who, on the true Evangelical Alliance principle, are members of the Church of England, Wesleyan, Independent, and Baptist churches) also forwarded a free ticket for "self and wife" by post to all ministers and local preachers who had, during the past year, occupied the pulpit on the Lord's day or week-nights, as has been their custom ever since the building was first opened for divine worship.

In addition to this, the use of the premises, including gas, firing, &c., was granted by the trustees free of any charge whatever.

Unfortunately, the evening turned out to be most unfavourable, and the attendance both of representatives of the society and of non-members was small. The opening hymn—led by the organist of the church—having been sung, the chair was taken by John B. Ingle, Esq., of Blackheath. Interesting and animated addresses, bearing upon the operations of the society and kindred subjects were delivered by the chairman, by Messrs. Everden, of Deptford, Beaver, of Sydenham, Jos. Harding, of Perry Hill, and others; and though much disappointment was felt at the absence of the worthy President of the Association and other members of the General Committee, yet all seemed much to enjoy the homely, evangelical, and friendly character of the meeting; and, it is believed, left with increased love for, and attachment to, the institution of which such good things had been spoken. Mr. Harding related how, at a tea meeting for wiping off a chapel debt, held in the south of England—and at which he had been invited to speak—he had felt impelled instinctively (in connection with some reminiscences of his own and others' labours as local preachers in those parts more than thirty years before) to refer to the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association, and to describe its operations. He also subsequently gave away copies of the LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE; and, as a result, had afterwards received from a lady present a donation of £20 to its funds, which forms part of the sum herewith forwarded. This acceptable donation was sent to Mr. H. anonymously through Mr. Harding's sister, to whom the kind donor was also unknown.

We sincerely trust this may not be the last meeting held in St. George's Church—alias, the Perry Hill Lecture Hall—for this most Christian object; and we heartily recommend all who can do so, to avail themselves of the next opportunity to visit this interesting and pleasant suburb of our great metropolis.

J. H.

ST. HELEN'S.

A PUBLIC meeting in furtherance of the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association was held, Feb. 13th, 1871, in the Wesleyan chapel, St. Helen's, Lancashire, under the chairmanship of the Rev. Thos. Derry, Superintendent of the Circuit. Brother McMillan, the branch secretary, read extracts from the general report, adding that the branch consisted of twelve members, and that it had received from the funds £125 in excess of its payments, hinting at the propriety of repaying this sum, which had come to their needy fathers and brethren in the time of their sufferings and old age. The chairman's opening address was of such a kind and fraternal character as to give a free and genial tone to the meeting. J. H. Lyon, Esq., also favoured us with a truly earnest speech, interweaving many interesting reminiscences of former local preachers who have finished their course. Other addresses followed from Bros. Jas. Nicholson and Andrew (of Manchester), Revs. T. Bentley and E. Orme, Alderman McNicoll, Bro. Bailey, and other gentlemen of the circuit. A collection was made, and several friends gave their names as honorary members or subscribers. This branch, which from the first has been weak and imperfectly known, is evidently rising, chiefly, we believe, through the judicious and unremitting efforts of Bro. A. Leach, during the last few months, supplying an instance of what may be accomplished by steady and prayerful labour. A. A.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

THE monthly meeting was held at Brother T. Cuthbertson's, Wellington Square, Chelsea, on Monday, 13th Feb.

Present: Brothers the President, Ex-President, Treasurer, Honorary Secretary, Parker, Ingle, Maddar, Plant, Durley, Jameson, Harding, Sims, Cuthbertson, Coman, and Salisbury.

Prayer was offered by Brother Maddar.

The monthly abstract showed 69 members on the sick list, 108 an-

nuitants, 15 new members, 1 member and 2 wives deceased. The death was that of a brother who was blind, and had been upon our funds for 864 weeks, having received altogether £136 11s. 8d.

The total received from branches was £1,484 11s. 6d., and the total paid to them £1,549 10s. 8d., showing a balance against them of £64 16s. 2d. The balances in hand were, deducting amount of loan, only £36 8s. 9d.

The President reported the success of the meeting at Bayswater, where a new branch had been formed, and £7 16s. 10d. received by the Treasurer.

Brother Durley stated that nothing had yet been done at Hitchin, but that he was arranging for a meeting at Leicester.

The Honorary Secretary reported that two of the brethren had been with him to the Bank of England to take the dividends, and would certify to the next auditors, that the amount of the investments was £5,100.

Brother Parker reported progress on the matter of issuing the President's portrait.

The Secretary was requested to notify in the magazine, that money was, and would continue to be, badly wanted, and to request that all subscriptions due might be paid in by 1st May.

Brother J. S. of S., aged 70, a preacher for 45 years, a member with us for 21 years, applied for superannuation. He has been a labourer, and was on our sick list last summer, but took himself off in August, not liking to take the full pay as he was only worn out, having no particular disease but a general debility; he has since been kept by his children. It was resolved that the brother should have four shillings per week.

Brother N. S. of W., aged 70, a preacher for 49 years, a member of ours from 1853, also applied. He is by trade a shoemaker but is very infirm, so is his wife, aged 73. All he earns is by doing a few jobs of shoe-mending. He is mostly dependent upon charity. The local

secretary remembers him preaching in the fields and lanes when he was a lad.

Resolved—That Brother S. have four shillings a week.

Brother S. H. of S., aged 70, a preacher for 44 years, a member with us from 1851, applied. He is a weaver; has a wife 77 years old; has no children; is quite unable to work. Is described as a man well-known to all the country round as a scriptural preacher; honest and fearless in the pulpit above many. He has been sustained for the last eighteen months by friends who highly esteem him.

Resolved—That this brother also have four shillings a week.

Brother T. M. of C., who had been receiving three shillings weekly from June last, applied for another shilling. He has only done eight days work for 14 months, and is not likely to do any more.

It was resolved—That the brother have four shillings a week in future.

A letter was read from Brother Wade 2nd, respecting a meeting at Barnsley. The President and Brother Cole would attend this meeting if held the first week in April.

A letter was read respecting a meeting at Leighton Buzzard, on 8th March. Brothers Dr. Aldom and R. Durley were appointed to attend this meeting.

A letter was read from Keighley respecting the annual meeting, containing various suggestions, and asking the committee's advice, whereupon it was agreed as follows:—

1. The sermons to be preached on Sunday, 4th June. A love-feast to be held in the afternoon, and the President's sermon to be preached in the evening.

2. The Superintendent to be asked to administer the ordinance on Tuesday morning.

3. The business to be transacted on Monday and Tuesday; the public meeting to be on Monday evening.

4. The local secretary and committee to endeavour to procure about twenty chapels for the Sunday, and to arrange for the holding of public meetings, if possible, on Wednesday

and Thursday in neighbouring large towns.

The entrance fee of a brother, aged 71, was fixed at £10.

Letters from Stafford and Spitalfields were read and considered.

Letter read from Brother Creswell, the General Secretary, whereupon, after due consideration, it was resolved,

"That no alteration be made in the Secretaryship until the meeting of the committee at Keighley; but that Brother Creswell remain Secretary on the present terms until the end of June."

It was considered desirable that a special meeting of committee should be held at Brother Ingle's, 6, Morden Road, Blackheath Park, at 3 p.m., on Tuesday, 23rd May.

The meeting was closed with prayer by Brother Ingle.

The next meeting will be held at Brother J. Carter's, The Vale, King's Road, Chelsea, on Wednesday, 8th March.

Notice.

PORTRAIT OF JAS. WILD, ESQ.

THE Treasurer has received several answers to his application to our aged brethren, which may shortly appear in these columns. In consequence of some of the brethren not giving their full postal address, the portrait promised could not be sent. Let the addresses be sent at once.

DEATHS.

Jan. 16, 1871. Mary Viggers, of Newcastle-under-Lyne, aged 31. Claim £3. Happy in God.

Jan. 25, 1871. Mary Wroot, of Hinde Street Branch, aged 73. Claim £3. Her end was peace.

Jan. 19, 1871. William Frost, hm., of Lyng, Cawston Branch, aged 85. Entered into rest. He had been a useful local preacher nearly sixty years.

Feb. 5, 1871. Joseph Kightley, of Northampton 1st Branch, aged 73. His end was peace. He had been on the funds 864 weeks, and had received £136 11s.

CASH RECEIVED BY THE GENERAL TREASURER TO FEB. 16, 1871.

	Free Subscriptions.	Benefit Members.
Norwich—J. Smith, Esq., hm.	1 1 0	2 0 6
Northampton 2nd.		0 18 0
Sheerness		1 7 0
Tavistock		1 1 0
Wantage—Collected by Mrs. Goulding, Steventon ...	0 19 0	0 6 0
Hayle		2 2 0
Kingswood		1 4 0
Swindon		1 16 0
Leeds—Mrs. C. Carr, hm. £1 1s; Mr. W. Ouston, hm. £1 ...	2 1 0	0 15 0
Shepton Mallett—Mr. J. Harding, Batcombe, don. 10s; Mr. J. Hawkins, don. 5s; Mr. J. Giles, don. 5s; Mr. J. Edwards, don. 5s; Miss Chappell, don. 2s 6d; Mr. J. Wood, don. 2s 6d; Mr. A. Clarke, don. 2s	1 10 0	0 18 0
Stamford		4 10 0
Bath—Mr. Gandy, hm. £1; Mr. Green, hm. £1; — Drew, Esq., hc. 10s; Mr. Cox, hc. 10s; Mr. Witham, hc. 10s—less 3s 6d	3 6 6	2 17 0
Downham—Mr. John Lee Bennett, hm. qrlly.	0 5 3	1 19 0
Exeter—Mr. W. Lilley, hm.	1 1 0	1 1 0
Pateley Bridge—Bro. P. Eskholme, qrlly.	0 5 0	2 8 0
Wakefield—Mr. S. Batty, don. 10s; Bro. A. Grace, hm. qrlly. 5s	0 15 0	3 3 0
Hungerford		0 12 0
Melton Mowbray—Mrs. J. Gill, Holwell, hc. 10s 6d; Mr. J. Towne, hm. £1; Mr. J. F. Gibson, hm. £1	2 10 6	1 16 0
Evesham—Proceeds of Tea Meeting, Honeybourne	0 19 0	3 6 0
City Road		1 4 0
Tadcaster		0 6 0
Holywell		0 15 0
Glossop		2 11 0
Alford		8 17 0
Rochester—J. Crockford, Esq. hm. £1 1s; W. Moore, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Moore, hm. £1 1s; J. Elvey, Esq. hm. £1; J. L. Edwards, Esq. 10s; Mr. W. Carpenter, 5s; £4 18s 6d; Collections as under: Starr Hill, 19s 6d; Frindsbury, 18s; Ordnance Place, 9s. 5d; New Brompton, 14s 3d; Gillingham, 7s 6d; Lower Rainham, 4s 6d; Hoo, 3s 4d; Proceeds of Tea meeting, 10s; less 7s 6d	8 17 0	0 3 0
Stroud—Collected by Mrs. Peaty	0 5 0	1 16 0
Settle		0 18 0
Retford		0 9 0
Kington—Penny Preaching by Bro. Cooper	0 4 0	0 4 4
Stafford—Bro. Petchell, ann.	0 4 4	1 17 6
Ripon—Mr. Stevenson, 10s; Mrs. Banks, 10s; Mr. Robinson, 5s; Mr. Tomlinson, 5s; Mr. Dale, 2s 6d; Mr. W. Dale, 2s. 6d; Mr. Whitaker, 2s 6d	1 17 6	2 2 0
Folkstone—Collected by Bro. Fryer; Mr. W. Camburn, 2s 6d; J. H., 5s; Mr. J. Young, 2s 6d; Mr. H. Manning, 1s; Mr. Edward Laver 2s 6d; Mr. L. Tomalin, 1s; A Friend, 1s; A Friend, 1s; A Friend, 1s; A Friend, 1s; Mrs. Pay, 2s; Mr. S. W. Hambrook, 2s; Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, 5s; Miss J. Hills, 2s. 6d—less 1s 4d	1 11 4	0 18 0
York—Mrs. Tongue, Horsley, 10s; Mr. Quarton, 5s; Coll. by Bro. Herbert, Scrayingham, 10s	1 5 0	3 10 0
Brigg		0 15 0
Spitalfields—Mr. Gully, hm. per Mr. T. Cuthbertson	1 1 0	0 6 0
Cromford		3 12 0
Sowerby Bridge		1 1 0
Walsall—Mr. J. Mainwaring, hm	1 1 0	1 7 0
Forest of Dean		1 19 0
Addingham and Keighley—Bro. J. Dimsdale, hm. qrlly ...	0 5 3	2 5 0

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
Newcastle-under-Lyne		6 16 0
Barnsley		5 11 0
Lancaster—Miss Gill, Cowan Bridge, near Kirkby Lonsdale, 5s; Mr. J. L. Bradshaw, Lancaster, 5s	0 10 0	2 17 0
Runcorn		1 1 0
High Wycombe		1 16 0
Bromsgrove—Mrs. Haines, don. 10s; Mr. Field, sen. don. 5s; Mr. F. Brooke, 2s	0 17 0	1 1 0
Louth—F. Sharpley, Esq. hm. £1; Mrs. S. Foster, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Sulman, hm. £1; Mrs. G. Smith, hc. 10s; Mrs. Cyrus Sharpley, hc. 10s; Mr. Alfred Sharpley, hc. 10s; Mrs. Croft Sharpley, hc. 10s; Mr. Morton, hc. qrlly. 3s; Mr. H. D. Simpson, qrlly. 2s 6d; Mr. G. Stoven, hm. £1; Mr. J. S. Foster, hm. £1	7 6 6	4 15 6
St. Agnes		0 7 0
Southport		0 9 0
Shipley		1 16 0
Helston		0 9 0
Bristol—E. F., Esq., 8s 6d; J. E., Esq., 1s; per Bro. Maynard, for the Poor Old Hundred	0 9 6	
Southampton		2 10 0
Wath		2 12 0
Stourbridge		1 7 0
Windsor—Mr. Hewitt, hm. Maidenhead, per Hon. Sec. ...	1 1 0	
Taunton		0 6 0
Stafford		1 3 6
Huddersfield 1st—Mr. Norris Peel, hc.	0 10 6	0 15 0
Rotherham—J. Guest, Esq., hm.	1 0 0	5 18 0
Newcastle-on-Tyne		2 5 0
Alston		0 18 0
Deventry		1 7 0
Grantham—(Oct. 2 & 3)—Collections in Wesleyan Chapel, £7 8s; Ditto Reform, £1 9s 3d; Ditto in United Free Church, 14s 5½d; Ditto after Public Meeting, £1 17s 4½d; Ditto by Mrs. Jackson, £1 17s 6d; Ditto by Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Telstead, £1 8s; Ditto by Mrs. Wilcox, 14s; Ditto by Mrs. Hardy, 5s; Ditto by Mr. J. Baker, 5s; Sale of Tickets, £2 9s; of Provisions 19s 10d—less Hire of Ex- change Hall, Printing Provisions, &c., £7 2s 6d	12 4 10	4 16 0
Isle of Wight		0 18 0
Monmouth		0 9 0
Ashton under Lyne—Mr. J. Arrowsmith	0 5 0	1 16 0
Lincoln—Mr. B. Argyle, hm.	1 1 0	0 18 0
Thetford—Mrs. J. Cock, qrlly. sub. 3s; Mr. S. Cock, do. 1s 6d; Bro. P. Turner, do. 3s	0 7 6	2 5 0
Bridport—Collected by Mrs. Scadden	5 0 0	0 15 0
Tonchester—Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Greens Norton, 2s; from an old Friend, do. 10s	0 12 0	2 2 3
Workington		2 5 0
Hinckley		1 1 0
Manchester—R. B. Brierly, Esq. hm. £1 1s; J. Atkinson, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mr. Walton Sutcliffe, hc. 10s 6d; Mr. Joshua Shaw, hm. 18s	3 5 6	
Garstang		1 10 0
Ilkeston		2 17 6
Southmark		1 1 0
Penrith—Mrs. Palmer, hc.	0 12 0	1 4 0
Stockton		0 3 8
Frome—The Misses Pool and Mrs. Bailey, of Road, £3; Mrs. Creese, of Frome, 5s; Mr. N. Hodder, 2s 6d	3 7 6	1 4 0
Marlborough		1 10 0
Hinde Street—Mr. Morgan Dalston, 5s; Mr. Elliott, ann. 10s 6d; Mrs. Phelps, do. £1 1s; erratum in last month, W.		

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
Johnson, Esq. £1, should read W. Johnson, Esq. hm. £1 1s; per Bro. Sims ...	1 16 6	1 8 0
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Erratum—Mrs. Bourn, Denby Pottery, £10, in last month's list, should read: the late Mr. J. H. Bourn, £10, per Mrs. Bourn.

Original Essays.

THE COMMON VERDICT.

WAS JESUS OF NAZARETH A RIGHTEOUS MAN ?

LET us throw back our thoughts to the solemn scene enacted near to the city of Jerusalem, fully eighteen centuries and the third part of a century ago. The Roman empire comprised the civilised world and many barbarian countries. Judea had lost its independence. Jerusalem was no longer a royal city, but a city of priests ; and they governed only in religious matters, and that only on sufferance. Rome was paramount.

Rome, invincible in arms, was terrible in the infliction of punishments ; and that of death by crucifixion was perhaps the most excruciating and awful of all. One scene of the kind is depicted by the writers of the Gospels. Can we realise that scene ?

Three men are there, hanging upon three crosses, to which they have been nailed. Two of them have been notoriously lawless men, guilty of the darkest crimes—men who preyed upon society as thieves and robbers ; men whom justice suffers no longer to live. But what of the other ? There He hangs in agony between the two. What has He done to deserve such a fate ? He has been going about as a great Teacher of truth, and a Reformer of the morals of the people and the religion of the country. Wherever He has gone He has not only acted as a public Teacher, teaching with authority ; but has also performed the most astonishing acts of mercy and benignity, working miracles almost incessantly for a period of three or four years, doing good to the needy and helpless, and displaying unexampled kindness and love towards the ignorant, the suffering, and the sorrowful.

He has done something, however, besides all this. He has exposed and denounced hypocrisy, deceit, oppression, and wrong of every kind. He has unmasked hypocrites, and declared the impossibility of their avoiding everlasting damnation, unless they were to repent and become changed characters. Formalism and ceremonialism in religion He has not less vehemently denounced, showing their unprofitableness and vanity.

Plots have therefore been repeatedly formed for His destruction, either clandestinely, or under cover of legal forms. He has at length been arrested as an evil-doer, been brought before the Jewish church authorities, and then before a Roman civil tribunal, charged with the crime of blasphemy, and then with treason. It has been alleged that He ought to be put to death, "because He made Himself the Son of God," and because He claimed to be a king, aspiring to the Jewish throne. Sentence of death has been extorted from the Roman governor, who, against his own convictions, has yielded to the clamour of the Jews, and delivered him up to be crucified.

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The agonised sufferer has uttered the prayer, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Yet the rulers and assembled people mock and taunt him: "He saved others, let Him save Himself, if He be the Christ, the chosen of God." The soldiers taunt Him too: "If Thou be the King of the Jews, save thyself." Even one of the thieves crucified by his side reproached Him: "If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us." A supernatural darkness overspreads the earth and veils the sun for three hours. He cries with a loud voice,—what? "Father, into Thy hands I commit My Spirit;" and thus gives up the ghost. His corpse alone hangs now on that cross, whilst the other two men yet live. The military officer in charge, having seen and heard all that has transpired at the crucifixion, feels the overpowering evidence of the victim's innocence, and is constrained to exclaim, "Certainly this was a righteous man."

Is that verdict of the Roman soldier singular? Did nobody concur in judgment with him? Did no one else express the same conviction? Yea, many others made substantially the same acknowledgment; even all, so far as can be gathered from the Scripture narratives, who were of honest mind, unwarpd by prejudice and malice. The centurion had no interest to serve, no credit to save, nothing to bribe and warp his understanding. He viewed the case from a heathen stand-point. He had been brought up, no doubt, by idolaters, and trained to honour genius and martial courage, and to worship deified men. If he knew anything of Jewish history, it was probably that of a recent period; and in all probability he knew nothing of the writings of the prophets, nor of the real principles of the Jewish religion. As for the priests and the people of Jerusalem, what he knew of them would in all probability inspire him with disgust rather than admiration. No doubt he had heard of this great Teacher, whose execution he had been required to superintend; and looking upon the whole scene, with all its circumstances, he was convinced of the innocence of the blessed Jesus, and spontaneously pronounced him "a righteous man."

The criminal population of Judea were as familiar as other people with the common talk about the unexampled teaching and wonderful works of Jesus. Hence, whilst one of the thieves crucified with him—hardened as he was in crime and wickedness—reproached him, the other rebuked the reviler, and said, "Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? and we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: *but this man hath done nothing amiss.*" And then, addressing Jesus, with a faith that has astonished all who have ever heard of it, he said, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." The thief and the soldier are of one mind about Jesus.

Let us hear the verdict of another Roman—a man who, although contemptible for his moral cowardice, is yet honourable for his candour;—Pilate, the governor, before whose bar the victim had been arraigned. What does he say of Jesus? "I find no fault in him." The soldier, the thief, and the governor are of one mind.

Take now the Jewish police, the men sent to make the arrest. They return to the church-rulers without having executed their commission. What is the reason? "Why have ye not brought him?" Hear the reply. "Never man spake like this man." The majesty of His teaching had unnerved them, and they felt unable to touch Him. His teaching told them, to the quick of their souls, that He could not be an evil-doer. The soldier, the thief, the governor, and the police agree.

Travel farther off. Hear the unanimous cry of the unsophisticated populace of Decapolis, beyond Jordan, near to the Galilean lake: "He hath done all things well."

Higher testimony still is to be met with; testimony not only to the moral righteousness of Jesus, but also to His Messiahship. A member of the national council, desirous of private and uninterrupted conference with Jesus, comes to him by night. Addressing him with straightforward honesty, he opens the conversation with "Rabbi," a most courteous and respectful title, "we know thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do the miracles which Thou doest, except God be with him." (John iii. 2.) If He was "a teacher sent from God," then He was something *more* than "a righteous man." The pharisaic prejudices of Nicodemus did not blind him to evidence so convincing as the miracles that confirmed the teaching of the matchless Jesus.

There was a man who had been blind from his birth, to whom Jesus gave sight. The Jewish authorities, confounded and exasperated by the effect of such a miracle as that upon the people, summoned the man to their presence, examined, re-examined, and teased him, and then said, "Give God the praise; we know that this man is a sinner." By and by, when more and more perplexed, they added, "We know that God spake unto Moses: as for this fellow, we know not whence he is." This aroused the sterling sense of the man to a vindication of his benefactor by unanswerable argument. What did he say? "Why, herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes. Now we know that God heareth not sinners (*doth not regard their prayers*): but if any man be a worshipper of God (*a pious man*), and doeth His will, him he heareth. Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not of God he could do nothing." (John ix. 24, 29-33.) How exactly the councillor and the man born blind agree!

A sincere worshipper of God, according to the light he has, is introduced to Jesus, and is saluted, as he approaches, with the uncommon words, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" "Whence knowest thou me?" inquires the astonished seeker of truth. "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." What is the good man's reply? "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." (John i. 47-49.) One revealing sentence from the mind and lips of Jesus, poured a flood of light upon the soul of Nathanael; and he

saw at once that Jesus was the expected Messiah, for whose coming he may have been praying under the fig-tree; and he confessed himself at once a believer in him.

What was the prevalent opinion about Jesus, expressed by men? Some said he was "John the Baptist; some Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets." Putting the question Himself to His disciples, He asked, "But whom say ye that I am?" They knew him better than others did; and Peter, answering for all, replied, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (Matt. xvi. 13-16.)

Here is a concurrence of men of diverse classes and positions in substantially one verdict; that Jesus of Nazareth, though crucified as an evil doer, and so "numbered with the transgressors," according to Isaiah's prophecy (Isaiah liii. 12), was, nevertheless, an altogether innocent and perfectly righteous man. That is the concurrent judgment of honest minds as to His human character. This being so, it follows as a consequence that He was *more* than that; because He declared Himself to be more. Either He *was* more, therefore, or He deceived the people, as alleged by his foes. If He was a deceiver, He could not be "a righteous man:" if a righteous man, He could not be a *deceiver*. Which is the fact? What did He say about Himself? This inquiry shall be answered in another paper.

THE VICTORIAN ERA;

OR, THE SOCIAL, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF THE PRESENT AGE.

(Continued from page 75.)

It is a law of metaphysics, that all subjects reveal themselves according to the mental mood in which they are examined. Two persons—the one an unmarried lady, the other an unbeneficed clergyman, were looking through a telescope at the moon. Luna had not yet filled her horns. The lady said she thought the moon's horns were like the ends of Cupid's bow. The clergyman replied that he thought them like the spires of a cathedral. The fair lady's mind was occupied with an engagement matrimonial, and the good minister's thoughts were directed to preferment ecclesiastical; and hence the difference of the objects to which the moon was likened. The man whose ear is attuned to the music of nature, and whose eye is focussed to its beauties, stands at the falls of Niagara, the world's watery wonder! and is thrilled as the cataract leaps into the profound, with everlasting thunder; and charmed as the fountain-furnace rises into wreaths of sunlit spray and broken rainbows! But the man whose one idea is £ s. d., stares with surprise, exclaiming, "Hugh! what an everlasting waste of water-power!" One is in raptures to hear a concert of the elements, when the storm and wind and thunder unite in playing their

tempestuous music. Another is charmed with the ring of a dollar, and gladdened with the sight of a bacon-flitch and a bag of flour !

Nothing has been gazed upon by this complex eye so much as religion. When selfishness becomes shrined in the heart, it influences and fashions the life ; and godliness is counterfeited for gold. Religion is a principle of purity and love, ingrafted in the soul, and kept there by constant communion with God, and by the continual doing of His will. But the unrenewed nature opines that it comprises merely the observance of forms and ceremonies. However, its pastoral meadows have been tempting fields for the feeding of those who traffic in unfelt truth. Those whose creed is embodied in the currency of the realm, have put on golden eye-glasses ; and, like the man who was smitten with yellow-jaundice, have exclaimed, " What a golden prospect I see before me ! " Religion has been looked at through Mammon-spectacles, and been preyed upon by selfishness. Selfishness has robed itself in holy garments for the sake of gain, and courted Christianity that it might hold the Church in bonds.

This sordid motive obtained about the period of the impinging point of the present and former dispensations. Power and wealth were lusted after, both by Judaism in its second childhood, and by Christianity in its first. About the beginning of the fourth century of the Christian era, the early Christians were delivered from the galling yoke of Pagan tyranny and persecution by Constantine the Great ; who took possession of the Roman empire, and afterwards embraced Christianity. Manifesting more zeal than knowledge in trying to promote the interests of the Christian religion, he ordered that all the revenues previously appropriated to the support of the heathen temples should thenceforth be bestowed on the Christian ministry. Thus the form of true religion became profitable and fashionable ; and hence arose that system, that accursed system, which we call Popery.

The foundation of Popery was laid during the apostolic era ; but the Vatican was not built in a day. The superstructure was raised by degrees ; and ages passed away before the building was completed, and the man of sin revealed in full perfection. For centuries the powers of darkness were forging the most deadly sword that was ever hardened by the fires of the bottomless pit. Popery has seized upon religion with hireling hands, and secularised it as the easiest and the most fashionable way of acquiring wealth. By the introduction of unscriptural doctrines, and forms of full-fledged superstition, Christianity was beaten down into that mis-shapen caricature of it which we call Popery. Christianity, as it came from God, is one thing ; but as caricatured by man, is quite another, and different thing. But many men, to their eternal loss, have mistaken the deformed on earth, for the divine in heaven. The priesthood have secured possession of men's hearts by fraud, by money, or by worse expedients. Popery, thus powerful, her relation to the state gradually altered, until the Church, at last, instead of being exposed to further hostilities from the secular

power, rose to the head of that power ! and, penetrating larger and wider portions of the world, became a representation of the kingdom of God on earth, with an imposing hierarchy at her head, and millions of humanity bound fast in her thrall ! Popery cannot live by the truth ; and therefore she has laid her fish-hook fingers on the Bible, and given a garbled translation, to be doled out in licensed morsels by the priest ; or, like a spider which prepares its food by poisoning it to suit its palate, so Popery has perverted some of the vital doctrines of the Bible, to suit the priestly taste and Popish purpose. Popery has pushed its way by forcing its opposers through the lava-flood of fire and gore, to tread the red-hot floor of martyrdom : but God opened out a glorious paradise on the other side for His redeemed ; while Popery, having yet to pass through the Red Sea of public opinion—like another Pharaoh's host—will be drowned ! Its motto, “*Semper eadem*,” is only a counterfeit of perennial power, and a sham of antiseptic strength ! Popery must retreat where Science advances ; and retire where true Education diffuses knowledge. Where Liberty sways her sceptre, Popery cannot reign ; and where the “sure word of testimony” has free circulation, Popery must soon hide its monstrous head. Ultimately, Popery will, Haman-like, be hung upon the gallows it had prepared for Protestantism. For the Great Judge has signed its death-warrant, and the fell criminal must die ! The thunders of the Vatican are even now mere howlings for help : and the Pope's red bolts of curses are only ecclesiastical fireworks presaging Italy's future freedom. Popery parades its peacock pageantry, but can never become a power to do good. Fuse down the whole spiritual heroism of the Romish Church into one soul, if you please ; and you will not obtain the blessed influence swayed by one godly, devoted, Protestant Sunday-school teacher. What is the Vatican but a scriptural zoological show, wherein the apocalyptic beast is exhibited ? What was the late great council at Rome summoned for, but to feed the beast ? Ay, to feed with the food of presumption ! The Council was neither oecumenical nor economical ; for it was not universal in its representative capacity, nor cheap as to its serviceable purpose. Surely priests could not be so presumptuous as to think of proving the dogma of Papal Infallibility. It were easier to prove the by-word of the clown, who said, “that the strongest gaol in England was a windmill, for that kept a rogue in with the door open.” As no amount of ciphers can ever make a unit, so no number of fallible priests can ever make one infallible Pope. Alas, for priestly presumption ! the decree of Papal infallibility was followed instantaneously by the downfall of the temporal power of the Pope, as the thunderbolt follows the thunder-clap ; and Rome, the seat of Popery, and the centre of the Italian kingdom, is now added to the Italian crown. Let us not indulge the boaster's pride, for although the Papal throne has suffered subversion, the Popish altar remains defiant as ever.

History still rings in our ears the past peals of Popish persecution, as

if to arouse our attention to what it is now writing in its present practice at our side. But, remembering that we have a "sure word of prophecy," and gazing down upon the city of harlotry and pride, where foul corruptions nestle, and the ghosts of martyrs wander, and the unburied witnesses appeal, we know that its doom is spoken, and that, in God's good time, Popery "shall be slain by the breath of His mouth, and destroyed by the brightness of His coming." Let Protestantism in the fulness of its strength, take its mission-tour to the seven-hilled city, to remove the Popish candlestick, and lodge it on the Mount Vesuvius of the righteous anger of Christianised Italy, that the refuse and dregs of the anti-Christian system may be consumed, never more to defile the souls of men, nor to sully the oracles of God! Let the saints of God arise and shine; and by the purity of their light chase away the darkness of popish night. The spirit of true religion is love; but the spirit of Popery is cruelty! The beast, being more bold than welcome—like a fox in a fowl-yard, has insidiously prowled over this country. He may play with the lion's whelp too long. Let the British lion open its eyes, shake its mane, and show its teeth, and the beast will sneak away like a dastardly coward! It has been coaxed too long by one of the lion's cubs. Let England's motto be, "A barred door to Popery; and no peace with Rome!"

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH GRAMMAR: ITS PRINCIPLES AND RULES.

No. III.

In our previous papers we have spoken of four parts of speech, not following the order of the grammars, but the order of nature; taking first the *nouns*, or names of things and persons; then the *pronouns*, or words used instead of nouns; then the little class of *articles*, as distinguishing the definite from the indefinite in the use of nouns; and then the *adjectives*, as distinguishing the qualities and properties of nouns. We now come to the most important class of words in all languages; the class that expresses *being*, *state of being*, and *action*. If I say, I am, thou art, or something will be,—the words *am*, *art*, and *will be*, all affirm something about being. If I say, I sleep, I affirm something about my *state of being*, that of being asleep as contradistinguished from being awake. If I say, I write, or you blunder, or Bill has caught a mouse, I affirm something about action; namely, *write*, *blunder*, *caught*. So, if I say, my leg is broken, or the birds were shot, I affirm something about my leg, or about the birds, consequent on action. Such words are called *verbs*, from the Latin *verbum* (a word), the verb being the principal word in language.

A verb is used in affirming anything of any person or thing; also in commanding, exhorting, requesting, or asking a question. If I say, Jane has lost her doll, I affirm something about Jane and her doll. She *has*

lost it. The verb is contained there in the two words *has lost*. If I say, Tom, spin your top; or, James, explain that text; the words *spin* and *explain* are verbs. "Turn yourselves, and live ye."—Here, *turn* and *live* are verbs. Polly, lend me a penny. Here *lend* is a verb. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinners appear?" Here, the words, *be saved*, and the word *appear*, are principal verbs, and *shall* an auxiliary verb.

Much study of the verb is necessary to a good understanding of grammar. It assumes many shapes, in order to give expression to thought with exactness. No man can become an accurate speaker who will not take the trouble to master the verb, throughout its inflections, or changes of form. Suppose I have to make use of the verb *kill*. If I say, Cain killed Abel, I simply declare an act that was done by Cain. That is called the *indicative* mood or form of the verb. If I say to my ostler, Kill that rat; I use the language of authority, or I command another to do an act. That is called the *imperative* mood. If I say, Tom can kill a fly, I express what is within the power, or at the liberty of another to do; and the verb contained in the two words *can kill* belongs to the *potential* mood, the mood of power, liberty, obligation, and possibility. If I speak of an act that may or may not be done, and respecting which there is no absolute certainty, as, If I kill that bird, Mary will weep; I use the *subjunctive* mood, I do not say *I have killed* the bird, or that *I will kill* it, but I speak uncertainly and suppositionally, *If I kill*. The subjunctive mood always has another verb connected with it, as in this example, If I kill the bird, what then? Mary *will weep*. In speaking of an act in a general and unlimited manner, without affirming that any one has done or can do or is doing it, we use what is called the *infinitive* mood, as *To kill*. This mood in English is generally distinguished by the sign *to*, as in the example given, and in these examples, *to love*, *to hate*, *to thrash*, *to talk*, *to laugh*, *to die*. Now take the five moods all at a glance:—I kill; Do thou kill; I can kill; If I kill; To kill.

Another matter that affects the form of a verb, is that of *time*. An act may be now in progress, or the time of its being done may be the present; as, *I walk*. That is therefore called the *present tense*, or time. Or the act may have been done before the present; as, *I walked*. That is called the *past tense*. If I speak of an act as done and completed before the present time, as *I have walked*; I use what is called the *perfect tense*. If I speak of an act as done prior to some other act or event, as *I had walked*; that is called the *pluperfect*, or the *past perfect tense*. I may speak of an act not yet done, but intended to be done; as, *I shall walk*, or, *I will walk*. In that I make use of the *future tense*. But if I want to convey the idea of an act to be done at, or before the doing of some other act, I say, *I shall have walked*; as, I shall have walked in the park before you rise from your bed in the morning. In this example, *shall have walked* is a verb in the *future perfect tense*. Here, then, are six tenses or distinc-

tions of time, that affect the form of the verb ; namely, the present, past, perfect, pluperfect, future, and future perfect. Consider them carefully.

Besides these distinctions of mood and tense, there are also those of number and person, as in pronouns. If something be affirmed of one person only, the verb is in the *singular* number ; as, " Let him curse, but bless thou." Here, *curse* is in the singular, and so is *bless*. But if the affirmation be of more than one, the verb is in the *plural* ; " They bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly." If a speaker or a writer affirm something of himself only, or of himself and others conjointly, as, *I hope*, or *We pray*, the verb is in the first person ; that is to say, the person of the speaker. If the affirmation be of the person addressed, as, " Thou *art* my God : " the verb is in the *second* person. If the affirmation be neither of the speaker nor of the person addressed, as, " The wicked *shall be turned* into hell ; " the verb is in the *third* person. The persons of verbs are generally indicated by the pronouns,—I, thou, he, she, it ; we, you, they ; &c.

There is yet another distinction to be noticed, as belonging to verbs. A person may be either the doer of an act, or the object of an act done by another. In the latter case, the person may be spoken of as suffering, or sustaining, or receiving the act. Instead of saying, *I consulted* my mother, I may say, My mother *was consulted* by me. In the first case I use the *active* form of the verb, in the other the *passive*. The verb *To be* is used, throughout all its moods and tenses, in the formation of passive verbs ; as, I *am* loved, Thou *art* loved, He *is* loved, &c.

Verbs that are neither active nor passive are called *neuter* verbs. Such is the verb of *being* ; and such also are the verbs that express only *state* of being ; as, I sleep, He rests, She grieves.

The English language employs a number of helping verbs, called therefore *auxiliary* verbs. They are these : *Present*.—Do, am, have, shall, will, may, can, must. *Past*.—Did, was, had, should, would, might, could, must. The words *do*, *be*, *have*, and *will*, are sometimes used as auxiliaries, sometimes not. *Do* and *did* are used to give emphasis to other verbs ; as, " Thou *didst* laugh." *Shall* and *will* are used to express the future tense of verbs : as, " O, Jerusalem, *wilt thou* not *be made* clean ? When *shall it* once *be* ? " The words " not " and " once " in this example, belong to another part of speech, or class of words. I *shall go* to London to-morrow, and Tom *will attend* to business in my absence. In this example, *shall* is the auxiliary verb to *go*, and *will* to *attend*, in order to express the future tense.

There is a form of the verb which some grammarians class as a distinct part of speech, and which is of great service in varying the diction of a narrative. It does not affirm anything, but is distinguished by variation of time. It partakes of the properties of both the verb and the noun, as well as of the adjective, and is therefore called the *participle*. The *present* participle ends in *ing* ; as, loving, weeping, preaching. The *past* participle ends in *ed* ; as, loved, preached. The *perfect* participle is dis-

tinguished by the use of the participle *having* going before the past participle of another verb ; as *having loved*, *having preached*. Some verbs form their past participle, as well as their past tense irregularly ; as *wept*, not *weeped* ; *struck*, not *striked* ; *held*, not *holded*.

Many words are used to express different ideas. That is to say, they are of *variable* use. They are not always to be regarded, therefore, as of one and the same part of speech. A verb may be used as a noun, and a noun as a verb, or either as an adjective. If I say, "Love is the supreme grace of Christianity," the word *love* is there a noun. If I say, "I love God," the word *love* there is a verb. If I speak of a *love* apple, the word *love* there is an adjective. These remarks may suffice for the present.

Miscellaneous.

WHAT IS A LAYMAN ?

"WHAT is a 'layman' ? We are led to ask this question because the *Guardian*, in describing the funeral of Dean Alford, remarks that the laity who attended the funeral were headed by Mr. Newman Hall and other Dissenting Ministers. We had always supposed that, if not in law yet in usage and courtesy, the difference between layman and cleric consisted in their avocations. The layman we had thought to be the man who gives himself up to lay pursuits ; the cleric, he who follows a religious calling. Such is not the opinion of the *Guardian*. A Dissenting Minister is, we imagine, in our contemporary's estimation, not 'reverend' in any sense of the word. The assumption is almost enough to raise the Dean from his new-made grave. It was one of the great objects of his life to bring about a working union between the Dissenting clergy and those of the English Church. The first, at all events, reciprocated his desire, and testified to the sincerity of their grief at his death by attending him to his last resting-place. To deny to them the title which courtesy extends to all ministers of religion is not to act in his spirit."—*Daily News*, January 21, 1871.

I cut the above from the *Daily News* of the date indicated : but the question has frequently arisen in my own mind, and I thought I would ask you, or some of your well-informed readers, to inform me :

First—The origin of the term, and what was its first meaning ?

Second—Whether a layman is, as the writer above intimates, "one who gives himself up to lay pursuits."

Third—What are we to say as it regards our City Missionaries ? They follow a religious calling. Are they clerics ?

Fourth—I read in the *Baptist Magazine*, for January, a memoir of a farmer, who was for many years the duly recognised minister of a Baptist Church. Was he a cleric, or a laic ?

Both Milton and Cromwell condemned the use of the term "layman" as devisive and unscriptural. I must be candid enough to express that I am pretty much of their opinion.

INQUIRER.

If we must answer this question, let us first ask what is a *clergyman*? The same man is not ordinarily distinguished by both terms, but by one of them; each being contradistinctive from the other. It were almost as accurate to call the same person both male and female, as to call him both layman and clergyman. What, then, is a clergyman?

The word is distinctive of a class bearing the common name of *clergy*. A clergyman is one belonging to that class, the *clergy*; that is to say, the collective body of *clerks*. Well, then, what is a *clerk*? Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors drew their word *cleric*, which we have abbreviated into clerk, from the Latin, *clericus*; and that was derived from the Greek κληρος (*kleros*, or *cleros*), which signifies *a lot*, or *that which is assigned by lot*. Its ecclesiastical use is traceable to Num. xviii. 20. "And the Lord spake unto Aaron, Thou shalt have no inheritance in their land, neither shalt thou have any part (or *lot*) among them: I am thy part and thy inheritance." Christian ecclesiastics were deemed to be, and in purer times were, men who had been taught and were able to teach Divine truth. They were regarded as *learned* men. Hence all men of learning, and especially skilful writers, came to be called *clerks*; Christian Ministers being distinguished from others as "Clerks in Holy Orders." Formerly all officers of justice were comprised under the name of *clergy*; on the supposition of their being men of letters. In the Romish Church there are two classes of *clergy*, the Regulars and the Seculars. The latter comprehend all ecclesiastics not under monastic vows; the former comprehend all, of both sexes, who belong to the monastic orders.

The views of the Church of England are expressed by Hooker, thus:—"We hold that God's *clergy* are a state which hath been, and will be as long as there is a church upon earth, necessary, by the plain word of God himself; a state whereunto the rest of God's people must be subject, as touching the things that appertain to their souls' health." The same views, substantially, are taken by the Presbyterians, and by the Wesleyan Conference, and by the great majority, no doubt, of the Wesleyan people.

Now to the question, What is a layman? He is one of the laity, as distinguished from the clergy. Our English tongue has taken the term *laity* from the Greek word λαός (*laos*), a word of frequent occurrence in the New Testament, where it always bears the meaning of *the people*, whether taken nationally or in any other respect in association. It is used to distinguish the mass from magistrates and office-bearers of any kind, whether in the church or in civil society. To call a man, therefore, a layman, who has the spiritual care of others, or who preaches the Word of life, or who has charge of the temporalities of the church, is to make

such use of the word as is without New Testament sanction. They need not be called clerks, or clerics ; but should have their respective designations of office, and not be termed laymen. The conventional appropriation of the two terms, however, is so rooted in many churches, as not to be easily disturbed ; and will not be discontinued until the church of Christ return to primitive simplicity.

Twenty years ago, Mr. E. Miall, at that time pastor of a church, but for many past years a Member of Parliament, published a book which contains the following statement and opinions. " A minister is, as minister, segregated from the mass, and becomes, in virtue of his calling, a member of a consecrated order. . . . The pulpit is his, as it were, by right of his ordination—and, even if others are sometimes admitted there, they are there rather by a tolerated irregularity, than by the inherent right of their qualifications. In short, however it may be repudiated in words, or even in intention, the position allotted to him by the churches is one of modified sacerdotalism. It is his peculiar prerogative to meddle with and manage all the public manifestations of spiritual life and godliness. Now, I do not believe that Jesus Christ ever instituted such an order in his churches—or that the apostles anywhere hint at its existence. In sacred *offices* I do believe, and for them I cherish a profound respect : in a sacred *order* I have no faith whatever. To my view it is at variance with the genius of the Gospel, in opposition to the intimations of the New Testament writers, and productive of the most pernicious results.

" A church presided over by a bishop, or bishops, themselves generally ' apt to teach,' and possessing among its members some qualified by the gift of utterance to edify the body, who, when recognised as such, were appointed to the office of teaching and exhortation, and whose labours ' in word and doctrine,' in common with those of the elders, were regulated by the authority to which all did deference,—seems to me to come nearest, in point of form, to those organised Christian societies to which Paul addressed his several epistles. . . . I cannot see a shadow of probability that the instruction of each association of believers, the proclamation of the Gospel to an unbelieving world, and the spiritual oversight of the body, constituted the peculiar functions of a special officer, in whom a monopoly of religious teaching was vested."—*The British Churches in relation to the British People*. Pp. 162—166.

Hooker and Miall evidently propound views that cannot be harmonised, in relation to the exclusive functions of an ecclesiastical class. We leave our readers to draw their own conclusions. To us it is clear as light that the *laity* of the Church of Christ is the whole body of those who do not bear office ; and that those who do bear office in the church are thereby distinct from the laity. A recognised and authorised teacher of religion, whether appointed to govern or not, is surely not a private member ; therefore not a layman. The man who bears no public office is. Eds.

Biography.

MEMOIR OF JAMES WALKER, OF IRWELL STREET CIRCUIT, MANCHESTER, BY HIS NEPHEW, MR. DAVID WALKER.

It is not to eulogise the dead but to benefit the living that the following lines are written; and more especially for the benefit of local preachers, or of any other persons who are actively engaged in the service of God in going from place to place to publish the Sinner's Friend; knowing that the grace which the subject of this memoir received to strengthen and sustain him may be obtained by them; and that the happiness, the holy joy which he felt, may be possessed by them.

JAMES WALKER was born June 28th, 1811, at Holme-upon-Spalding-moor, Yorkshire. Both his parents were pious, consistent members of the Methodist Society for more than thirty years. They trained their children in the fear of the Lord, and instructed them in those holy doctrines of the Bible, which had proved to themselves "the power of God unto salvation," and which were their support and consolation.

Having chosen the occupation of a gardener, he left, in early life, the parental roof, followed by many prayers; and having spent some time in a nobleman's garden in his native county, he went to live in the neighbourhood of *Manchester*, where he spent the greater part of his life.

In 1835 or 6 he was married to her who now survives him, and who is looking forward to a re-union where they "meet to part no more." His first-born was early removed by death. At this time he had a severe trial from the sickness of his loving wife, which was of several months' duration. After a residence of several years at Spring Wood, he removed to the neighbourhood of Chester. I resided with him four years. During this time I never knew him to utter an untruth, or to use any profane language. Up to this period of his life there was nothing remarkable in his conduct to show that God was beginning a work of grace in his heart. He loved his employment, laboured most enthusiastically in some of its branches, and was very successful, as the prize lists of the Botanical and Horticultural societies at that period testify; but with regard to the things of God and eternity, they appeared not to occupy much of his thought, nor to govern his practice. He had never entered into gross immorality. His sin might be said to be that of entire neglect. The house of God was neglected, and his Sabbaths were entirely disregarded. He said he "always liked the Methodists, but could not bind himself to join them," as he thought, like many others, that he would lose all the pleasures of this life; but, as he said in after years, his pleasures only *began* when he got religion.

In 1846 he gave his heart to God. He could not tell the exact day

when he obtained the pardon of his sins and found the peace of God; but, amidst all the storms of life, he never lost a sense of God's favour. He joined the society at Kelsall, in the Chester circuit. Here a new trial awaited him. He had a comfortable situation; but he must either give it up or abandon Methodism. It did not take him long to decide; for he had made his choice: "This people shall be my people, and their God shall be my God;" he had put his hand to the gospel plough, and, by the grace of God, he intended never to look back. He told his employer, that he had to the present time served him faithfully in his situation, and would whilst he remained with him; but with regard to the saving of his soul, that was entirely between God and himself. He left his situation in June, 1848. In a letter now before me, which I received at the above date, he says, "I have found Him a present help in the time of need; I have that peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away. They have taken my situation from me for being a Methodist; but they cannot take Christ from me, or the hope I have of eternal happiness through Christ Jesus. Be often on your knees in private, when none but God can see you; for there lies the Christian's strength. I have found it so, when men and devils obstructed the way."

By his conversion, God kindled in the world another light, which was not hid under a bushel, but was as a city set on a hill: it was seen, it was felt: that light, by the grace of God, led many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. He would appeal to souls, plead with them, lay hold of them, agonise for them; it was a matter of life or death; nothing could check his zeal, or damp his energy.

Having left his situation, he removed for a short time to Chester, where Mr. Bowers (brother to the late Rev. John Bowers, of Didsbury College) took him by the hand, in whose class he met when Mr. Bowers was suddenly removed by death. It made a very deep impression on him. At the end of about twelve months he went to live at Cheetham Hill, in the Oldham Street or first Manchester circuit, where he became a class leader and local preacher. His labours were faithful and earnest; he preached as one who had a commission from his God. His only object was to save souls. He preached a Saviour for all men, a Saviour from all sin. He would enter heart and soul into the prayer meetings. He remarked that he never liked a sermon so well as when followed by a hearty prayer meeting. He was an earnest disciple of his Saviour. He hated lukewarmness. He writes, in February, 1850, "I find the way gets better and better. Let us mind and keep the end in view, for

‘There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers.’

Let us go up and possess the land; for we are well able, through the blood of the Lamb. I never went to a prayer, band, or class meeting,

or preaching, but I got a blessing. Christ is there, and that is enough for me. Look up; live near to God; get on your knees often; do not let twice a day do for you. Have you got sanctification? If not, get it; it is yours; believe, and all is yours. Christ bought a full salvation. I bless God I have enjoyed this great blessing for some time; it makes me to rejoice day and night. I have to fight; but I am more than conqueror through the blood of the Lamb." Again, in April, 1851, he writes, saying how his time was occupied: "I have not much time for writing letters. I give most of my spare time to the cause of God. On Sunday morning I attend the seven o'clock prayer meeting; half-past ten preaching; in the afternoon I meet my class at Kersall Moor, one and a half miles from home; at the preaching again at six o'clock. Monday night, teetotal meeting; Tuesday, prayer meeting; Wednesday, preaching; Thursday, I meet a class at home; Friday, prayer meeting in the Vestry; Saturday, band meeting. I have to preach nearly every Sunday, and sometimes twice. Sermons do not spring up like mushrooms; but I find the more I do for God the happier I get. I can say with Samuel Hick, 'I am in full sail for the kingdom.' God fills my soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory, ever since I set out for heaven. I am often tired in the work which God gives me to do, but not tired of it. I have but one life, and I am determined it shall be spent in God's service; people talk about first love being gone; where do they find it in the Bible? I have read it through; I cannot find it; can you? I have not found a stopping point yet. My first love grows brighter and brighter; does yours? if not, it should do. Christ saves to the uttermost. Try Him. His blood cleanseth from all sin."

Wherever he was planned to preach he always walked, whatever the weather might be, however long the journey; for he had a strong objection to Sunday travelling; and in no one instance did he ever do otherwise than travel on foot. With respect to the Sabbath, he writes:

"One thing I wish to tell you: never put a letter to be in the post office on a Sunday. I have not done so for years; let us set our backs against Sabbath-breaking in every shape."

During the months of winter, however dark or dreary the road, he might be seen with a small lantern and a walking-stick, making his way to or from some country appointment, almost invariably humming some favourite hymn and tune, such as, "Happy day that fixed my choice." This hymn was a great favourite with him. His friends would sometimes say, "I wonder, Mr. Walker, how you dare go that lonely way." He would reply, "O, bless you, I neither care for men nor devil, if Jesus is only by my side." He had no thought of missing an appointment. Except on two or three occasions, when he was very unwell, he always filled his own appointment or provided a substitute. In the summer season, when not planned to preach, he would go (between the services in the chapel) and stand in the back streets, in the neighbourhood where he

lived, preaching the gospel to the poor. He was a great advocate for street preaching. He said the present style of preaching in churches and chapels was not calculated to reach the masses, who were living in the very depth of sin and misery: the gospel must be taken to their very doors, and, if possible, into their houses. His friend, Mr. Andrews, of Ardwick, writes:

“My acquaintance with your uncle began when his name appeared on the preachers’ plan, Oldham, Street, Manchester, on trial. His earnest and faithful devotion in preaching soon manifested itself. Shortly afterwards it was my honourable privilege to join with him in an open air service on the Manchester race-course, on the Sabbath preceding the races; and I can never forget his bold, ardent, and affectionate pleading with the crowd of thoughtless sinners around us. This decision of character, and unflinching devotion to whatever he believed to be according to God’s will, you know better than myself; but take his adhesion to the principles of total abstinence, his attendance at the prayer and class meetings, his earnest advocacy of gospel simplicity, his testimony to the all-cleansing efficacy of the blood of his Saviour, his uniform consistency of life, we shall rarely meet with his fellow. But lately my intercourse with him has been in connection with the *Local Preachers’ Mutual-Aid Association*, of which he had been a member for a number of years, affording counsel and encouragement at our meetings, which he invariably attended, though at much inconvenience to himself; while his acquaintance with the details and operations of the society, proved his careful reading of the *Local Preachers’ Magazine*. His future absence from the noted lovefeast in Oldham Street chapel, on Christmas Day, will be observed, his voice having been invariably heard amongst the first speakers for many years, always in favour of the glorious gospel doctrine,—a present, free, and full salvation.”

His attendance at the means of grace was constant. He never allowed anything but sickness (and that not often) to prevent him. He would go, wet or fine, through the whole week, from the seven o’clock prayer-meeting on Sunday morning, to the band meeting on the Saturday night. He has often gone to the Sunday morning prayer meeting without being met by any other person. Nevertheless, he gave out a hymn, sang and prayed, repeated it, and then came away. But for his earnestness for Christ, this service and another would have died out at Cheetham Hill. The following extract from a letter written at this time, will show how the grace of God was working in his heart: “I am determined, by the help of God, to win heaven. I can say, to the honour of God, although I have my trials and temptations like other Christians, yet my peace flows as a river. I cannot do with things in half. I must be in full sail, or give it up. I dread lukewarmness as much as I dread hell-fire. May God of his mercy save me and you from it! Amen.”

(To be concluded next month.)

Narrative.

HAWORTH:

THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE, EMILY, AND ANNE BRONTË.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS, LONDON.

“Let rogues be fixed who have no habitation;
A gentleman may wander.” *Beaumont or Fletcher.*

ONCE upon a time a Yankee came to visit England. It seems that he did not think much of us. He went back to America and told his fellow-citizens—they are all fellow citizens out there—that this island of ours—this home of Shakespeare and Milton and Bacon—was so small that he dared not take a walk for fear of tumbling off it into the sea. Well, I dare say there are many people of a similar way of thinking—people who consider nothing of any consequence unless it is very big. Such people I don’t ask to accompany me to Haworth—a little mite of a place. But if you, my readers, judge of a place historically rather than geographically—if you feel interested in a place because of those who have lived there—then to you the writer makes his appeal, and courteously invites you to go with him to Haworth, the home of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë.

Being at Leeds last August, during the sittings of the annual assembly of the United Methodist Free Churches, I determined to wend my pilgrim feet to one of the Meccas of my heart, rendered interesting by the magical power of association. From Leeds I set out by rail for Keighley, passing on my route the ruins of the grand old abbey of Kirkstall, founded in 1152 for the Cistercian monks; and from Keighley I set out by rail to Haworth. Following the direction of the ticket collector, I began to ascend the steep and narrow hill upon which Haworth stands. Haworth is a strange, oddly-shaped, rough-looking village, with stony streets and stone houses, that give the place a chilly aspect. The hill upon which the village stands is so steep that the stones with which the one long, narrow street is paved are placed edgewise, in order to give a better hold to the horses’ feet. As I climb the hill I observe that the doors are all wide open. Such glimpses into the interiors as a passer-by obtains, reveal a rough abundance of the means of living, and diligent and active habits in the notable Yorkshire housewives. Apropos of this, I remember reading the story of a Haworth carrier, who called at the office of a gentleman to deliver a parcel, and stood with the door open. “Robin, shut the door,” said the recipient; “have you no doors in *your* country?” “Yoi,” responded Robin, “we hev; but we niver steek ’em.”

At the extreme end of the hill stands the village church—a plain, unpretending little building. The interior is commonplace enough. The pews are of black oak, in which the names of their owners are painted in white letters. It is destitute of all ornamentation, or any objects of

interest to the eye of the antiquarian. Here are no stained windows, casting a "dim religious light." Here are no tessellated pavements or high altar pieces. Here are no marble tombs or monumental brasses. But there is a mural tablet on the right hand side of the communion table, bearing the following inscription:—

"In Memory of Maria, wife of the Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., Minister of Haworth:

She died Sept. 15th, 1821, in the 39th year of her age.

Also of Maria, their daughter; who died May 6th, 1825, in the 12th year of her age.

Also of Elizabeth, their daughter; who died June 15th, 1825, in the 11th year of her age.

Also of Patrick Branwell, their son; who died Sept. 24th, 1848, aged 31 years.

Also of Emily Jane, their daughter; who died Dec. 19th, 1848, aged 30 years.

Also of Anne, their daughter; who died May 28th, 1849, aged 29 years. She was buried at the old church, Scarborough.

Also of Charlotte, their daughter; wife of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, B.A. She died March 31st, 1855, in the 39th year of her age.

Also of the aforementioned Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., who died June 7th, 1861, in the 85th year of his age; having been Incumbent of Haworth for upwards of 41 years.

'The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but, thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' 1 Cor. xv. 56, 57."

Here, in this pew, sat the family of the Brontës. Here Thackeray sat when he came to divine service one Sunday morning, after Charlotte had fallen asleep. From yon pulpit her father dispensed the bread of life to the people for forty-one years. In his latter days they would lead him up into the pulpit, and his sermons, we are told, were never so effective as when he stood there, a grey, sightless old man—his blind eyes looking straight before him, while the words that flowed from his lips had all the vigour and force of his early days. Not always were things so quiet in the church as they are now; for once, when a Mr. Redhead officiated—about the second time of reading—a man rode into the church upon an ass, his face turned towards the tail, and as many old hats piled on his head as he could possibly carry; and, as he began urging the beast round the aisles, the screams and cries and laughter of the convulsed audience completely drowned his voice.

In the vestry I am shown the signature of Charlotte Brontë, which she entered on that memorable morning when she gave her heart and her hand to Arthur Nicholls. Purchasing a few *cartes*, I saunter into the churchyard, to look upon the old parsonage—"our grey, half-inhabited house," as Charlotte called it,—a plain, eight-roomed habitation, of greystone, looking out upon the far-stretching, bare and barren moor, and the crowded churchyard, thickly studded with stones. I sit me down upon a tomb, beneath which some "village Hampden or mute inglorious Milton" may be sleeping. Before me is a vast expanse of moorland—weird, cold, sad, chequered with ever-moving shadow and light, over which the sisters wandered, as recorded by them, "to the damage of our shoes; but, I hope, to the benefit of our health."

And there, too, is the house in which the remarkable family of the Brontës lived. Years ago, in that silent study, the aged clergyman, the Rev. P. Brontë—a descendant of an ancient and honourable Irish family—sat lonely and desolate. Five daughters and a son remained to cheer his heart with parental hope, and sometimes to gladden his home with loving looks and tones of affection. The sisters all went out as governesses, and suffered many of the hardships and insults to which that useful class of persons is too commonly exposed. One of them sickened and died, in consequence, it is said, of what she had to endure at the school in which she was a teacher. But the three surviving sisters took to writing books. Their three voices arose from the Yorkshire Wilds—from that old quiet manse on the “very verge of the churchyard mould;” and the literary world listened in rapt admiration. “What a story,” says Thackeray, “is that of that family of poets in their solitude yonder on the gloomy northern moors. At nine o’clock, Mrs. Gaskell tells us, after evening prayers, when their guardians and relations had gone to bed, the three poetesses—the three maidens, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne—Charlotte being the motherly friend and guardian of the other two—began, like restless wild animals, to pace up and down their parlour—making out their wonderful stories—talking over plans and projects and thoughts of what was to be their future life.”

Two of the sisters died, and Charlotte was left alone to enjoy the wide popularity which she had gained by publishing *Jane Eyre*, &c. Her days, however, were destined to be few. Her sun was to set while yet it was noon. Living as she did in so utter a seclusion, in these dreary wilds, where she was not strong enough to roam over the hills,—in that retreat, where her studious father rarely broke the silence, and there was no one else to do it,—in that forlorn house planted in the miry clay of the churchyard, where the graves of her sisters were before her window,—in such a living sepulchre, is it any wonder that her health failed, that a sense of loneliness oppressed her? She once said that she should feel very lonely when her aged father died. But she formed new ties before that. She married, and it was the young husband and the aged father who survived to mourn her. Claspings convulsively to her husband as the death-rattle sounded in her throat, she exclaimed, “I’m not going to leave you; am I? He will not part us; will He? We’ve been so happy!”

A charming sunset paints the west as I wander out of the old churchyard. It is Saturday night, and some of the villagers are loitering around the Black Bull Inn, opposite the church,—where young Branwell was so welcome a guest on account of his wit and fun, and where he fostered that vice to which he fell so soon a victim,—while others are preparing for the morrow. At the foot of the hill I met the fire engine, surrounded by all the boys of Haworth, I should fancy. Here is a booth where your “kerrect likeness” is taken for sixpence. Here a buxom young woman, who seems to think devouring half-ripe apples the pleasantest thing in

life, and of whom I inquire my way to Keighley, tells me, after a somewhat complex direction, that I can't mistake it. I don't always trust "you can't mistake," coming from the lips of rustic maidenhood; but I do this time. The walk to Keighley is as pleasant a walk as a walk up to your ankles in dust can be. But what with villas, great worsted factories, rows of workmen's houses, with here and there an old-fashioned farmhouse and outbuildings, it can hardly be called lonely any part of the way.

I enter Keighley rather late in the evening. An itinerant organist is delighting the children by grinding away at those charming melodies which we have all heard in our time. These organ-grinding Italians—countrymen of Alfieri and Dante—must see a good deal of the country. One meets them everywhere. A cheap Jack, is selling braces, knives, boxes, &c., at remarkably low prices, and at a tremendous sacrifice. The people are shopping. Young men and maidens are flirting. Here's a hypocrite near the old church, in the shape of a fountain that never plays. The spire of the noble Gothic structure belonging to the United Methodist Free Church, is seen; and I wend my way to Devonshire Terrace, where I find a warm welcome and a good night's rest.

What a potent spell does that enchantress Genius weave over all the haunts she has visited. As the sun leaves traces of his steps in the rosy hill-peaks and amber-tinted clouds; or, as Spring leaves mementoes of herself as she trips over the earth, in laughing rills and blushing flowers, Genius hallows all she touches, and makes all sterile and barren things that she has illumined blossom into smiles. I have read of kings who made knights out of boors; but Genius has made even this least amid the thousands of England the centre of a world's attraction. Even Charlotte Brontë calls Haworth "a lonely, quiet spot, buried away from the world." And yet to this out-of-the-way place, pilgrim-feet gladly come. Thackeray, and Emerson, and Martineau, and Tennyson, and Gladstone have all panted up this hill,—been stared at by these villagers, have mused in this old church, and gazed upon that unpretending parsonage. And why? Because it was the home of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë. And should that famous New Zealander ever come, as predicted, to "sketch the ruins of St. Paul's,"—if conversant at all with English literature,—the classics of our language,—he will wend his way to this little Yorkshire village, and sketch the church in which worshipped, and the home in which dwelt, the remarkable family of the Brontës.

Sunday School Column.

THE INCONSTANT TEACHER.

As a fine-looking carriage-horse, just doctored up to be sold, starts off with great speed, proudly prancing, and

with impatient champing of the bit, so this teacher commences his duties with much outward demonstration, which appears to promise excellent results. As the gay horse, after he has been driven a few miles, suddenly becomes tired, and shows symptoms

of a desire to go no further, so, when the novelty of teaching in Sunday-school has worn off, and the fact is realised that there is actually some hard work connected with it, the unstable person's efforts relax. He wants to stop and take breath. The good intentions and resolutions with which he has stimulated himself to action have ceased their working, and he must stop till he can get up some more. He is a broken-winded teacher. His intentions in beginning the work were good. He knew that he ought to teach in the Sunday school, and he felt that he could do it. His determination was, that no stormy weather should keep him from his work, that he would always be punctual, and that his class duties should be conducted with neatness and regularity. He resolved that he would never go unprepared to his class. To this end he spent a considerable amount of money in buying books and maps to help him in his study of the Scriptures. He is discouraged. He comes late. A rainy Sunday keeps him at home. What is the use in his getting his feet wet just for those dull boys? A friend comes to spend Sunday with him, and he stays at home to entertain him, or goes with him to hear the flash preacher at the other end of the town. It does not occur to him to provide a substitute for his class, or even to tell the superintendent that he will not be there. The class may look out for itself. How did it get along before he was there? He soon becomes very irregular, and presently stays away altogether. He still says that he loves the Sunday school, and that his interest in it is unabated; but when asked to return to his post, he begins to enumerate some twenty reasons why he cannot, all of which should be honestly condensed into—"I don't want to."—*Taylor*.

OBJECT TEACHING.

I ONCE saw a preacher trying to teach a number of children that *the soul would live after they were dead*. They listened, but evidently did not understand it. He was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket,

he says, "James, what is this I hold in my hand?" "A watch, Sir;" "A little clock," says another. "Do you all see it?" "Yes, Sir." "How do you know it is a watch?" "It ticks, Sir." "Very well; can any of you hear it tick?" All listen, now." After a pause—"Yes, Sir, we hear it." He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand, and the watch in the other. "Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look *like* watches?" "The littlest one, in your right hand, Sir." "Very well; but how do you know that this is the watch?" "Because it ticks." "Very well again; now I will lay the case aside; put it away there, down in my hat. Now, let us see if you can hear the watch tick." "Yes, Sir, we hear it!" exclaimed several voices. "Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put away in my hat. The watch goes just as well. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case; the soul is inside. The case, the body, may be taken off and buried up in the ground, and the soul will live and think, just as well as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off."—*Todd*.

LOVING THE BIBLE.

ONE very fine day, when the sun was shining brightly, a little girl was sitting on a stool just outside the door of her cottage. There were several little children playing not far off, but she did not go and join them. She had a Bible on her lap. She did not look about her, but kept on reading her Bible. By and by a gentleman came to the cottage. He had been walking a long, long way, and it was so hot that he was very thirsty. He came up close to the little girl without her seeing him, because she was so busy reading. So he said, "My little girl, will you be so kind as to get me some water?" The little girl got up at once, and put her Bible down and went into the cottage. She went to a cupboard, and took out a jug and mug; then she went and filled the jug with water, and took

it to the gentleman; and she poured out the water into the mug and gave it to him. The gentleman thanked her for it, and he liked the nice cold water very much. When he gave her back the mug he said: "What book was that, my little girl, which I saw you reading?" "The Bible, sir," she said. "And why have you left your play to read the Bible?" "Because *I love it, sir.*" The gentleman wished her good morning, and left her to go on with her reading. Now this gentleman was not a good man. He did not love God, and he did not love God's Bible. As he went along the road he began to think of the little girl. He was quite sure the little girl had spoken the truth, because if she had not loved the Bible she would not have left her play to read it when she thought nobody was looking at her; for this little girl did not do it that persons might see her and praise her. The gentleman thought, "That little girl loves her Bible; I don't love my Bible; I wish I was like that little girl!" Then he began to think why he did not love it, and he saw the reason was that he was wicked. He was very sorry indeed when he saw that he was wicked, so sorry that the tears rolled down his cheeks. When he got home he took his Bible and read it, and he kept on reading until he loved it too.—*Church of England Magazine.*

A CHILD'S TESTIMONY.

THE following is a testimony of a child nine years of age. "She was very little acquainted with religious story-books; in fact, her mind had imbibed a love for the Holy Scriptures, which rendered such auxiliaries quite unnecessary; at six years old she read the Scriptures with references, and devoted to that all her leisure moments. She kept a Bible always under her pillow, that she might read it in the morning before she dressed; and when her parents happened to spend an evening from home, she always requested to have a candle in the parlour for the purpose of reading in preference to playing in the nursery with her brother and sister. A Christian friend brought

her one day, 'Janeway's Token for Children,' a beautiful collection of narratives, detailing the happy deaths and extraordinary experience of very young children. She had not read long, when she laid down the book with a look of some perplexity, and sat still, evidently deeply engaged in thinking: her mother at length inquired how she liked the new book. She answered, 'I like it, and yet I don't like it.' When asked to explain, she said it was very interesting indeed, and very useful for *parents* to read, because it would encourage them to begin religious instruction early; 'but I don't think it fit for children.' 'Why so?' her mother inquired. She said, she thought it calculated to teach children to talk like parrots, and say fine things which they did not feel. 'I know I will not read it any longer, for fear I would soon not know whether I was thinking my own thoughts, or only trying to persuade myself that *I was one of the wonderful little children.*'"

Poetry.

"ABIDE WITH US, FOR IT IS
TOWARDS EVENING."—Luke xxiv. 29.
BY THOS. RAFFLES (1820).

ABIDE with us—the evening shades
Begin already to prevail!
And as the ling'ring twilight fades,
Dark clouds along the horizon sail.

Abide with us—the night is chill;
And damp and cheerless is the air:
Be our companion, stranger, still,
And thy repose shall be our care.

Abide with us—thy converse sweet
Has well beguiled our tedious way;
With such a friend we joy to meet,
We supplicate thy longer stay.

Abide with us—for well we know
Thy skill to cheer the gloomy hour,
Like balm thy honeyed accents flow;
Our wounded spirits feel their power.

Abide with us—and still unfold
Thy sacred, Thy prophetic lore;
What wondrous things of Jesus told!
Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.

Abide with us—and still converse
Of Him who late on Calvary died;
Of Him the prophecies rehearse,
He was our Friend they crucified.

Abide with us—our hearts are cold,
We thought that Israel He'd restore!
But sweet the truths thy lips have told,
And, stranger, we complain no more.

Abide with us—we feel the charm
That binds us to our unknown Friend:
Here pass the night secure from harm;
Here, stranger, let thy wanderings end.

Abide with us!—To their request
The stranger bows, with smiles divine;
Then round the board the unknown guest
And wearied travellers recline.

Abide with us!—amazed they cry,
As suddenly, whilst breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,
With radiant glory on His head!

Abide with us—thou heavenly Friend,
Leave not Thy followers thus alone;
The sweet communion here must end,—
The heavenly visitant is gone!

Imperial Magazine, 1820.

A SONG OF PROGRESS.

From the darkness of the night,
Into morning's golden light,

We are going on!
With the aid of art and science,
With no heed of hate's defiance,
Truth and Right our sole reliance,

We are going on!
Till the hills and valleys ring
With the watchword that we bring—
With the chorus that we sing—

Going on! going on!
With Love's battle-flags unfurl'd,
With Hope's cause before the world,

We are going on!
Though the storm-clouds thunder o'er us,
Though the path seems dark before us,
Though our foemen strive to awe us,

We are going on!
Trusty hearts have led the way,
Fought the fight and won the day;
Follow, follow, all who may—

Going on! going on!
Stand ye back, who will not dare
The cross of sacrifice to bear,

We are going on!
Triumph's star above us beaming,
Victory on our weapons gleaming,
Of fresh laurels gaily dreaming,

We are going on!
To fulfil each hope and aim,
Conquer sorrow, sin, and shame,
And each erring heart reclaim—

Going on! going on!

Choice Selections.

POPERY AND THE BIBLE.

IN England, where many millions of copies of the Bible are in circulation, and where the Bible is held in honour and regarded as sacred by the great majority of the people, Papists are permitted, with certain restrictions, and under certain conditions, imposed

upon them by their priests, to read the English version translated from the Latin Vulgate. The priests of their church labour, on all favourable occasions, to make the public believe that the Church of Rome is not unfavourable to the reading of the Scriptures by the laity; and that, on the contrary, she encourages the practice. The truth is, however, that it goes against her interests in a Protestant country to oppose the reading of the Bible, or to leave people to believe that she is unfriendly to Bible reading. On this account she does not dare to offer open opposition to what almost all people around her believe to be right, and which all the truly godly among them practise as a Christian duty.

Evangelical Christians ought to be reminded, however, of the real principles of popery, and of the facts of history that illustrate those principles, and to be informed of the facts of their own day in other lands, which show the hostility of Popery to the Bible. The Church of Rome declares the practice of Bible reading by the laity, except under the guidance of the priesthood, or accompanied by authorised notes of interpretation, to be pernicious; and, therefore, not to be allowed. The present pope, imitating the examples of his immediate predecessors, and of others before them, has denounced Bible societies, Bible circulation, and the free reading of the Bible. Three centuries have barely elapsed since men and women were burnt in England for daring to read the Bible. Other countries, within a much more recent period, have had their martyrs for the same offence. The petty princes of Italy, prior to the unification of that country under one sceptre, confiscated the property and imprisoned the persons of those among their subjects who were proved to have read the Bible in companies for mutual edification. And to this day, wherever Popery has power, and is unchecked by Protestantism, the Bible is a prohibited book; and those known to possess and read it, and those more especially who circulate it and encourage others to read it, are persecuted.

The reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society, from year to year, and the notices issued monthly, abound with cases illustrative of Rome's hostility to the circulation and free reading of the Bible. And that hostility is not limited to what Rome brands as heretical editions of the Bible, but is extended also to editions acknowledged by herself as having the sanction of the pope, or else that of one or more of her own bishops. In reading the last report issued by the Bible Society (1870), we have observed how the spirit of Popery is even now working in opposition to "God's Word Written." We will quote cases, and note the pages of the report from which we quote. Under the heading of *Austria*, and in reference to the *Tyrol*, the following statements are made:

"No regular occupation of this country in the name of the society has yet taken place; for bigotry has hitherto done its utmost, and that to a great extent successfully, to exclude the light of God's truth from the land over which it broods. . . . A marine officer on half pay, who had retired to his native place in the Tyrol, offered to assist in the circulation of the Scriptures. Though nominally still a Roman Catholic, he had felt the gracious power of the word of God, and was anxious to help others to the attainment of the same blessed hope that he himself rejoiced in. He obtained a regular licence for the sale of the Scriptures, which bound him to the distribution of those editions only that were sanctioned by the Romish Church. Notwithstanding this, he no sooner commenced operations than priestly opposition commenced. He was denounced from the altar, and for a time his life was not safe. Nevertheless he persevered. Some of the most respectable inhabitants of the place rallied round him, and he determined openly to maintain his position, and to affix to his house the following notice—"Depot of Bibles and Testaments." But who, that has not experienced them, can calculate the effect of bitter enmity and sustained persecution? . . . The obloquy and calumny heaped upon him and his family by

the Romish clergy and their devotees were too much for him to bear. His health has given way under the conflict, and he has made a declaration, binding himself to abandon the dissemination of the Scriptures." Page 67.

In Spain, so recently delivered from the power of a despotic and fanatical sovereign; and now, after a marvellously peaceful conflict, though not unstained with blood, rising to the position of constitutional sovereignty, the demon of bigotry still arms himself with the weapons of persecution, and is struggling hard to maintain and perpetuate his domination. What he will do if he may, is seen in what follows.

At one place visited by a Bible colporteur, "the curé of the church obtained a copy of the New Testament, and on the Sunday took it with him into the pulpit. Having exhibited it to the congregation, he cursed it, and then threw it violently on the pavement of the church, where it was soon torn to pieces." Page 115.

At a place in Portugal a priest went to the Bible dépôt, and asked for a copy of Pereira's Bible with notes. The Bible Society circulates only the Bible, and parts of it, without note or comment. The priest was therefore informed that he could not be supplied with what he had asked for, but that he might have the book *without* notes. He became very angry, and pronounced the books to be false, declaring them not to be the true word of God, because of their not having the Church's authorised notes. The colporteur referred him to Rev. xxii. 18, after which he became quieter; and at last acknowledged the Bibles to be true, which he had but just stigmatised as false. Page 128.

No one will wonder to find *Italian* priests opposing the Bible. A colporteur in Italy says, "Among my customers was the son of a barber, who had bought an 8vo Bible. Not only did he read it himself, but he allowed any one coming to the shop to do so, if they would. To him the priests went again and again, but without making any impression on him. At last they went to the father, and

threatened him with the loss of customers, and excommunication. The youth parted with the Bible by his father's orders, but not until the priest had given him two francs more for it than it had cost him." Page 140.

On the other side of the Atlantic the same policy is pursued by Popery as in Europe. Bible circulation is resisted by priests everywhere. Whether in South or in North America, the book written for men's salvation is blasphemed and opposed by them. In Canada, the version by De Sacy, which has the sanction of the Romish Church, is nevertheless as much opposed as that of any Protestant version could be. The priests will not permit the people to study the word of God for themselves. Page 288.

It is demonstrable that Popery and a free Bible are incompatibilities. Why? Because Popery is possessed by the spirit of error: and therefore cannot endure God's truth. Popery is a kingdom of darkness, and cannot endure the light. Popery is a system of priestly despotism, and the Bible proclaims liberty to all whom Christ sets free, and requires the subjection of the hearts and consciences of men to Christ only. Popery is a usurpation, a domination, and an abomination; the Bible is the Charter of a common Salvation, to be published to all mankind. Let us hold to the Bible, and resist Popery with all its horrors, even to the death. Let us love and pity its dupes; but oppose its aggressions and deceptions. The Bible—the Bible alone—is the authority for the Christian religion. Above all other rights and privileges, let us maintain the *right to possess uncorrupted and an unfettered BIBLE.*

GLADSTONE ON RELIGION.

I HAVE been reading Gladstone's farewell to the University of Edinburgh, on the place Greece has held in the world's history; but I am not impressed by it. It is graceful and scholar-like; but it does not seem to me that he makes out his points. He states that truth was not confined to the patriarchal line, nor to the Hebrews: but, when he comes to state what

contributions to this truth come from the Greek philosophers, he is misty and indistinct as the prospect from that window (Nov. 1865). He is religious, as many of the men of his school are; but they do not understand Christianity. They speak of it as a something good and great—the best and greatest thing, perhaps—a something that is to filter down into humanity by means of civilisation, and to complete the ideal man—supply what is lacking. Now, the Scriptures say nothing at all of the sort; they place religion on an altogether different basis—depravity, sin, pardon, and the grand higher life. These are the things of Revelation, and they refuse utterly to coalesce with any schemes of philosophy. Religion does not interfere with the schemes of human culture; it leaves them free to human intelligence. What has religion to do with astronomy, or geology, or chemistry, or mental philosophy? But it is the fashion now to mix them up together,—to say religion is philosophy, and philosophy is religion,—but it is a very great mistake. The Papists have made the same mistake in another direction—they debase Christianity by mixing it with tradition; you debase it by mixing it with philosophy. Of course Gladstone would think this a very narrow view of religion—and, indeed, he gives a fling at the dogmatism of Scotland, which appears to me rather unlucky; because there, alongside with a theological system the most absolute possible, a very unusual amount of general culture has flourished.

He thinks that at one time the Greek women were superior to the Hebrew women, and that while the law of Moses permitted polygamy, the Greeks were monogamists, and faithful to the marriage tie. I think he greatly overstates the latter point; but still there is incidental proof of rather a high degree of chastity in the early days; but then, when the arts and philosophy come in, this virtuous state of things ceases,—so it is clearly no result of culture, but rather of temperament and favouring circumstances.—*Memoir of George Steward*, pp. 215, 216.

Miscellaneous.

THE cigar and the cup are very intimate acquaintances.

EVIL PRINCIPLE.—An ill principle rooted in the mind is worse than the virus of disease in the body.

ADAM CLARKE said he had lived to know that the secret of happiness was never to allow your energies to stagnate.

RUINS.—You never saw a ruin without ivy: you never saw a ruined man but he had a lawyer clinging round him.

IMPRISONED PASSIONS.—The volcanic heavings of imprisoned passions; what can be more sad or fearful than they?

THE loftiest mortal loves and seeks the same sort of things with the meanest; only from higher grounds and by higher paths.

WISE men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and beasts by nature.

COVETOUSNESS.—Often *covetous* fathers lay up riches, which *profligate* sons scatter to all the winds of heaven. I have seen many instances of this.—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

MODESTY.—The modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.—God makes both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes: for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

THE BOUGHT LAWYER.—The lawyer, who sees a poor man op-

pressed by a rich man, who, though he is convinced in his conscience that the poor man has justice and right on his side, yet takes the *larger fee* from the rich man to plead against the poor man, has, in fact, taken a *bribe against the innocent*, and without the most signal interposition of the mercy of God, is as sure of hell as if he were already there. (Psalm xv. 5.)—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

Phenomena of the Months.

APRIL.

THIS month is generally expected to be showery; but last year there were twenty-four days on which not a drop of rain fell. The remaining six days gave less than half the usual quantity of the April average, more than making up for the slight excess in March. The temperature, the average of which ranges from 45 to 50 degrees for the whole month during fifty years, was last year, at its lowest point at ten in the evening, 24½ degrees; and at its highest at ten in the morning, more than 76½ degrees, while the real average for the month was 49 degrees.

The sun rises on the 1st at twenty-two minutes before six, and sets at thirty-one minutes after six; on the 15th it rises at seven minutes after five, and sets at seven minutes before seven; and on the 30th it rises at twenty-three minutes before five, and sets at nineteen minutes after seven. The length of the day on the 1st is twelve hours and fifty-two minutes, and increases to fourteen hours and forty-six minutes during the month; namely, sixty-two minutes in the morning, and forty-eight minutes in the evening.

The moon is full on the 5th at twenty-three minutes after two in the afternoon, and new on the 19th at three minutes after seven in the evening. On the first Sunday it rises about half-past two in the afternoon, and sets before five in the morning; on the second Sunday it rises about half-past eleven at night; on the third Sunday it sets at seven minutes after three in the afternoon; on the

fourth Sunday it sets at three minutes after eleven at night; and on the fifth Sunday it rises soon after one in the afternoon, and sets after three in the morning.

The moon will be near to Mars on the 3rd, to Saturn on the 11th, to Mercury on the 21st, to Venus on the 22nd, to Jupiter on the 24th, to Uranus on the 26th, and a second time to Mars on the 30th.

Mercury is an evening star, and on the 23rd sets nearly two hours and a quarter after the sun, being the greatest difference between the times of setting of the two bodies during the present year. This planet will set after nine o'clock for only a few evenings before and after the 25th. There is not a more eligible opportunity for seeing with the naked eye this small and rapidly moving planet, especially as the moon will not be above the horizon.

Venus is an evening star, and sets from two hours and a half to three hours and a quarter after the sun. It will be about an hour high during the best evenings for seeing Mercury, as referred to above, Aldebaran being a little farther off.

Mars rises in the afternoon, and sets in the morning, being in conjunction with the moon soon after midnight of the 4th.

Jupiter sets soon after midnight until the 18th. On that day it sets *twice*; in the morning at two minutes *after* midnight, and in the evening at one minute *before* midnight.

Saturn rises after midnight until the end of the month.

Uranus is visible until two in the morning.

Neptune sets a little after the sun at the beginning of the month; and on the 25th about an hour and a quarter before it.

Literary Notices.

A History of Wesleyan Missions in all Parts of the World. By William Moister. Illustrated by numerous engravings, pages 573. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

DR. COKE's name is not only intimately connected with Methodist

Missions, but he, if any man, may be entitled to be regarded as their founder. Voyage after voyage he took to America and the West Indies, to plant the standard of the cross, and to leave sentinels behind, in the persons of missionaries, to guard it. The heart, soul, and property of this prince of missionaries were devoted to the work. We have only to look at that interesting document which appears in our pages for January, as a proof of this. If we remember rightly, when contemplating a mission to the East, the Conference hesitated, and brought forward objections; the brave man said, "If you don't let me go, you will break my heart." He did go; and from the deck of the vessel in which he was sailing for the island of Ceylon, his body was lowered to its ocean-grave, and his spirit ascended to the heights of heaven, to receive from his Master the missionary's crown.

A portable history of Wesleyan Missions was wanted, and Mr. Moister appears to us just the man to write it. The work contains twelve chapters. Each chapter embraces a sphere of missionary labour. Hence, Chap. I. includes Missions in Europe; II. America; III. The West Indies; IV. Western Africa; V. Southern Africa; VI. Australia; VII. New Zealand; VIII. The Friendly Islands; IX. The Fiji Islands; X. India; XI. China; The twelfth chapter contains a general retrospect of the work.

No great work could be accomplished without the sacrifice of ease, health, and even life. This is seen in the establishment of missions, whether in the United States, British America, or the West Indies; but more especially in Western Africa. There is scarcely a station where the soil has not been consecrated by receiving the dust of its earliest missionaries, or of their devoted wives. Perhaps, in the arrangements of the all-wise God, this is the way in which he takes possession of the land for Him who is to have "The heathen for his inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for his possession."

We have been instructed and deeply interested while reading this

book, and feel great pleasure in recommending it to our readers. The price is 6s.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Old Jonathan. March. Price One Penny. London: Collingridge.

The Christian. March. Price Five-pence. Morgan, Chase, & Scott.

Father Hyacinthe. Oration, with a Sketch of his Life, and Portrait. Price One Shilling. Morgan, Chase, & Scott.

FATHER Hyacinthe may prove a second Luther if he boldly and persistently carries out the work he has begun.

Correspondence.

OUR VETERANS.

JOHN CARTER, Esq.—Dear Brother, —I like the term brother, it sounds so friendly-like; and although you are much above me in your worldly position, yet we are brethren in the "*Mutual-Aid Association*." You offer to give a portrait of the late Mr. Wild to any of the Old Hundred who will in return send you an account of their conversion, call to preach, gospel labours, success, &c.

I thought, dear brother, I would write a few facts, although I don't as yet belong to the distinguished Old Hundred. I have not, in fact, quite reached my 70th year.

I was eighteen years of age when I joined the Methodist Society, in the year 1821; but I did not realise a clear sense of my acceptance with God till more than twelve months had elapsed. I was brought out, however, in prayer meetings, to engage in prayer before this event had taken place; and the first time I saw my own name in print was on a prayer leaders' plan. I also engaged as a Sunday-school teacher, tract distributor, and workhouse visitor, before I began to preach.

I suppose, like many other young men, I had thoughts of preaching without duly considering the qualifications necessary to fit me for such an undertaking. I was prompted by my leader to engage in the work. I spoke to the superintendent on the

subject. He advised me to begin by exhorting at the house prayer meetings, and said the way would open if I had a call. The way did open; for one of the local preachers asked me to go with him to his appointment in a workhouse. I went accordingly, and opened my commission from 2 Cor. v. 20 (July 3rd, 1826). This was followed by other appointments. There followed also deep exercises of mind; and I was constrained to write to the superintendent, saying, "It was no use; I must give it up." Here is his reply to my note.

"My dear Brother,—Do not be discouraged, but follow the openings of Providence, and do the best you can. I hope to hear you to-morrow morning at five o'clock, after which I can the better advise you.—I am, your affectionate Brother,

"R. R * * * *."

"Oct. 16, 1826."

This old veteran had established preaching at five o'clock on the Tuesday mornings in the school-room. Accordingly the next morning I appeared, and took for my text, Luke xxiv. 46, 47. After it was over he took me into his house, which was close by, and gave me some good advice.

I floated on after this, and at the close of 1827 had preached 99 times. By the grace of God I have continued to the present day. I have little to record of my labours compared with many of my brethren. I never entered a hired carriage but once on the Sabbath to fill an appointment, but have walked thousands of miles. I have preached about 2,000 times; sometimes I have feared with but little success; that, however, I must leave with Him who hath said, "Occupy till I come."

E. R.

A VOICE FROM AUSTRALIA.

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE "METHODIST RECORDER.")

SIR,—I wish to tell you how Methodism in a new community attached the masses of the people to it. I will take the young colony of Victoria to elucidate my subject.

For a few years the difference in

the *adaptability* of the different versions of Christianity to the work of evangelisation did not become very apparent. The Presbyterians, as is their wont, worked till the canny settlers in a district calculated they could maintain a pastor, and they applied, accompanying the application with a promise to pay. If the Assembly approved, a man was sent; if liked, the committee gave him a call, and he settled down as long as both were content, and did all, or nearly all, of the public praying, as well as the reading and preaching. His stipend was increased, and a manse built, partly by aid from the Government grant. The Episcopal Church provided in much the same fashion, as did some other churches, and got up generally wooden churches or schoolrooms, and fixed their men in them.

In the meantime, as Melbourne, for instance, increased, the centre Methodist church in charge of the superintendent was making a circuit of the whole city, suburbs, and neighbourhood; for miles, wherever a knot of listeners could be gathered, there would an authorised agent of this church be found persistently, Sabbath after Sabbath, holding a Wesleyan service. Men thought them cobbler: the bi-hop thought they ought to stick to their lasts; but the Wesleyan bishop at their head saw looming in the distance brick churches where the local preachers were ministering in cottages.

But in the infancy of Melbourne came the testing of the appliances of the different churches. In a short time the gold discovery caused a tide of emigration to set in, men of every creed and of no creed; never was there a time more opportune than this for proving a church apostolic. Where were the successors of the apostles, who, like them, could lay hold of mixed masses, who could conduct a religious service that shrewd, hard-headed, and many of them educated men would tolerate—where the preacher must stand on the mount like his Lord, without organ, choir, pulpit, desk, clerk, or response, lead in prayer, and preach a sermon that should arrest the

attention and excite the sympathies of his audience, men of all colours collected from the four winds of heaven?

Now there were soon three or four great centres of population, say from twenty-five to fifty miles apart from each other, in a country without roads, and each centre 100 miles from Melbourne. What church organisation could supply the great want of the multitude, or create in the minds of nine-tenths a want for Sabbath exercises? The Episcopalians seemed powerless, the Presbyterians do not profess to mission, and the clergy of neither the one nor the other seemed at all adapted to the rough work of laying hold of the attention of the men of the gold-fields on their own ground, where some thought they had perfect right to be turbulent, and fully exercised that right, especially the Roman Catholic portion. But Providence did what ministers of the Christian churches despaired of accomplishing. Among the miners themselves there were a number of accredited local preachers, and many members of Methodist societies. These could not rest without Sunday services, nor without trying to stem the Sabbath torrent of iniquity. Commanding positions were fixed on, and a little knot of worshippers assembled each Sabbath. The positions were numbered, a plan made out, and regular out-door services commenced. The Holy Spirit came to the help of these visible adherents to the cause of God, and societies were collected out of old members, and many new converts brought in from the world.

Months elapsed, immense congregations gathered out of doors, and hundreds of pounds were spent in temporary buildings for church accommodation before a minister was obtained, and then he was really a travelling bishop, preaching, administering sacraments, and admitting members at places perhaps thirty miles distant each succeeding Sabbath. So seldom was he at any given centre, that the local preachers had to baptize the infants, visit the dying, and bury the dead, as well as take the oversight of the church.

The Wesleyan local preachers now number 500 in Victoria, or as many as all the paid clergy of all denominations together.

One of the four pioneer digger-preachers recently died a triumphant death—Mr. Moyle, of Adelaide. Jeffry, Rowe, and Morgan remain. The latter gentleman has subscribed £100 to the Victoria Local Preachers' Association. A strong attachment sprang up between the men who first stood up for God and religion and the congregations. The local preachers ministered to the sick and dying, and relieved the distressed; and when chapels were built, the masses not only affectionately heard them in gratitude for their former services, but subscribed liberally to ministerial support and the building fund.

The sight of these forerunners in the pulpits brought back the holiest and most grateful remembrances. I am writing now of the congregations that did not become members. In the society itself the union was still more close. They were their advisers, the advocates of truth amid the profanity that encircled

them in their daily work; the men who claimed no authority, looked for no recompense; who had laboured hard and incessantly to do good because they pitied the condition of the wicked. The minister had now taken his place at the head of the church, and they had rejoiced in seeing the Methodist church arrangement complete; but still, in the working of the circuit, the old voices that arrested their attention first under the trees were heard in the pulpits, and often the out-door "Amen" rang through the edifice. And, thank God, old Methodism still lives in this colony, and in the great towns of our gold-fields; the old voices are still in the best churches as well as in the streets and outposts; and the masses still feel the attractive power.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD TREGASKIS,
General Secretary, Victorian Local
Preachers' Association.

Ballarat, Victoria.

[We should like to hear something from Mr. Tregaskis respecting the "Victorian Local Preacher's Association." Address—8, Exeter Hall, London.]

Mutual-Aid Association Reporter.

LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

A FRIEND informs us that, after a comfortable tea, a public meeting was held here on our behalf in the Wesleyan Chapel, which was beautifully lighted up for the occasion. The chair was occupied by the Rev. J. Cooper (superintendent). In the course of a catholic-spirited address he compared the Association to a child born in troublous times, but which had lived and thrived up to manhood, and was now taking its proper position in Methodism. Brother Johnson (local Secretary) read the report. Brother Durley next dwelt upon the early trials and difficulties of the Association and upon its present prospects; but he appeared to cut his remarks short in order to make way for Dr. Aldom, who made the speech of the evening, which is characterised by our corre-

spondent as having been everything that could be desired, although the doctor described himself as only a babe in the Association of about a year old. The Rev. J. Lees followed. This gentleman is one of the noble few who have from the first advocated our cause. He delivered a capital address. Mr. John Flemons, Dr. Brathwaite, and the Rev. J. S. Spencer also took part in the meeting. No doubt the April schedule will tell a good tale, financially, of this delightful evening.

WIDNES, LANCASHIRE.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I am thankful to inform you and your readers that this circuit—formed in 1869—seems disposed to take its proper position with reference to our Association. Through the efforts of Brother A. Leach of St. Helens, a public meet-

ing was arranged at Widnes, Feb. 21st, 1871, the Superintendent, Rev. J. Nield, in the chair. Brother Leach gave a brief summary of the design and position of the Association, adding some very interesting particulars connected with the circuit's history, as well as that of its mother—Run-corn. The chairman and his colleague, the Rev. J. Monahan, spoke most favourably of the society. Other addresses followed, by Brothers Sharland, Geo. Taylor, and A. Andrew, from the General Committee, and Mr. Brown, Circuit Steward, who volunteered as an honorary member. The meeting was evidently interested by the statements made, and at its close five of the local preachers gave their names for membership.—Yours sincerely,

March 7th, 1871. A. ANDREW.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

THE monthly meeting was held at Brother John Carters, Esq., The Vale, Chelsea, on Wednesday, 8th March.

Present: The Ex-President, Treasurer, Honorary Secretary, J. Wade, W. Jameson, J. Coman, T. Cuthbertson, and G. Sims.

Prayer having been offered by Brother Jameson,

The minutes were read and confirmed.

The monthly abstract showed as follows: new members, 1; dead, 1 member and 2 wives; sick, 65; annuitants, 111. Receipts from branches £1,652 9s. 11d.; payments to them £1,614 0s. 2d. Balances in hand £237 4s. 8d.

The important and welcome increase in the receipts will enable the Treasurer to repay a loan of £100 which we have had for six months. Some bills were examined, and being found correct, were ordered to be paid.

Brother J. M. of S., aged 70, applied for superannuation. He has been suffering for twelve months from paralysis; and has not had, nor has he now, any income besides what he receives from our funds. He lives with his son, who is a working man with a wife and six children.

The local committee unanimously recommended the brother for the full allowance, which the committee granted.

Letters were read from Bristol, Sheffield, and Liverpool.

Brother Cuthbertson was requested to correspond, with a view to the holding of a public meeting at Darlington.

Brothers Wade and Jameson reported that they had attended the yearly public meeting at Star Hill Chapel, Rochester. Collections had been made on the Sunday previous throughout the circuit, including Bartholomew's Church. Brother Wade had visited Faversham, and Brother Jameson had visited Gravesend with the view of holding meetings and promoting the formation of branches. Brother Coman reported that a public meeting had been held at Greenwich, presided over by Rev. G. Bowden. The President and several members of committee had attended. The meeting was a good one, and so was the collection. A new branch had been organised there.

ANNUAL MEETING.—On the suggestion of the Ex-President, the committee determined to recommend the friends at Keighley to arrange for an open-air meeting in some public place before preaching hours on the Sunday morning.

CORNWALL.—The Ex-President and Brother Jameson arranged to begin their visit to this western extremity of England by proceeding to Redruth on April 11th.

Brother Sims closed the meeting with prayer.

The next meeting will be at Brother D. Plant's, Esq., 5, Upper Portland Place, Wandsworth Road, on Monday 10th April.

DEATHS.

Feb. 18, 1871. Mrs. Sarah Bullen, of Lynn Branch, aged 74. Her end was peace. Claim, £2.

Feb. 25, 1871. Mrs. Isabella Dawson, of Shipley Branch, aged 64. On the day she died she expressed herself as feeling calmness and joy—and again "I am on the Rock." Claim, £3.

March 11, 1871. Mrs. Woolcock,

Bristol, aged 74. Her end was peace. Feb. 25, 1871. William Booth, of having died in hope of salvation Chesterfield Branch, aged 65. Claim, through the merits of Christ. £3.

CASH RECEIVED BY THE GENERAL TREASURER TO MAR. 16, 1871.

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members
<i>Salisbury</i> —Mr. G. W. Tuck, Fisherton Auger, don. 5s; a Church of England Minister, per Bro. H. Horner, don. 5s; Mr. Robert C. Harding, Fisherton Auger, don. 5s; Mr. G. Gregory, Church Fields, Fisherton Auger, hm. £1 1s; Mr. H. G. Gregory, Fisherton Mills, hm. £1 1s...	2 17 0	2 2 0
<i>Corentry</i>		1 13 0
<i>Spalding</i>		1 4 0
<i>Bristol</i> Rev. Thos. Hacking, hc. 10s 6d; Collection, West-bury-on-Trym, £2 0s 5d	2 10 11	4 1 0
<i>Croydon</i>		1 9 0
<i>Rochester</i>		1 16 0
<i>Birmingham</i>		2 12 0
<i>Bakerwell</i>		1 18 0
<i>Onndle</i> —G. Siddons, Esq. hm. £1 1s; S. Whitney, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Ellaby, per Bro. Eayrs, 2s 6d	2 4 6	1 4 0
<i>Greenwich</i> Mr. Coxon, hm. £1 1s; Collection at Public Meeting in School Room, George Street, Greenwich, £1 18s 9d	2 19 9	
<i>Rugby</i>		0 9 0
<i>Southwark</i> —Per Bro. Plant: Mr. Iles, hm. £1; Mr. Amphlett, hm. £1 1s; Mr. D. Plant, hm. £1 1s. Messrs. Clowes & Son, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Knight, hm. £1, per Bro. Parker...	5 3 0	
<i>Bristol</i> —Mrs. E O. £1, per Bro. Maynard, for the Poor Old Hundred	1 0 0	1 16 0
<i>Dover</i>		
<i>Leamington</i> —Mrs. Edwards, hm. £1 1s	1 1 0	
<i>Huddersfield</i> 1st—Per Bro. Pogson: Mr. H. Pogson, hm. £1 1s; Mr. W. Mallinson, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Geo. Scholes, hm. £1 1s; Mr. A. Kaye, hm. £1 1s; Mr. W. Lidster, hm. £1 1s; Messrs. Porritt & Co. 10s. 6d; Messrs. Jonas Jagger & Son. 10s; Mr. Charles Fitten, 5s; Mr. Bygott 5s; Mr. T. Avison, 5s; Mr. W. Haigh, 5s; Mr. F. Curson, 5s; Mr. McKittrick, 2s 6d. Mr. W. Frith, 2s 6d; Mr. Munro, 1s — £7 16s 6d. Penny Preaching, per Bro. Pogson as under: Almondbury, 2s 4d; Bird's Edge, 5s 10d; Holmfirth, 4s 3d; Elland, £1 7s 9d; Lindley, 4s 6d; Henley. 6s 4d; Hill House, 7d; Mold Green, £1 2s 0d; Slaithwaite, 4s 4½; Lockwood, 6s 6d; Netherthong, 5s 6d; Longwood, 6s; Sheepridge, 5s 0d; Denby Dale, £1 10s—£6 11s 1d	14 7 7	
<i>Chelsea</i> —Mr. W. Bowron, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Bowron, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Tarn (Barnard Castle) hm. £1 1s; Mr. Maby, (Frome) hm. £1 1s; W. Taylor, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mr. Perry, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Scott, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Wardley, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Pushman, hm. £1 1s, per Mrs. Bowron	9 9 0	
<i>Chelsea</i> —Per Treasurer, don. from a clergyman, £1 1s.	1 1 0	
<i>Queen Street</i> —Mr. Jameson, hm. three years, £3 8s, per Hon. Sec.	3 3 0	
<i>Leicester</i>		2 13 9
<i>Gloucester</i>		3 12 6
<i>Denby Dale</i>		0 18 0
Per President, B. C. L.	1 11 6	
<i>Clockheaton</i> —Mr. Birkby, hm. per Bro. Parker	1 1 0	
	48 9 3	27 3 3

Omitted last month: *Wath*—G. Wilson, Esq. Brampton, near Rotherham, £1.



Yours Ever,
J. D. Waddy.

17th Feby. 1871

Original Essays.

CHRIST'S OWN TEACHING ABOUT HIMSELF.

THE concurrent testimony of many witnesses to the righteous character of Christ having been shown in a previous paper, under the title of "The Common Verdict," His own Teaching about Himself may now be considered. If it has been shown that He was not an impostor, but a righteous man, it will follow as a consequence that His own claims could not have been other than righteous and according to truth. What He taught about Himself is not uncertain. It is clear, full, and exact. Let us go back to some of the scenes, and listen to some of the utterances, designed to inform us on this subject. We adverted before to the testimony borne by the man that was born blind, to whom He had given sight. The man brought before the Jewish rulers for examination about the fact, vindicates Him against their unrighteous censures. For his temerity in doing this they excommunicate him. Jesus, meeting with him after his excommunication, asks the question, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" The man is at a loss for an answer; so asks in reply, "Who is He, Lord, (or Sir,) that I might believe on Him?" Now, how does Jesus reply to that question? Hear Him. His reply is direct, exact, and complete. "Thou hast both seen Him, and He it is that talketh with thee." (John ix. 35-37.) If that is true, then is He the Son of God.

Go next to Jacob's well, and hear what He says to the woman of Samaria. In the course of conversation, He lays open the secrets of her soul, and declares the leading facts of her life, so that she immediately declares unto others, "He told me all things that ever I did." He tells her those things, especially, that awaken her dormant conscience. She declares to Him her expectation of the coming of the Messiah; adding, "When He is come, He will tell us all things." What is His reply to that? Hear Him again: "I that speak unto thee am He." (John iv. 35, 36.) If that is true, then is He the Messiah.

Hear some of the avowals He makes to companies of Jews. "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (John viii. 12.) "I came down from heaven" (if so, He must have existed before He appeared on earth), "not to do mine own will, but the will of the Father that sent me." (John vi. 38.) "And this is the will of Him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day." (Ver. 40.) There we have His Messiahship and His power over death. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." (John viii. 58.) Is not that a claim of eternal existence? "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I

will raise him up at the last day." (John vi. 54.) "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." (Ver. 57.) "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death." (John viii. 51.) "I and my Father are one." (John x. 30.) What are these utterances of Jesus but avowals of His own Divinity, and of His being the only Saviour of men?

Hear His declaration of power over His own life: "I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." (John x. 17, 18.) "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. He spake of the temple of His body." (John ii. 19, 21.) In confirmation of this teaching, we read that, as He hung upon the cross, "He cried with a loud voice,"—proving that life was strong in Him—and then "gave up the ghost." (Luke xxiii. 46.)

Hear His glorious doctrine that falls upon the ears of Martha, sister of Lazarus, of Bethany. Lazarus is a corpse: Martha avows her belief that he would not have died if Jesus had but been there at the time of his death. "Thy brother shall rise again," says Jesus. She does not doubt this; but replies, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Was that just what Jesus meant? No: He meant more than that. Listen to His further declaration: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." (John xi. 25, 26.) "I am the resurrection, and the life!" Did ever man talk in this fashion before? Not I will raise him up again: I will cause him who is now a corpse, to live again; but, "I am the resurrection and the life." He claims the very source and principle of universal life; and, therefore, the principle and power by which the dead are raised. And He soon gives proof that He is what He claims to be; for he goes to the tomb, and cries, "Lazarus, come forth!" and living power accompanies the call. Life goes streaming through the dead body, the soul is re-enthroned in her dominion over the nerves, muscles, senses, and limbs, and Lazarus comes forth, a living and vigorous man. None but Jesus could confirm with such a deed the words He had just uttered, and so justify the declaration, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Now listen to His announcement of the awful future, as recorded in the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, ver. 31-46: "When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory: and before Him shall be gathered all nations: and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the

world. Then shall He say also unto them on his left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. These shall go away into everlasting punishment : but the righteous into life eternal."

With such utterances and claims as these before us,—and they are but a small selection from many of like character,—we are shut up to the conclusion that, if Jesus was a righteous man, He must have been more than man : He must have been—and must now be—no less and no other than the Son of God, the world's Redeemer, and man's future Judge. Many of those who testified to the righteousness of His character, were unacquainted with the prophecies of the ancient prophets in reference to Him. They judged of His character on principles of truth and common fairness; their judgment being unwarped by either prejudice, interest, or ecclesiastical relations. Common sense and common honesty guided them to the conclusions which they avowed.

Now, no man can be both a righteous person and a deceiver. That is not possible. No righteous person can aim at deceiving others. The popular French author of a professed *Life of Jesus*, endeavours to make it appear that Jesus was both. He speaks of Him in the highest terms of eulogy, and even ranks Him with *the gods*;—ay, with such gods as men have deified : but he makes Him out, nevertheless, to have been an *impostor*. He represents Him as conniving at deception and imposture in the case of the resurrection of Lazarus, whom he denies to have been dead, and affirms to have been a party to such an act of fraud and deception as became but too common in a dark and decayed period of ecclesiastical history. Lazarus and his sisters are represented as having played a cunning part for the honour of their distinguished friend, and He is represented as having fallen in with the fraudulent scheme for the promotion of His own ambitious ends! Horrible blasphemy! Diabolical subterfuge! Avaunt, thou blasphemers! Thou "child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness: wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" No, no; it will not do. If Jesus had been capable of such deception and fraud, then would He have been incapable of teaching true morality, much less of teaching true religion; and, least of all, of being, what His name signifies, a SAVIOUR. He might have been ranked with Mohammed, and such like deceivers : but never could the decree have gone forth respecting Him, "And let all the angels of God worship Him!" nor could there have been any warrant for saying to any human being, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Agreeing, as we do, in the common verdict, that Jesus was a righteous person, and accepting, as we do, His own teaching about Himself, we avow our belief that He "was made of the seed of David, according to the flesh; made of a woman; and declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness." (Rom. i. 3, 4; Gal. iv. 4.) We believe that He was one with the Father from eternity, and is so now; and that He is

"far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named." (Eph. i. 21.) We believe it to be a Divine fact "That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth." (Phil. ii. 10.) The man who robs Jesus of His Divinity, robs me of my Saviour. I need a Saviour who is "able to the uttermost to save;" one who is infinite; one who could at once "suffer for sins," and, by suffering make *atonement* for sin; one who can rescue me from sin and Satan, and "bruise Satan under (my) feet;" one who can "cleanse from all sin,"—who can snatch from the mouth of hell and raise to heaven. Jesus proclaims Himself as both able and willing to do all this; as "the life, the truth, and the way;" "the bread of life," "the living bread," "the true bread," "the bread of God," "the light of the world," and the life of men. He is just such as I need, and *all* that I need; the very Saviour that suits my case. I accept His testimony, and the testimony of apostles and martyrs respecting Him, and the testimony of all the saved; and as "He that believeth hath the testimony within himself," I therein rejoice, and will rejoice. To Him be glory for ever. Amen.

THE VICTORIAN ERA;

OR, THE SOCIAL, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF THE PRESENT AGE.

(Continued from page 103.)

ROMANISM is bad, and Puseyism is not much better. Put Roman Catholicism and Puseyism into the crucible of God's Word; the one turns to dross, and the other yields no golden ore. Spiritual ignorance, or truth perverted, is common to both.

At the Reformation in the sixteenth century, the Church of England was renewed more in its name, than in its nature; the Church became a state engine more than a spiritual institution: the clergy became a moral police force, to support and defend the state; and the benefices became berths for the sons of the nobility and gentry, and rewards for political services. Thus, while the name was religious, the nature was highly political. That the Church thenceforth needed reforming, no patriot will deny; nevertheless, all true Christians must regret that the reformation of the English church effected but little more than a politico-religious change. Although the new-born principles were Protestant, still, they were rocked in a political cradle, and nursed by the state. Surely the diamond of Christianity flashes brighter and purer in its naked lustre, than when set in gold.

God's Word gives no authority for the seizure of property, the exactment of tithes, or the enforcement of payments for the service of the sanctuary. The Mosaic law, which was a system of minute detail, and

rigid requirement, appealed to the consciences of men, requiring the voluntary contributions of the people for the support of the worship of God; and the New Testament does the same. But this Divine rule was set at nought at the Reformation. Tithes were to be exacted by law; and hence was laid the corner-stone of evil. Mammon's temple was once more whitewashed, and the tribe of Judas became again ordained. Henry the Eighth, therefore, did not become, in the scriptural sense, a "nursing father" to the Church; for he forced his subjects to rock the cradle, by tithing their goods, and taking their gold. This counterworking of one of the most important principles of Christianity, has opened the sluice-gate of evil. Interest can affect godliness from sordid motives. Moreover, a Church lusting after state endowments shows too great a distrust in God.

For spiritual service, *voluntary giving* is the true thermometer, showing our love to Christ and His cause. Besides, that religion which does not influence the heart of its possessor to support it, is not worth the peel of a Chinese orange; for that religion which does not govern will never save. A church is more likely to be crippled by wealth than by poverty; for she is tempted to be idle when wealthy, but stimulated to active and laborious efforts when poor. Where one church has died of debt, ten churches have died of dignity! The Founder of Christianity, who said "My kingdom is not of this world," taught His disciples, and all subsequent ministers of His gospel, to depend on the providence of God, and the spontaneous outflowing liberality of His people, for their support and the supply of all their temporal wants. The *love of God*, and not the *authority of man*, is the constraining principle which must lead us to support God's cause. Obedience to the scriptural rule in this matter, is one of the highest habits of Christian duty. The voice of reason declares that state endowment is inseparable from state control. The tithe system strikes its roots through the whole framework of property in England; and to hand it over to a priestly corporation, uncontrolled by the civil authority, would be looked upon by statesmen in every part of the civilised world as an act of political insanity. This question of endowment begins to agitate the nation's brain, and to be often on the nation's lip. The money is, in too many cases, a curse to the church; it may be a blessing to the country. The nation wants its money. Taxes, which in times of peace in other countries are so light as almost to be unfelt, in England are so heavy as to cause an unrest to be felt among the people. By simply applying the ecclesiastical revenues of England to national purposes, some of the ecclesiastical maladies of the kingdom would be healed. A *holy* ministry would perpetuate itself; but an *unhallowed* one, left to itself, would soon cease to exist.

For centuries history has shown one uniform connection between Popish ascendancy and national disaster, and between Popish discountenance and national renown. And, in so far as the Church of England has been

earnest and faithful in its protest against popery, it has been of national service. But, alas! its protest is now, more or less, interrupted by the discordant clamour of ritualism. The honourable, godly, devoted Protestants, still found in the Church of England's ministry, have, as yet, preserved the Church from destruction. Just as a soul may live in a diseased body till death, so also, good people may be found in a corrupt church, till conscience constrains a honest renunciation. Thus was it with the Puritans! And we cannot keep back the unbidden wish, Would that it were so with the clergy of our time. Those glorious iconoclasts, the Puritans, permeated the popular heart of England with principles of civil and religious freedom; and planted the tree of liberty, beneath whose shade we repose, and of whose fruit we so plentifully partake; they, rejecting the pope, bowed not to the prelate; and hating the missal, scrupled to accept the prayer book. Hence, the godly-famed "two thousand" were ejected from the Church at one fell swoop. Did not their ejection exhibit the antichristian nature of the Church they were in duty bound to forsake? We would not attempt to check the heresies prevailing in our national Church by pains, penalties, or persecution; for that would be like trying to cast out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils. Dead creeds, like dead trees, are naturally putrescent. Living creeds, like living trees, bring forth their own fruit. As the straight tree shows the crooked one's deformity more palpably, so the truth, when brought in proximity to error, will put it to shame. And, as in trees, the sun and shower which promote vegetation, and develop the growth of the living tree, serve but to hasten the dead tree's decay, so with religious creeds—the faith, and love, and holy zeal, and pure principles, and spiritual influence, which foster the growth of Divine life in the soul, if we are but faithful in God's service, will serve to sweep away all heresies, and false doctrines.

Christianity has a royalty of her own, and therefore needs no cast-off rags. "Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness." "Hold fast the form of sound words." Worship the most simple, in this, the Christian era, is the most scriptural, and the most scriptural is the most spiritual, and the most spiritual is the most acceptable to God. Our first duty in matters of religion is perfect honesty to the will of God. If the prayer-book be the only rule and guide for the Church of England, as ritualists avow, and that book of man's authority mainly, the inevitable logic is, that the Church of England, as such, cannot be the Church of Christ. "In vain do they worship Me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." God's truth will make a man free. Man's doctrine will make a man a slave. He may believe by a machinery of creeds, and pray by rote, and think he is marching to heaven at the command of a priest, but when he looks to Christ by faith, he soon finds himself free of the priestly power of men. As the Israelites looked up for manna day by day, so he will look up to God alone for blessings to supply all his need. When that need is felt, the supply is at hand; and, as we do not need an almanack

to tell us what to get for our every-day dinner, so a Christian will not need a prayer-book to tell God his wants.

Ritualism is false to Christianity, and barren as false. Christianity loves the sunshine. Ritualism wants candles. Imitation things look best by candle light. Real things look best in daylight. Playing at devotion is not worship. Playthings may do for children: men do not need them. The Church of England has had an unparalleled opportunity for usefulness; but, like the foolish virgins that slept till the bridegroom's retinue unsealed their eyes to view the empty oil-vessels, so the Church has basked in its enjoyment, till the extension of the franchise, and palpable changes wrought in constitutional law, with other transformations now looming in the distance, have served to shake it from slumber, and smite it with dismay. The past teaches, the present warns, and the future summons it to sterner circumspection, purer faith, and healthier life. All that remains in it, exposed to the wind of politics, will be driven away like chaff from the summer threshing floor; while all that is spiritual, and which cannot be shaken, will remain. The purposes of God concerning it are ripening, and will soon be fulfilled. The extension of the franchise, if the people are but faithful to their trust, will bring about God's design. Parliament as the judge, public opinion as the jury, will soon give the verdict, and the providential purpose will be consummated.

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLISH GRAMMAR: ITS PRINCIPLES AND RULES.

No. IV.

As persons and things are distinguished by different qualities and properties, which are expressed by a class of words called adjectives, so are acts distinguished by different qualifying circumstances, which are expressed by another class of words, and which, because they qualify verbs, are called *Adverbs*; that is, something *added* or appended to the verb. A word added to an adjective, or to another adverb, to express some additional circumstance is also classed as an adverb. If I say, Mary reads *gracefully*, and talks *fluently*, I make use of two adverbs, one to describe how Mary reads, and the other how she talks. If I say, Christ taught *authoritatively*, the last word is an adverb. If I speak of "an exceeding high mountain," the word *exceeding* is an adverb, because it is expressive of an additional circumstance to the adjective *high*. Some adverbs have, like adjectives, degrees of comparison: as, soon, sooner, *soonest*; often, oftener, *oftenest*. There are many classes of adverbs, according to the ideas expressed by them, as may be seen in grammars. The generality of adverbs end with *ly*; as, *beautifully*, *lovingly*, *charmingly*; but there are many adverbs that have not that ending, nor any other peculiarity of form; as, *alike*, *together*, *peradventure*, *perhaps*, *why*, *as*, *so*, &c. They

must be carefully studied before they can be readily discerned in a sentence, especially in a complex sentence.

Let us now pass on to another class of words, embracing such words as indicate the relation of words to each other, sometimes the relation of acts to objects, and often denoting instrumentality, or that by means of which something is done. For example:—"An oath *for* confirmation is an end *of* all strife." "*Before* honour is humility." The distance *between* London and Lincoln is 130 miles. I can go *from* London *to* York in four hours, if I travel *by* express train. "Is not the arrow *beyond* thee?" You may hit the nail *on* the head *with* a hammer. He sits *upon* a chair, *before* the fire, *within* a snug parlour, having books all *around* him. In these sentences, the words in italics are all of the class now under notice. They are called *Prepositions*; that is, words *put before* other words, to indicate, as we said, the relations of words to each other, in the particulars that we mentioned.

Extensive use is made, not only of separate prepositions, such as the foregoing, but also of *inseparable* prepositions, or such as enter into the composition of other words. Some of these are of Saxon origin, some of Latin, and some of Greek. They add greatly to the power, beauty, and expressiveness of words; and they greatly facilitate accuracy, discriminativeness, and exactitude of speech. No man can become a master of style in English composition without a thorough study of the prepositions of both kinds with which the language is enriched. Let us give some examples of the inseparables.

A preacher is not *independent* of circumstances. He has no *superabundance* of time. He may be able to write only an *abstract* of a sermon that may be in his mind; but that will *prevent* the danger of *encumbering* himself with many *extracts* from authors. It is better to *intermingle* other men's thoughts with his own, than formally to *adduce* many quotations in *support* of his views. Congregations will not *endure* *prolix* and *controversial* quotations, especially if they have a *metaphysical complexion*.

These examples are sufficient to establish our previous remarks.

We come now to the class of words used in linking other words to each other, and parts of sentences to each other; and also in disjoining words and parts of sentences from each other. They bear the name of *Conjunctions*, and are distributed into two under classes; those that are properly *conjunctive*, or linking-together, and those that are *disjunctive*, or parting-asunder. Their number is not large. Grammarians call the former class *Copulative Conjunctions*. Here they are,—Also, and, as well as, because, both, for, if, since, that, then, therefore, wherefore. Some of these words have other uses besides that of conjunctions: *as*, *for* may be used as a preposition in one place, and as a conjunction in another. *That* is sometimes used as a relative pronoun, sometimes as a demonstrative pronoun, and sometimes as a preposition. It is the *linking* use of such words that makes them conjunctions.

The *Disjunctive* Conjunctions are,—Although, as, but, either, except, lest, neither, nor, or, so, than, though, unless, whether, yet. Some of these, also, do duty for other parts of speech. A few examples of the use of conjunctions will be sufficient. We will give them in italics. Take first some of the copulative class.

“I *and* the Father are one.” “*Because* I have called, *and* ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, *and* no man regarded; . . . I *also* will laugh at your calamity.” We preach *that* men may repent *and* be saved.

Now for a few of the disjunctives. We want to save men, *but* they will not be saved. “*Except* ye repent ye shall perish.” *Neither* learning *nor* wealth can save men: they must *either* become new creatures in Christ *or* perish. Wisdom is better *than* wealth. “*Though* He slay me, *yet* will I trust in Him.” “*Whether* it be right in the sight of God, to hearken unto you more *than* unto God, judge ye.”

The last class of words to be mentioned is that which comprises the expressions of emotion, suddenly and strongly made: as, O! ah! alas! heyday! These are called *Interjections*; that is, words *thrown between* other words. An interjection, however, often commences a sentence; as, “O! that I could repent.” “O! do not this abominable thing which I hate.” “Ah! what avails my strife?”

Having endeavoured to give a plain and clear idea of the different classes of words, or parts of speech, we may now enumerate them in the order in which the generality of English grammarians place them. They are 1. Articles; 2. Nouns (or, as some call them, substantives); 3. Adjectives; 4. Pronouns; 5. Verbs; 6. Adverbs; 7. Prepositions; 8. Conjunctions; 9. Interjections.

Now, the young reader who, having had no instruction in grammar, or but very little if any, should pause, and dwell upon every one of these parts of speech, from the first to the last, and put the question, Do I know the meaning of this? Have I a clear idea of it? If you feel at all confused, read over our previous articles. Read carefully. Think, as you go on. Don't let your mind wander. If you find it wandering, bring it to, and read yet again, even to the *tenth* time, if necessary, what you have not yet got clearly before your mind. Don't go to No. 2 until you are clear upon No. 1; nor to No. 3, until you are clear upon No. 2; nor to any other of the nine until you are clear upon all before it. If your mind be so wandering that you feel unable to *force* it to think, then the only chance for you is to set out to write what you have been reading, trying to think on all, as you go on. Persevere in this. Be not satisfied until you feel that you understand what you are reading, or writing, and studying. If you cannot or will not be at the necessary pains to acquire clear ideas, and a satisfactory understanding of what you have in hand, there is nothing for you but to sink down into contented ignorance and stupidity. Are you willing to do that? Are you willing to be numbered with unre-

claimable blockheads? Are you? If not, be determined to conquer your own indolence, and, by the help of man and the blessing of God, to sharpen and polish your own faculties, and so to make yourself capable of understanding and appreciating all writers in plain, grammatical English, and of becoming yourself an efficient teacher of others.

For the help of those who are willing to be helped, and resolved to make use of the help, this series of papers will be continued. Our next paper will probably be upon *Syntax*. That is an extensive branch of grammar, comprising many rules; all of which must be studied and committed to memory. A perfect familiarity with them should be acquired, and may be, by those who have memories of only moderate power. The main thing needed is to enter upon the study with a *will*. None but a blockhead or a dunce will say, *I can't*. You *can*; that is, if you *will*. Now, *will* you, or will you *not*? If you will, set to with resoluteness. If you meet with difficulties, never think them insuperable. They are not. Others have surmounted them: why should not you?

Biography.

MEMOIR OF JAMES WALKER.

(Concluded from page 112.)

AFTER living eleven years at Cheetham Hill, he removed to Scotland, a few miles from Glasgow. When bidding farewell to his brethren at the former place, he received some tokens of their esteem and regard; in one of these was written the following inscription: "Cheetham Hill, April 12th, 1859. To Mr. James Walker, Local Preacher and Leader. Several of your Wesleyan Friends at Cheetham Hill, who highly esteem you for your consistent Christian character and zealous labours, and who regret your removal from this place to another part of the kingdom, beg your acceptance of the accompanying volumes (Sutcliffe's Commentary, and Fish's Class Leader's Manual), as a token of their brotherly love, and their best wishes for your future welfare and usefulness. On their behalf, and our own, we are yours affectionately, James Brooke, Edward Clegg, John Fitton." While in Scotland, he thought of becoming a town missionary; but, finding that he could not conform to the catechism, &c., of the church, he gave it up, returning to Manchester in 1861. Providence led him to a situation at Didsbury, near to the Training College, where he joined the class of that good and holy minister of Christ, the late Dr. Hannah, whose counsels and advice he afterwards spoke of as being a great blessing to his soul. While here, he was placed on the Stockport North Circuit plan. His great aim was constantly to fulfil the mission for which Methodism was first established; "to spread Scriptural holiness through the land." Whatever part he was in, this was his theme. He not

only received and enjoyed pardon : but he also lived in the enjoyment of *perfect love*. This was the grand secret of his happiness, his zeal, his usefulness, and his fearless advocacy of the whole truth. Whilst living here, he writes : "The Lord floods my soul with light and love and joy unspeakable. I find I am gaining ground. I have to fight inch by inch ; and I, by the grace of God, win inch by inch. I am determined never to rest, God helping me, until I ground my arms at Jesu's feet, and shout Victory ! through the blood of the Lamb. 'Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.' 2 Cor. vii. 1. This was my text last Sunday morning. My soul was filled with bliss unutterable while pressing upon the people the necessity of being made holy, so as to be ready to either live or die. At night, at the same place (Regent St., Salford), from Isaiah xxx. 15-18, God gave me great liberty of speech ; His glory appeared to fill the place. At the prayer-meeting there was the cry of penitents. Three or four said at its close that God had pardoned their sins, and made them happy. To my loving God be all the glory. I feel I am getting more and more of God's power within, and this gives me to feel the awfulness of preaching the gospel. I dare not but strive to be faithful, I feel such an awful sense of God's presence resting upon me when in the pulpit, and such a heavenly flame burning within my soul, to God and sinners, no tongue can tell. God is making me a blessing to many ; sinners are saved, believers are startled and stirred up to set out afresh and seek holiness of heart."

Again, in 1863, he writes : "The more you are with God in the closet, the more like God will you become. Prayer brings faith ; faith brings love ; more prayer, more faith, more of God in the soul ; and God is love. I find it so. I have been sixteen or seventeen years on the way to heaven. I have found it better and better. I am glad to hear that you have had souls saved with you. Go on ; and God will save more. The Methodists at ———, I believe, seldom think of souls being saved ; they are too orderly for that. They appear more for grammar than soul-saving. Strong drink is the curse of many, and rolls them in the dirt. I am thankful that I have been a staunch teetotaler for fifteen years. O what thousands of Methodists have been damned through strong drink ! and I fear many are on their way to hell through drink. God save me and you from it."

In the year 1863 he removed to Swinton Park, Pendlebury, in the *Irwell Street Circuit*, and was placed on its plan. He also undertook the leadership of a class here, as before, and continued to labour for the Lord. His religion being the religion of the Bible, it made him happy ; and that happiness he longed to share with every child of man. He writes the following, Nov. 4, 1868 : "I was down at Gravel Lane band meeting on Saturday night, presided over by Mr. Reed of Tunbridge Wells. I heard him speak a good deal. I was highly delighted with him. He is a

fine godly man. His whole address was on sanctification ; that is, entire holiness of heart. Have you got it ? I thank God I have enjoyed it, and have been preaching it for many years. I believe it is the will of God that I should preach it ; for when I preach on entire holiness of heart, God wraps my soul in a flame of love, and bathes it in a sea of bliss. At this time, twenty-two years since, I gave my heart to God. I have a continual feast of heaven and love from the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. There is a glorious work going on at Gravel Lane : friends told me there were fifty penitents one Sunday night before, and some every night during the week. I believe they would have many more last Sunday ; there would be at least four hundred at the band meeting. God was there of a truth. God is saving souls in this circuit ; we are expecting a mighty move this winter. Amen."

He was not only an admirer of grace, but of nature also. He did not look upon the beautiful and simple plants which were growing around him, or were cultivated by his skilful care, merely as so many pretty innocent fabrics of nature, which grow inoffensively, open their flowers, diffuse their odours, ripen their seeds, and then wither away ; from the short-lived annual to the majestic oak, which has stood the wintry blast for centuries, he looked upon them as so many illustrations of the power and wisdom of his God, sent for the purpose of supplying the necessity, or adding to the happiness of man. He not only admired their structure and beauty as flowers ; but was led often to exclaim, "How wonderful are the works of the Lord !" Every little flower, every bend of the branch, or sweet concurrent play of light and shade, every pendent shadow in the stream, had a meaning and a power with him which a Christian only could appreciate.

His leisure time was chiefly spent in using the painter's brush, and in imitating nature on canvass. He was self-taught. It was remarked by Mr. Ruskin, the art critic,—no mean judge,—who visited Manchester during the Arts Exhibition of 1857, and was taken by a friend to see his paintings, that "if he had been properly tutored when young, he would have made a name in the world ; as there lay genius." Perhaps if he had made a name, and received the honour, this would have been his god, and have been the cause of the loss of his soul. Although he loved the art, he never allowed it to interfere with his spiritual exercises, or the means of grace. Often on the Lord's day, when friends have asked him about, or praised his pictures, he would quickly say, "Never mind picture-painting to-day ; come on a week day, then I will talk to you about them ; let us devote this day to God and His service."

It may be thought by some, that if he was so frequently and so actively engaged in the service of God and his painting, he must neglect his duty to his employer : but it was far otherwise ; he literally, and even beyond this, fulfilled his duty. In some of its branches he was most enthusiastic. His aim was to excel. He was very successful in the cultivation of grapes and of the pine apple. He had an original scheme of his own, by which

he was cutting more fruit in a given space than any known gardener in England ; as letters in the " Gardener's Magazine " will show.

His deportment in the house of God impressed his fellow-worshippers with the conviction that he was engaged in momentous realities. He sang and prayed with an energy that I have seldom witnessed. His intercourse with his fellow men was, in all things, in perfect harmony with his religious profession. He many times blessed God that he was born of Methodist parents. His attachment to Methodism, its doctrines and institutions, was very strong ; and in defence of these, which he believed to be right and in accordance with his Bible, he would not quail before any man, or number of men.

He was often called to visit the death-beds of those who had lived sinful lives, and in a few cases those who had been desperate characters. When they came to be laid on the bed of death, their cry was : " Send for Mr. Walker. I know *he* is a good man." In many cases he has had good hopes of their salvation.

The last time I saw him was in February, 1870. I was surprised to see how active and well he looked. To be in his company was to feel you were with one who lived in the precincts of heaven. When I told him of a younger member of the family having given his heart to God, he rejoiced greatly, and said there would be a goodly number of the family in heaven ; remarking that, with one exception, all that he had ever known had left a clear testimony that they were about to be safe landed there. His conversation was chiefly on the work of God, the happiness of being engaged in it, the necessity of being in earnest about it. He remarked that many people, when they came to die, regretted that they had not done more for God ; but he said he did not believe that when he should be on a death bed, he should have a single regret about it ; for he believed he was doing all that God would have him to do. When we were going to the prayer meeting, he went to the chapel-keeper for the key of the vestry (after the fire had been lighted, &c.). He said he considered it an honour to be permitted to open the door of the house of God. He was thankful that he had been a teetotaler for so many years ; telling me of many who were held in bondage by the curse of our land, its drinking customs. He had formed a project in his mind, about which he was very enthusiastic, saying he believed it would prove to be the supply of a great need for carrying the gospel to the lanes of the city, as well as to the remote and isolated villages and hamlets : he wanted to have a number of mission carriages constructed, each to be drawn by one horse : it was to be a sort of platform, with harmonium, and a few good singers, to attract the people to come and hear. Then the local (or other) preachers to deliver their message of mercy, either moving on (in the streets) or in a fixed position, the speakers to be protected, if needful, from the sun in the summer, and from rain in the winter, by curtains, or some other movable contrivance. He said he would gladly go in it whenever he was not

planned anywhere else. A kind sister in Christ had promised him the loan of a horse, if he could get a carriage built. He was a man of persevering prayer; the spirit of prayer was the atmosphere in which his soul breathed; it was his "vital breath," his "native air." The prosperity of the work of God lay near his heart; for it he prayed, for it he laboured with much zeal and confidence. A little time before his illness, coming into the house, his loving wife said to him, as he appeared tired, "I think you had better not go out to-night, but stay at home and rest yourself." He said, "Nay, lass; the prayer meeting will not come to me; I must go to it." Whilst preaching during a hot day in summer, at Boothstown, several remarked the intense heat. He said, in his sermon, that he should not care if it was ten times as hot, if it would only bring them to repentance.

His last sermons were at Boothstown, on July 31st, 1870, that in the morning, from 1 Cor. x. 15, "I speak as unto wise men;" that in the afternoon, from Dan. xii. 13, "For thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." At the close of these two sermons, it might be said that his work on earth was finished. The illness by which it pleased God to remove him from this world was comparatively short. His first attack was on August 2nd, with three fits of a paralytic nature, which rendered him unconscious for three hours. At this time he only kept his bed for one day. After returning to consciousness, as it was thought, Mrs. Walker said to him, "James, I thought you were gone while in the second fit, it was so bad." He said, "Well, lass, I should have been in heaven." He was able to meet his class in that week; but immediately after he began he lost his memory, and became quite vacant. When several of his members and friends came to see him, he did not recognise them for the moment. His medical attendant said a week from home for a change might do him good. His eldest son went with him to Liverpool to see his son Richard, and to take him across the water for change of air and scenery; but he derived no benefit from it. Several attacks followed, his memory almost completely failed, and a fortnight before his death he was unable to understand prayer, or the reading of the Bible. On the Sabbath morning before he died, his son Richard was repeating, "Sweet rest in heaven,"—when he instantly raised his left hand, repeating the act several times (his right side being paralysed), evidently knowing and entering into the meaning of those precious words, the full meaning of which he was so soon to realise and enjoy. At this time, Mrs. Walker writes: "But oh! the power felt in the room! it was what I would compare to heaven." On the Monday, about noon, he closed his eyes, never to open them again on earth; falling into a deep sleep, from which he awoke in heaven. He passed away to his home at a few minutes past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, Nov. 2nd, 1870, without the slightest movement or sign; so quietly, that it could not be said at what moment his spirit had taken its everlasting flight.

Since his death, the Rev. Henry Oldfield writes: "I am persuaded that an abundant entrance has been administered to him into the kingdom of everlasting glory. He was a happy man, and an earnest worker in his Redeemer's vineyard. I shall never forget that favourite verse of his, which he so frequently gave out, and for which he had generally his own tune:

'I see a world of spirits bright,'
Who reap their pleasures there;
They all are clothed in purest white,
And conquering palms they bear.'

This verse has often rung in my ears, and has very frequently cheered my fainting spirit. He was a good man, full of faith and the Holy Ghost; and it is but seldom that such a man, taking him all in all, has come across my path. He has entered that world of spirits bright, and the blessed secrets of that better land are now revealed to him."

Such he was entirely by the grace of God, and such may all his brethren be; then, they will join him in that "beautiful land on high."

DAVID WALKER.

Narrative.

HASTE TO THE WEDDING.

WHEN it was announced, some few months since, that the Queen was about to give the hand of her fourth daughter, the Princess Louise Caroline Alberta, to John Douglas Sutherland, Marquis of Lorne, M.P., the nation generally was filled with emotions of agreeable surprise, contentment, and pleasure. Such a match was a consummation for which honest John Bull had long sighed in vain. He had seen some of his princesses married to petty German princes, whose principalities and private states were of a very hazy and uncertain character; and he felt glad that this sort of thing was about to be altered, and that one of his own nobles, the son of a duke, whose landed possessions are of such an extent that they might easily be cut up into a group of foreign principalities, had wooed and won this fair white rose of England.

New Windsor, which claims for itself the title of the Royal Borough, shared in the general satisfaction, and was extremely disgusted to hear, subsequently, that a few people wanted to make this the occasion for "stopping the supplies" in the shape of a dowry to the princess. So a meeting of the principal inhabitants of the spirited little borough was called, and it was determined, as an expression of opinion upon the matter, to make a present to the bride of a bracelet set with diamonds, at a cost of £275, and to give meat and bread for a dinner at their homes, on the wedding day, to about eighteen hundred adults and seventeen hundred children; these being the numbers found in the families of the working men whose

earnings did not exceed one pound a week. So up to the castle went our portly mayor, in his scarlet robes and golden chain, to present the bracelet.

To him in the corridor—the place of audience—came the Queen, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and lords and ladies in attendance. Said the mayor, advancing to the blushing princess, “Permit me to present to your Royal Highness, this small but sincere token of the affectionate regard of the people of Windsor, on your approaching marriage with the illustrious nobleman whom you have chosen as your partner in life.” Then, in the most natural manner, as she took the present, replied the princess, “O, thank you, Mr. Mayor, very much, for this handsome present.” Then spake the Queen, “We feel deeply touched at the thoughtful kindness of the people of Windsor, and beg of you to express our feelings to them.” And that the words of the Queen were sincere was soon manifest; for the Lord Chamberlain had orders to prepare a place in St. George’s chapel for the mayor and corporation, that they might view the marriage ceremony. So, on the morning of March 21st, soon after the sun had broken through clouds and mist, and cheered with his brightness the thousands of people who lined the streets, you might have seen the governing body of Windsor march, two and two, in dignified procession, from their Town Hall to St. George’s Chapel, about half of them clad in scarlet, and half in blue.

Then came lords and ladies, statesmen, ambassadors, warriors, and satellites of the court, until the choir of St. George’s was full; and the long nave, with its fluted pillars and carved stone roof, was also filled with distinguished personages. The scene was beautiful and harmonious; the varied dresses of the visitors, rich in colour, costly in material, and still more costly in gold and jewelled ornaments, were quite in keeping with the gorgeous banners of the Knights of the Garter, the magnificent architecture, and “the storied windows, richly dight,” through which the bright sunshine streamed as through the brightness of a rainbow.

Thanks to the art of photography, and to the portraits in the illustrated papers, it was possible to identify, in this assemblage, most of the exalted and powerful personages who are working out the history of our time. Gladstone, with his care-worn face, stood for some time under the organ loft, talking with one and another, and every now and then glancing at the corporation of Windsor, as if meditating some daring inquiry into its time-worn charters; Hartington, tall, stately, and well-looking; Goschen, with his Jewish type of face; Lowe, with his pinkish eyes screwed up under the white hair which covers his noble brain-pan; Disraeli, looking worn and old, and many others, passed by into the choir.

Then came the members of the royal family, and in their midst, looking lovely but pale, the Princess of Wales, who led in each hand one of her little boys; smiles and half-muttered prayers and blessings greeted her as she passed up the nave. Lastly, came up from the west door, the bridal procession. Pages, heralds, and great officers of the household precede the BRIDE, on her left the QUEEN, on her right the Prince of WALES.

The bride's train was borne by eight unmarried daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls, all in white dresses, surrounded with wreaths of ivy and red roses—themselves a *verr* parterre of loveliness. The bride was very pale as she slowly advanced, returning with graceful bows the deep reverences of the company. She wore several presents, and on her right arm was the Windsor bracelet. The Queen was bright and smiling, and the Princess of Wales looked happy and well. The bride's uncle, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, in his white uniform, was a conspicuous object; but his features are not much like those of his late brother, Prince Albert. Meantime the grand organ pealed out its splendid harmonies; and by the time the wedding march was over, all had taken their places. Within the altar rails there were prelates and church dignitaries enow to marry a dozen couples. The Bishop of London began the service, the closing part being read by the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce). The first had but a poor voice, and to most of the company the ceremony passed in dumb show; but no sooner had the bishop pronounced the couple man and wife, than the organ upraised its mighty voice, and the choir sang with it the 128th Psalm. When all was over the Queen kissed her daughter, and her new son-in-law kissed the Queen's hand. Then a march by Handel was played by organ, drum, and viol, a very avalanche of sound; and the princess, taking the arm of the bridegroom, walked with heightened colour and proud and happy bearing down the chapel, followed by the Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, and all the royal, princely, and noble procession. Royal salutes from cannon, peals of bells from tower and steeple, and cheers from thousands of loyal people filled the air, as carriage after carriage bore the royal guests to luncheon.

O, ye children that read this magazine! only think,—the wedding cake that stood upon the table was on a stand of gold, and the cake was five feet high, and its diameter was two feet six inches, its ornaments of sugar were so many and various that, altogether, it took the Queen's confectioner nearly three months to make the cake and its ornaments.

Besides this, there was another cake, weighing about 2 cwt.; being nearly five feet high and two feet in diameter; to these were added a large quantity of cake done up in pieces of four pounds each, to be sent to the nobility and gentry, as presents from the Princess and the Marquis of Lorne. So it would seem that princes and peers, and gentlemen and ladies, all like wedding cake; or else they have plenty of children that do.

Towards four o'clock the long walk became thronged with persons anxious to see the newly-married couple depart for Claremont. And soon they came in an open carriage drawn by four greys, escorted by a troop of Life Guards. Huzzas, and various exclamations of pleasure at the beauty of bride and bridegroom rose from either side of the road; while, from the castle above, the Queen and her guests waved their handkerchiefs till the turn of the road hid the happy pair from view.

If there ever be such another wedding, "may I be there to see." C.

HAWORTH.—WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.

My friend Mr. Francis has given the readers of the "LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE" an account of his visit to the celebrated village of Haworth; celebrated in his view, and in that of many others, as the residence and the burial place of the Brontë family. No one could have read "Jane Eyre," and Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," without feeling interested in the village of Haworth.

I was rather astonished that Mr. Francis had omitted altogether another celebrated character in connexion with Haworth; viz.: Rev. W. Grimshaw, perpetual curate of the parish; the friend and fellow-worker of Wesley; the real bishop of a vast Yorkshire district surrounding his own residence. We Methodist preachers are sometimes charged with being read in all sorts of history but our own; and of having studied all sorts of characters but those Methodist heroes who, like Grimshaw, laboured at the rough work of clearing the way for their successors, and laying the foundation upon which we are endeavouring to rear the superstructure.

Wesley's Journal, Southey's Life of Wesley, and Stevens' History of Methodism, have furnished me with certain facts respecting William Grimshaw, of Haworth, which I will lay before my readers.

Mr. Wesley says, "William Grimshaw was born Sept. 3, 1708, at Brindle, six miles south of Preston in Lancashire, and educated at the schools of Blackburn and Heskin in the same county." He had serious impressions when at school, but entering Cambridge University when eighteen years of age, he was carried away by bad example. His serious impressions were revived when he was ordained deacon in 1731, but soon died away. There was a conforming to the world, and entering its diversions; then the withdrawing from it, and entering into his closet and engaging in secret prayer. This conflict continued till 1742, when he entered into Christian liberty. "I was now," says he, "willing to renounce myself, and to embrace Christ for my all in all. O, what light and comfort did I enjoy in my own soul, and what a taste of the pardoning love of God!" Southey, who of course understood nothing of spiritual conflict, considers him at this time a fit subject for Bedlam.

"At this time," says Mr. Wesley, "he was an entire stranger to the people called Methodists, whom afterwards he thought it his duty to countenance, and to labour with them in his neighbourhood. He was an entire stranger also to all their writings, till he came to Haworth, May 26, 1742. The good effects of his preaching soon became visible. Many of his flock were brought into deep concern for salvation, and were, in a little time after, filled with peace and joy through believing.

"His lively manner of representing the truths of God could not fail of being much talked of, and bringing many hundreds to Haworth Church; who received so much benefit by what they heard, that, when the novelty

was long over, the Church continued to be full of people, many of whom came from far, and this for twenty years together."

Southey, when a character like Grimshaw stood out before him, took great pleasure in describing him. He evidently thought Grimshaw mad; in fact he says, "The people called him mad Grimshaw, but this did not prevent him from being very useful among a set of parishioners, who are said to have been as wild as the bleak, barren country which they inhabited, and to have had little more sense of religion than their cattle."

Southey proceeds: "The parish contained four hamlets, in each of which he made it a rule to preach three times a month, partly for the sake of the old and infirm, but chiefly for those who scarcely ever attended the church, because of the distance. As he found that people were willing to hear him, he extended his preaching into his neighbours' parishes, without troubling himself to ask the consent of the minister, or caring whether he liked it or not. In this way he established two circuits of his own, which he went round every fortnight; in the more populous, he preached from four-and-twenty to thirty times in the week; and in the other, about half as often, wherefore he called this his idle week. While he was at home, he had a morning meeting for prayer and exhortation at his own house, at five o'clock in the summer, and at six in winter. At church he would stop in the midst of the prayers, if he saw any person inattentive, and rebuke the offender; and, while the psalms were singing before sermon, he would go out to see if any persons were idling in the churchyard or in the street, or in the alehouses, and drive as many as he could find into the church before him. Such was the effect which he produced by his zeal, his vigilance and real worth, that a man being on his way for a midwife, one Sunday, wanting his horse shod in the village, could not prevail on the blacksmith to do the job, till they had gone together to Mr. Grimshaw and he had granted permission, being satisfied of the necessity of the case. And it was believed long after his death, that he had put a stop to the races by his prayers."

Grimshaw entered entirely into Mr. Wesley's views, acted as assistant in the circuit where he resided, and attended the conference every third year, when it was held at Leeds. When Wesley or Whitfield came to visit him, a scaffold was erected in the churchyard, the church not being large enough to hold the concourse that assembled. Prayers, therefore, were read in the church, the preaching was in the open air, and the sacrament was afterwards administered to successive congregations, one church full after another.

His admiration of the itinerants was very great; his house was their home, they preached in his kitchen, and he always gave notice at church when this was to be; and that their flock might not be scattered after his death, he built a chapel and dwelling house at his own expense, and settled the property upon the Methodist plan. He not only received the preachers as his guests, but also as many visitors as his house would hold; giving

up his own bed, and sleeping, unknown to them, in the hayloft. No office appeared to him too humble on such occasions, no mark of respect too great for a successful preacher of the gospel. He was once found cleaning the boots of an itinerant; once he embraced a preacher after his sermon, and said, "The Lord bless thee, Ben; this is worth a hundred of my sermons!" and he fell down before another, saying, he was "not worthy to stand in his presence."

"In sixteen years," says Wesley, "he was only once suspended from his labours by sickness; though he dared all weathers upon the bleak mountains, and used his body with less compassion than a merciful man would use his beast. His soul at various times enjoyed large manifestations of God's love; and he drank deep into his Spirit. His cup ran over; and at some seasons his faith was so strong, and his hope so abundant, that higher degrees of spiritual delight would have overpowered his mortal frame."

Stevens records in his history the following particulars of Grimshaw's death. "He fell at last a victim to his pastoral labours during an epidemic fever. His old friend, Jeremiah Robertshaw, a veteran Methodist preacher, approached him on his death-bed. 'God bless you, Jerry!' he said; 'I will pray for you as long as I live; and if there is praying in heaven, I will pray for you there also.' 'I am as happy as I can be on earth,' he declared to another; 'and as sure of glory as if I were in it.' *'Here goes an unprofitable servant,'* were the last words he uttered.

"In accordance with his own request, his remains were carried to the residence of his son Edward, in a parish of Halifax, whither they were followed by a vast and weeping procession to Suddenden church. According to his dying wish, the mourning crowd sang as they bore his corpse along on the highway. Venn preached his funeral sermon in the churchyard, as the multitude could not be accommodated in the church. He repeated it the next day at Haworth, where thousands assembled from all the neighbouring country, and wept as at the death of a parent. Romaine lamented him in an eloquent funeral discourse, delivered at St. Dunstan's in London. Both Calvinistic and Arminian Methodists universally felt that a prince and a great man had fallen in Israel."

It is affecting to read the memorial stone of the family of Mr Brontë, and to remember that his only son fell a victim to drink. It was the same as regarded the only son of Mr. Grimshaw. He was educated at Kingswood school; and yet, in after life, became a drunkard. He revered, however, his father's piety, and had a deep sense of his own worthlessness and degeneracy; and sometimes when riding home intoxicated on his father's old circuit horse, would say, "Once *thou carried* a saint, but now *thou carriest* a devil." Such recollections, and the many prayers that ascended for him at last prevailed. He repented with bitter anguish, and died exclaiming, "What will my father say, when he sees that I have got to heaven?"

Our brethren who may be at Keighley during the session of our aggregate meeting there, whether they have a taste for works of the imagination, of the class which Charlotte Brontë and her sisters produced, or whether they are dealers in plain facts connected with Methodist history, will have, I should judge, a strong desire to visit Haworth. The local preacher, as he stands in that churchyard, will picture to himself Wesley, Whitfield, Berridge, Venn, Romaine, and others, declaring to listening thousands, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." They may, perhaps, get a peep into that kitchen where Ben and Jerry and others of the old Methodist preachers reiterated their Master's injunction, "Ye must be born again." If any of them can step on to Suddenden, where Grimshaw's remains were buried, well; at any rate, I should say, *visit Haworth.*

PHILIP PARKER.

Sunday School Column.

THE REBELLIOUS SCHOLAR.

At the time of the opening of school he is not in his seat. The teacher experiences a feeling of relief on account of his absence, and goes so far as to hope that he has taken a notion into his head to stay away. The teacher's feeling of relief at his absence is of short duration. During the opening prayer, a smart banging is heard at the door, which gives notice of the rebellious disciple's wrath at being locked out. The door being opened in due time, in he strides, pounding his heavy boots on the floor, in such a way as to announce to the whole school that he has come, and is determined to annoy somebody. He delights to make a disturbance. Upsetting any of the teacher's plans he considers a feat worthy of any risk in performing. Insulting the superintendent affords him great pleasure. When a speech is made, especially if it is a dull speech, he applauds violently with his boots, sometimes adding a shrill whistle, which he learnt from the boys at the theatre. During the singing, he likes to confuse the musicians, by volunteering all sorts of uncouth noises. He is beyond quiet mischief. He would scorn sly pranks on the officers of the school or his fellow-scholars, preferring to set the whole concern at open defiance.

Tame him. That is what must be done with him, "Tame *him!*" says teacher; "why, I would rather try to tame a bison." Then he must have another teacher. He needs a good, kind, firm, able-bodied, and able-minded teacher, who will love him, yet hold him with a strong hand. He must be tamed as the great Rarey tames horses. Show him that you love him, and are working for his good, both of body and soul; but let him understand that you have entire control over him, and that you mean to exercise it, if necessary. As you are taming him, put in a little Gospel instruction from time to time, increasing in amount as you get him tamer and tamer. The boy will be an earnest boy, and when he grows up, will be an earnest man. He will probably be a very bad man, or else a very good man: a very useful man, or a continual nuisance. But it all depends on how he is treated now. Look well to him, teacher. With prayerful patience, firmness, and diligence, he may be made a Christian.—*Taylor: Sunday School World.*

TEACHERS' PRAYER MEETING.

SUPPOSE the school to commence at nine o'clock in the morning. Let the prayer-meeting for teachers commence at exactly half-past eight, or which is better, twenty minutes to nine. Have all the little details tho-

roughly systematised, so that not a moment be lost. Have each exercise brief. A prayer of five minutes takes just one quarter of the entire twenty minutes, and will be sure to kill it. Let the prayers not exceed a minute and a half or two minutes. If a word of exhortation is offered, let it be pertinent to the occasion. A wandering away to South Africa or Hindostan is well enough at the time we are considering those distant countries and their claims, but neither South Africa nor Hindostan should be considered when home and home interests are the theme. Keep to the subject of the meeting. Let the prayers be specific. Whatever the object, pray for the object. In a school that we know, the teachers' prayer-meeting convenes with the precision of a railroad time-table, at eight o'clock, forty minutes. The superintendent is there ten minutes before the time for opening. The school is a large one; and of the forty-five enrolled teachers, forty are usually present. Sometimes ten, fifteen, or twenty of the scholars are admitted as a privilege. A single verse is sung, then two very short, earnest prayers are offered. The superintendent now, in a few concentrated, pertinent, burning words, presents to the meeting some special scriptural topic—usually the leading thought of the day's lesson. He urges special attention to the necessity of this day labouring for the salvation of the scholars. Now a verse; now two more prayers, as brief and fervent as the two first; then two verses, followed by one prayer; then a single verse of praise or thanksgiving. Here are ten distinct, sharply defined exercises, yet with no crowding, no irreverent haste, and yet the meeting only eighteen or nineteen minutes in length. Some of the teachers most prompt and regular in attendance are those who live the farthest from the school, and who have to make the most exertion to get there. Is it any wonder that the manifest presence and power of the Divine Spirit is constantly felt in this school? that one after another of the wandering lambs are brought back to the fold? that whole classes are won for Jesus?

that *all* the teachers regard this morning prayer-meeting, not only as the most precious of all the Sunday-school services, but as that which *crowns* and *completes* their preparation for teaching?—*House: Ibid.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN SINGING.

In nothing, probably, has there been a greater change in Sabbath-schools than in the music. I refer not merely to the character and style of the music used, but to the position it holds, and the importance attached to it, as one of the essential and potent agencies of the institution in accomplishing its beneficent results. I recollect well the first Sabbath-school I ever attended, and the grim and ponderous tune to which we youngsters were solemnly exhorted to trail our voices, while a hymn of equally unattractive character dragged its slow length along. The singing was a religious duty, to which we were expected to give heed, and which we tried faithfully to discharge, as we would have tried to submit cheerfully to an amputation, had circumstances required it, or as we would have walked to the school, if necessary, barefoot through the snow, as one boy actually did, rather than forego its privileges. Yes! the singing of the hymns was a solemn part of the programme, to be gone through without flinching. But as an expression of gladness, as an act of devout joy, as a service, the mere announcement of which should awaken all over the school anticipations of lively delight, the thing was unknown. This was altogether a discovery of a later day, the full knowledge and appreciation of which have not even yet reached many schools.—*Dr. Hart: Ibid.*

Choice Selections.

POPERY IRRECONCILABLE WITH ENLIGHTENMENT AND RELIGION.
It is inevitable that the political views and tendencies of a nation should sooner or later influence it in Church matters also. Hence the profound hatred, at the bottom of

the soul of every genuine Ultramontane, of free institutions and the whole constitutional system. The *Civiltà* not long since gave pointed utterance to it:—"Christian States have ceased to exist; human society is again become heathen, and is like an earthly body with no breath from heaven. But with God nothing is impossible; He can quicken the dry bones as in Ezekiel's vision. The political power, parliaments, voting urns, civil marriages, are dry bones. The universities are not only dry, but stinking bones, so great is the stench that rises from their deadly and pestilential teaching. But these bones can be recalled to life if they hear God's word and receive His law, which is proclaimed to them by the supreme and infallible doctor, the Pope."

Let us remember that the noble mother of European Constitutions, the English Magna Charta, was visited with the severest anger of Pope Innocent III., who understood its importance well enough. He saw therein a contempt for the Apostolic See, a curtailing of royal prerogatives, and a disgrace to the English nation; he therefore pronounced it null and void, and excommunicated the English barons who obtained it. We may readily do Pius IX. and his Jesuit councillors, who are notoriously the authors of the Encyclical and Syllabus, the justice of admitting that they have done in 1864 what Innocent in 1215 was prophet enough to consider for the interests of the Church. What was then a weak and tender sapling has grown, in spite of the curse of the most powerful of all the Popes, into a mighty tree, overshadowing half the world, and is blest with blooming children and children's children. And so, too, its last offspring, the Australian Constitution,—which a far feeble successor of Innocent has stigmatised as an "unspeakable abomination" (*infundusane*),—may rest in peace, and appeal confidently to the world's verdict on the world's history. And the more so since this very successor was not ashamed, a year or two ago, to have the question asked in London, whether he too might not find a residence

in the motherland of those "demoralising" laws of freedom.

Rome has shown herself no less hostile to the French than to the English Constitution. In 1824, Leo XII. addressed a letter to Louis XVIII., pointing out the badness of the French Constitution, and urgently pressing him to expunge from the charter those articles which savoured of liberalism. When Charles X. tried to change the constitution by the ordinances of July, 1830, every one gave the blame to his episcopal advisers, and especially his confessor, Cardinal Latil. The fall of the Bourbons was the result. Soon after the establishment of the new Belgian Constitution in 1832, Gregory XVI. issued his famous Encyclical, recently used and confirmed by Pius IX., which pronounces freedom of conscience an insane folly, and freedom of the press a pestiferous error, which cannot be sufficiently detested. The immediate consequence was the rise of a liberal party in Belgium, at internecine feud with the Catholic party. The contest still goes on, after nearly forty years; the schism has grown wider and deeper, and the hatred fiercer between them, and, as Ultramontanism makes every understanding or compromise between them impossible, the political controversy has merged in a systematic attacking and undermining of all positive religion. The Belgian Catholics have never been able to meet the reproach of being necessarily enemies to a constitution condemned as wicked by the Pope, and that all their assurances of loyalty and conscientious respect for the fundamental law of the country are mere hypocrisy. And thus, with all the religiousness of the people, the liberal and anti-religious party is constantly gaining ground, while the Catholic party, divided against itself by the split between ultramontanes and liberals (*i. e.*, Catholics true to the constitution), is no longer competent to form any available cabinet. The attempt of the Congress of Malines, in 1863, was wrecked: the Syllabus has pronounced sentence of death on its programme, so eloquently set forth by Montalembert, for reconciling the Church with civil freedom.

In the United States, Catholics cannot form a political party. Their situation is most unfavourable as regards political influence and admission to office, because it is always cast in their teeth by Protestants that they find their principles in Papal pronouncements, and cannot, therefore, honestly accept the common liberties and obligations of a free state, but always cherish an *arrière pensée* that, if ever they become strong enough, they will upset the constitution.—*The Pope and the Council.* By Janus. Pp. 22—26.

FEMININE TYPE OF MAN IN THE HUMAN NATURE OF CHRIST.

I WOULD just merely intimate, by way of appendix to these observations on the Incarnation of the Word, my views on the human character of Christ, the human type, so to speak, of the Scriptures. What is it? It seems to me clear, in considering the matter, that the humanity of Christ is what we might call the feminine type of man. I will assume this for a moment, and see how this truth opens up the New Testament. See if you can read the New Testament with more interest and wonder by simply taking this thought with you. You know that the one foundation of the Christian religion is the Incarnation of the Word, and that that Incarnation was a miraculous event. The humanity of Christ was from the Virgin. Now assuming this, everything in the Gospel answers to the fact, just as I have placed it; and to me it seems one of the most powerful collateral evidences of the reality of the Incarnation, and the truth of the miraculous conception, that the whole character of Christ is in perfect harmony with it. We are not therefore driven to defend the passages that speak of the fact as miraculous—that His humanity was from the Virgin, though undoubtedly you can make nothing of Christianity without it. I content myself with hinting what is the truth, and how it sheds a lustre on the whole character of the human nature of Christ. What is that character? Is it not one of extreme attractiveness—extreme gentleness? Does it not seem as if it were meant

to be a mighty lever—a loadstone to attract human nature?—what I would call the feminine type of manhood? I am quite aware that when he is called the Lamb of God, it is with reference to His sacrificial character; but that implies a previous question—that He had a sacrificial nature. The power that Christ exercised over the minds to whom He ministered was wonderful. You perceive marvellous demonstrations of power by miracle—you have also grand discourses replete with wisdom. But can you thus account for the spell which Christ exercised over His immediate followers? Their wonderful attachment to Him is inexplicable on this theory—their heart-brokenness when He told them of His departure—the intensity and elevation of their affection for Him. You have everywhere the evidence that He was a most sweet, attractive person. One may challenge any one to read the life of Christ, and say whether it does not present the most perfect idea of gentleness—the most perfect picture of moral beauty and loveliness that ever could have been recorded; and to say whether this was not, after all, the grand spell of His life. I believe persons felt this more than His power to work miracles—more than the power to utter magnificent doctrines—more than the power to atone for sin—it was the winningness of His nature. Is not this true? and do you not see this truth in the light of the other? Look again at Christ—what He had to do—the opposition He had to meet with. Did it require man in His sternness? There is what is called passive strength. You know what human nature is capable of, in passive power—the power of endurance. Do you not see that His nature was one of passive power—the power of endurance? He had to offer Himself to God without spot, and blameless. It was not active power—it was not, so to speak, heroism that was wanted here. There was no scope in the life of Christ for the exercise of the virtues which we call peculiarly manly. All were of the opposite kind. I think this is certain.—*Memoir of George Steward*, pp. 273-b.

GLADSTONE AND OXFORD.

NOTHING is thought of in England just now (July 19, 1865) but the *elections*; a vast hurly-burly and excitement from the Land's End to John o' Groat's House. The contest rages fiercely between blues and yellows, but the blues are better organised, and better tacticians than the yellows. They make less to do, but they do better; dry, quiet, but resolute. Oxford has thrown out Gladstone after eighteen years' acceptance. This is their disgrace, not his; he will be in a better position to do whatever is in his heart. He must rule England, as he is, beyond comparison, the first statesman of his day.—*Memoir of George Steward*, p. 196.

NATURE makes us poor only when we want necessities, but Custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

Poetry.

MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

My mother died ere I could scarce
Breathe her beloved name,
And o'er my childhood's sunny path
Dark clouds of sorrow came:
My bark of life was wrecked upon
Misfortune's hidden reef,
And ere bright manhood on me dawned,
I had wept tears of grief;
And now I seek my mother's grave,
That not one soul may see
How dark the shadows are that throw
Their sombre hues o'er me.

The birds are in the merry glen,
The summer flowers bloom;
But I their beauties leave, to sit
Beside my mother's tomb;
And there I watch, in solemn thought,
Some bright star in the sky,
And think within its depths I see
My mother's gentle eye;
And happy dreams within me rise,
My sorrowing heart to cheer;
I think—although to me unseen,
Her loving spirit's near.

I mix among my fellow-men,
Within the marts of trade;
But still my mind is far away
Beneath the willow's shade;
And though the world has many charms
Which other hearts may see,
Yet e'en the brightest of them all
Possess no joys for me;
For oft my mother's gentle form
In memory's waves I view,
And then I pray that I, like her,
May be an angel too.

F. J.

HOPE ON—HOPE EVER.

HOPE on, though darkest clouds arise,
Though angry billows roar;
Hope on, when lowering are the skies,
When fortune's clouded o'er.

HOPE on, when plunged in deepest woe,
When fears your joys molest;
Hope ever, and your heart shall know
A holy, heavenly rest.

HOPE on, though friends indifferent seem,
When from loved ones you part;
Hope ever; something bright will gleam,
O'er thy lone, sorrowing heart.

HOPE on, should lovers faithless prove,
Though sacred vows they sever;
When naught remains save blighted love,
Still thou "hope on, hope ever."

HOPE still: thy Saviour waits to give
A prize which fadeth never;
HOPE on, and thy freed soul shall live
For ever and for ever!

Phenomena of the Months.

MAY.

It is not often that so little rain falls in this month as was registered last year, being little more than one-third the average. The changes of temperature appear to have considerable influence upon the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere, and to be always conducive to rainfall more or less. The *average* temperature varies between fifty and fifty-seven degrees; the *actual* temperature ranged from thirty-one degrees to more than eighty-one in May last year—a difference of over fifty degrees.

The sun rises on the 1st at twenty-five minutes before five and sets at twenty-one minutes after seven; on the 15th it rises at eleven minutes after four and sets at eighteen minutes before eight; and on the 31st it rises at eight minutes before four and sets at three minutes after eight. The day is lengthened during this month about one hour and twenty-six minutes—that is, forty-three minutes in the morning and the same in the evening.

The moon is full on the 4th at eleven o'clock at night, and new on the 19th at fifteen minutes before eleven in the morning. On the first Sunday it does not rise until after eleven at night; and on the second Sunday not until near three in the morning; on the third Sunday it sets

at three minutes before ten in the evening; and on the fourth Sunday it rises at mid-day and sets after half-past one in the morning.

The moon is near to Mars on the 1st, to Saturn on the 8th, to Mercury on the 18th, to Jupiter on the 22nd, and Venus on the same day; to Uranus on the 24th, and a second time to Mars on the 28th.

Mercury is an evening star for a short time longer, but at the end of the month rises before the sun.

Venus is a brilliant object after sunset and is fast approaching Jupiter, finely situated in Taurus. On the 12th these two brightest of the planets will be in conjunction (both in the same line of longitude); Venus about the same time being at its greatest apparent distance from the sun at sunset that it will reach during the present year. It is near Pollux, in Gemini, on the 31st.

Mars rises in the afternoon, and sets from one and a half to three and a half hours after midnight. It is well situated for observation in Leo until the end of the month, and then enters Virgo.

Jupiter, in Taurus, is an evening star all the month. Its position with regard to Venus is very interesting; the motion of that planet being swift until they pass each other on the 12th, when it becomes slow, and that of Jupiter becomes accelerated, so that at the end of the month it sets nearly an hour and a half before Venus, the two planets having changed places in this respect.

Saturn rises on the 3rd twice—that is, just as midnight turns in the morning, and at four minutes before midnight in the evening. It rises at one minute after ten at night on the last day.

Correspondence.

OUR VETERANS.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—In the LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE for January, page 25, you very kindly inserted a letter of mine referring to the gift of the late Mr. Wild to the old men. I there proposed to send (free) a portrait of that gentleman to any one of

the recipients of his bounty, on certain conditions there named. I have received, in addition to one from E.R., several others containing interesting statements from the brethren who were anxious to obtain the portrait of the late treasurer, James Wild, Esq. One brother writes:—

"MY DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—You must pardon me for not acknowledging the kind token of 10s. which I have received. I am so thankful that I am connected with brethren who feel interested in their brethren who are far advanced in life. My sincere prayer is that they may have God's speed in their work of faith and labour of love. I had not the pleasure of knowing that kind-hearted gentleman. It may be truly said of him, 'He being dead yet speaketh.' I mean Mr. Wild. I should be thankful if you would send me a portrait. I have been connected with the Wesleys for sixty years, and on the plan as a local preacher for fifty years. Much more might have been done, and much left undone; but my Heavenly Father has borne with my imperfections up to the present, and I have now arrived at my eighty-second year, waiting and watching for His coming. About sixty years ago my conversion was brought about. One Sunday afternoon, I was in a churchyard, and heard some men relating a very strange account about some people at F. called Methodists. I felt anxious to go and hear them. I went, and found it quite different to what they stated. The sermon was from the text, 'Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth,' &c. The latter part aroused conviction in my mind, when the preacher said, for all those things we should be brought to judgment. I found peace with God a few weeks after, and then the great desire, 'What could I do for the Lord, seeing He had done so much for me.' The night when the Lord set my soul at liberty, when I returned home, I could not rest until my family were acquainted with it. I had a father and mother, three brothers and three sisters, and I am happy to tell you all our family are saved. At the time of my conversion we were all quite ignorant respecting

religion. When God saved me, on the next morning my dear mother begged me to pray with her before I went to work. We went into the next room. I pleaded with God on behalf of my dear mother and all the family. My mother also found peace with God, and connected herself with the Wesleyans, and lived to the advanced age of one hundred years, and then died very happy. Shortly before her death she tried to sing, 'Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away.' My father was also brought to God, and lived a useful life, and died a happy death. My three brothers were also converted. My brother John found peace in the following manner:—Being engaged in prayer in my bedroom, and my brother hearing me, said to my mother, 'Who is Sam talking to?' She said, 'To the Lord.' He replied, 'Then I'll go up to him.' We earnestly prayed to God together, when my brother became convinced of sin and a true penitent, and found peace with God, and is now, with his partner and part of his family, faithful followers of God. My sister was the next who felt a deep conviction for salvation, and soon found peace with God. And now father and mother, one brother, and three sisters, have all died in the faith, and the rest of us are now on the way to heaven. In reference to my preaching, I never felt myself fully qualified to engage in so great a work. I always found it difficult to stick to

my text, and when I chose one I used to ramble about from one thing to another, and sometimes all over the Bible. But still, God has owned my humble labour in the conversion of many precious souls. And now my work is well nigh done, being eighty-three next birthday. I spend most of my time in praying for the prosperity of Zion. It is a source of great comfort to know that my Heavenly Father will not cast me off now that I am old and grey-headed. I do feel I need His help and assistance more than ever. I take all my troubles to Him, and tell Him all my cares, and I find Him a God nigh at hand, and not afar off. May He keep me faithful unto death, and afterwards give me a crown of life. This is the prayer of his humble servant, "S. S."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Religion in Earnest.* By Silas Henn. Post 8vo, cloth boards. London; Lamb.
- Life and Labours of Duncan Matheson.* By John Macpherson. Post 8vo, bound in cloth, bevelled boards. London: Morgan, Chase, & Scott.
- The Family and the Church.* Orations by Father Hyacinthe. London: Morgan, Chase, & Scott.
- Laymen in Conference.* By T. Percival Bunting. London: Elliot Stock.
- The Gardeners' Magazine.* April.
- The Christian.* April.
- Old Jonathan.* April.

Mutual-Aid Association Reporter.

PUBLIC MEETING AT SHEFFIELD.
On Thursday, April 6th, a public meeting of the Sheffield branch of the Wesleyan Methodist Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association was held in the Band-room of Carver-street Wesleyan Chapel. The meeting was preceded by a tea, of which a large number of persons partook. The Rev. J. Hargreaves (chairman of the district), presided.

The chairman, in a lengthy address, said he felt anxious that there should be more friendly communion

than in some cases there had been between the ministers and local preachers. Their interests were one, and they ought to be the mutual friends and helpers of each other. (Hear, hear.) For his own part he had never done anything to diminish the success of the "local" brethren with whom he had had the happiness to be associated. They, the "round" preachers, as they were called, had risen from the ranks, every one of them, and they ought to remember and feel it. They did feel affection

for local brethren, who were doing a great work, and who had done so much for the great cause and for the world. He asked what would Methodism have been had it not been for the noble men who had come forward and helped in the work, and carried to our villages and out-districts the simple Gospel of the Lord. Had it not have been for them, in many a place in this country there would have been no simple preaching of the Gospel, as at present, and tens of thousands would thank God for ever that those blessed men had been sent to them. Methodism could not extend its influence without them. And he had no sympathy with those who were sometimes saying, now-a-days, that we could do very well without the local preachers. They could not, they did not wish, and they were not prepared to do without them. He hoped his young brethren of the local preachers would feel the importance of their position, stand their ground, and keep abreast with the wants of the times, and the greatness of the work committed to them. No branches of the Church had had the Gospel preached with so much power and with so much success as they had by means of this auxiliary. He then gave a series of reminiscences of the work of Wesleyan missions, and the great results which had been attained by them. He, for one, thought that other churches were taking a leaf out of their book. He was thankful that the Established Church was compelled by circumstances to recognise this kind of agency, and it was beginning to employ similar means to the Wesleyans in this important work. It was a compliment paid to the Church of which he was a member, and it was a necessity laid on the Establishment. He concluded by saying he thought local preachers who had been working in the cause for forty or fifty years ought not to be left to pine in poverty incurred in the execution of their duty.

The report of Mr. Andrew, the secretary, was then read, and the opening sentences showed that in this Association no heed was taken to the section of Methodists to which any member belonged. It explained that

until the last few years this branch had been a most successful one, as it remitted to the general fund annually a surplus of about £10 to £50, and on one occasion over £100. But in consequence of the advanced age of the members, of the falling off in the number of honorary subscribers, and of the amount of death in the ranks, the case had been reversed, and the branch had had to draw from the general funds, as the following statement would show:—The receipts for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1870, had been £71 7s. 9d., and the disbursements £113 15s., showing a balance against the branch of upwards of £42.

S. D. Waddy, Esq., President of the Association, after a few preliminary remarks, in which he reminded them of his early connections with the Wesleyan body in Sheffield, said that through the length and breadth of the land he had for himself investigated the workings of this society. He came forward and pledged his honour for his statements, having examined the matter carefully, conscientiously, and thoroughly. In some portions of the community the people did not understand what the Association was for, and because they did not know they had some strange ideas and suppositions about it, which had no real foundation and sound basis; thus he had found that in certain circles ideas prevailed with regard to the Association which were utterly mistaken. He would first tell them what the society was not. It was not a political organisation, as some persons had thought—persons who, looking down on their noses, said, "You can't touch pitch without being defiled." Such statements were perfect nonsense. He had attended the meetings of the society very often; he had attended the committee meetings, and he felt sure there was not the ghost of a shadow of a pretext for believing that in any shape or way there was a particle of political feeling about it. As to the benefit members of the society, they never asked to what section they belonged; they did not want to find out, and did not care. Well, under these circumstances they had started the society, and thrown a number of people into it who belonged to both parties. Un-

happily, differences sprang up between the "Conference" and the "Reform" section, and then the committee said, "What must be done?" The "Conference" party could not kick the others out, nor could the latter perform the same elegant operation on those who differed from them in opinion. In each case they could not get them out, could not send them out, could not pay them out; in fact, they were like the Siamese Twins, and, like those twins, they had nothing to do but to make up their minds and bear it. (Laughter.) There was one thing about which they were all agreed, and that was, that it could not be a bad thing to go to an old local preacher who was starving, and keep him out of the workhouse. In this matter they said, "Now let us forget our minor differences, and let us shake hands;" and so it had gone on from that time to the present, and he had no hesitation in saying that this was one common ground on which they were all able to meet; with regard to which they were still able to pray together, to work together, and to live together. If that were the only recommendation it had got, he should say it was the best society he had ever seen. Others thought that it was a society formed for the purpose of raising the *status* of local preachers in society. It would not make them "travelling" preachers, neither would it help them to get there, but he would not say that it was a bad thing if it could; for it could not be bad if it were formed to assist in perfecting the intellectual powers of the local preachers. First of all, this society was a friendly one, and also a benevolent one; and he believed they took less money and did more with it than any other friendly society on the face of the earth. In fact, so clear was that, that they had never been able to get the rules certified by Mr. Tidd Pratt. Had that gentlemen been living, and had they shown him their operations, he believed he would have fainted on the spot, because he would have known that they must fail in a month—but instead of that they had been going on for twenty-one years. The symptom of their failing was that

they had got about £5000 in the funds. He reminded them of the great sacrifices of health and domestic comfort which local preachers were called upon to make. He considered that when a labouring man, honest, hardworking, zealous in the good cause, after forty or fifty years of exertions as a preacher, came to years when he could not support himself—through fatigue and disease which he had incurred whilst in the exercise of his religious duties—he had a right to demand assistance as a matter of justice and not as an act of charity. In remarking on the fault-finding, sneering tone which some persons adopted when speaking of local preachers' sermons, he said that they explained Scripture in a great deal better manner than some of them expected. It was a great deal easier to find fault with their work than to beat it, and nothing would please him better than to see some of those who were so desperately ready to find fault, try and do better. He appealed to them to help the cause in the name of God and humanity. If they thought it right that these people should drop into an unhonoured grave, old in years, and made miserable by destitution and poverty, then hold back their money, button it up in their pockets, and much good might it do them if they kept it. Not in the name of what these men deserved, of what they asked, or of what they were worth, did he appeal to them, but he asked them to lay their contributions on the altar which sanctifieth every gift, remembering that "God loveth a cheerful giver." (Cheers.)

The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Rev. H. L. Church, Rev. J. Harvard, (Governor of Wesley College), Rev. R. Bushell, Rev. S. Wright, Councillors Pell and Hibberd, Messrs. Thos. Cole, J. Unwin, W. Marsden and others. The meeting was a decided success, and its effects, we think, cannot fail to tell powerfully for the future good of the branch.

The proceeds of the tea (all the trays for which were given) was £19 1s. The donations given at the meeting amounted to £8 10s.

New subscriptions and donations

promised in the meeting, the result of the appeals made by the several speakers, but specially by the President, £10 2s. 6d.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

THE monthly meeting was held at Brother D. Plant's, Esq., 136, Wands-worth Road, on Monday, 10th April. Present: The following Brethren: D. Plant, (chair,) Treasurer, Honorary Secretary, Wade, Sims, Coman, Durley, and Parker.

Brother Wade opened the meeting with prayer.

The minutes were read and confirmed.

Brother Wade stated that the meeting at Faversham would be held on a day to suit the President, after the 15th of April.

The Secretary reported the formation of a new branch at Cross Hills, near Keighley.

A brief note from Sheffield stated that the meeting held in the band-room of Carver Street Chapel, under the Presidency of the Rev. J. Hargreaves, was a successful one; further particulars would be sent in time for publication in the May magazine.

The Treasurer stated that he had received a second donation of a guinea from Clericus.

A brother, aged 71, a preacher for twenty years, and a class-leader for forty years, in good health, applied for admission. His entrance fee was fixed at ten guineas.

The monthly abstract showed that the accounts with the branches stood as follows: Receipts, £1705 4s. 7d.; payments, £1690 17s. 8d.; the balances in hand were only £85 0s. 8d. Bills for £26 15s. 9d. were ordered to be paid out of the Treasurer's balance. Authority was given to the Treasurer to borrow £100 for three months, if he should find it necessary.

It was resolved, with regard to the collection of the subscriptions of honorary members, that a statement should be sent to each local Secretary once a year, of such subscriptions as may be due, in order that they may be collected in due time to appear in the annual reports; but as it was now too

late for this information to be sent with the April schedules, it be sent this year with the July schedules.

Magazine affairs.—It was resolved to charge all magazines distributed gratuitously, and the proportionate cost of the space in the magazine occupied by the Association's reports and advertisements, to the account for working expenses.

Some minor matters were settled, and, after prayer by the Honorary Secretary, the meeting adjourned.

The next meeting will be held at the President's, 23, Yonge Park, Seven Sisters' Road, N., on Wednesday, 10th May.

Obituary Notices.

DIED, February 23rd, 1871, at his residence, Beeston Hill, in the Leeds 4th Circuit, Mr. Josiah Carr, in the 71st year of his age, for fifty years a local preacher and class leader in the Wesleyan Church, a honorary member of the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association from its commencement, and also a member of the General Committee. His health had been failing for a length of time, a painful internal complaint, added to the weight of years, brought the strong man down. The close of a long and honourable Christian career was peaceful and happy, and he has left to his family and friends the assurance of a blissful immortality. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." J. P.

THE beloved and faithful wife of Thomas Stephenson, chemist, and registrar of births and deaths, Rothwell, near Leeds, who, after a short illness, on the 24th of March, 1871, was called by her much-loved Saviour (whom she had served for more than thirty years) to the crown and kingdom, away from the toils and vicissitudes of this sublunary world, aged 54 years.

"Happy soul—
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go."

DEATHS.

March 13, 1871. John Greenwood, of Malton, aged 61. In perfect peace. Claim £3.

March 18, 1871. Thomas Iliffe, of Leicester, aged 68. Claim £6.

March 21, 1871. N. Timmer, of Helston, aged 69. Suddenly without a word. Claim £3.

March 24, 1871. Anna, the beloved

and faithful wife of Bro. T. Stephenson, of Rothwell, near Leeds, who, after a short illness, was called by her much loved Saviour (whom she had served for more than thirty years) to the crown and kingdom away from the toils and vicissitudes of this sublunary world, aged 54 years. Claim £3.

March 28, 1871. Sarah, the beloved wife of Bro. W. Simpson, of Wellington, Salop, aged 73. Claim £2. Her end was peace.

CASH RECEIVED BY THE GENERAL TREASURER TO APRIL 15, 1871.

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
Clericus, per Treasurer, 2nd don.	1 1 0	
<i>Easingwold</i> —Henry Hawking, Esq. hm. £2; W. Teasdale, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mr. John Rookledge, hc. 10s 6d ...	3 11 6	1 4 0
<i>St. Helens</i> —Councillor Bayley, hm. £1 1s; Collection at Public Meeting, £1 17s 2d; less printing, &c. £1 12s 10d	1 5 4	3 8 0
<i>Wednesbury</i>		0 6 0
<i>Cross Hills</i> —Mr. G. Curtis, hm.	1 1 0	1 14 6
<i>Abergavenny and Pontypool</i>		1 13 0
<i>Camelford</i>		0 9 0
<i>Bristol</i> —P. T. Esq. 8s; J. M. Esq. 2s 6d; per Bro. Maynard, for the Poor Old Hundred	0 10 6	
<i>Skipton</i>		2 19 6
<i>Hungerford</i>		0 15 0
<i>Queen Street and Islington</i> —A. C. Brooke, Esq. hm. ...	1 1 0	
<i>Holywell</i>		0 3 0
<i>Framlingham</i>		0 12 0
<i>Hayle</i>		0 6 0
<i>Wellington (Salop)</i> —Profits from Tea Meeting	6 0 0	3 18 0
<i>Guernsey</i>		0 12 0
<i>Patrington</i>		0 12 0
<i>Bingley</i>		1 16 0
<i>Huddersfield 2nd</i>		3 4 0
<i>Shepton Mallet</i>		1 15 0
<i>Dover</i> —Mr. G. Flashman, hm. £1 1s; Mr. G. R. Killich, hm. £1 1s; Mr. J. Richardson, hm. £1 1s; Alderman Rees, hm. £1 1s	4 4 0	
<i>Exeter</i>		0 15 0
<i>Mansfield</i>		1 13 6
<i>Burton-upon-Trent</i> —Mr. Geo. Jackson, hc.	0 2 6	2 11 0
<i>Camborne</i> —Result of President's visit: Capt. Josiah Thomas, hm. £1 1s; Capt. W. Pickford Smith, hm. £1 1s; Capt. W. Rabling, Jun., hm. £1 1s; W. B. Donning, Esq. hc. 10s 6d; C. W. Bridge, Esq. hc. 10s 6d; H. A. Smith, Esq. hc. 10s 6d; Mr. T. Rough, hc. 10s; Mr. R. Hall, 5s; Mr. Polsue, 5s; per H. A. Smith, Esq. ...	6 5 0	
<i>Leigh</i>		0 18 0
<i>Thame</i>		0 15 0
<i>Kinerton</i> —W. Gardner, Esq. hm. qrlly.	0 5 6	0 6 0
<i>Ashbourn</i> —Collected by Mrs. Allport for the Annuitants ...	1 10 0	1 18 0
<i>Andover</i>		2 9 6
<i>Wisbeach</i> —Mr. Scott, Brimstone Hill, hm. £1; Collected after Preaching at Outwell, 9s; do. at Wisbeach Fen, per Bro. Ford, 3s 3d	1 12 8	1 14 0
<i>Kingswood</i> —Mr. J. Somerville, Sen., hm. £1 1s; Mr. Chas. Bird, hc. 10s; Mr. Robert Bird, 5s; Collections at Chapels as under: Tower, £1 12s 8½d; Staple Hill, 12s 10d; Redfield, £1 9s 7½d; Longwell Green, 9s 9½d; Soundwell, 10s 1d; Bethell St. George, £1 4s 3d; Bitton, 6s 7½d;		

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
White's Hill, 8s 8½d; Parkfield, 3s 9d; Crews Hole, £1; Fishponds, £1 5s 6d; Cock Road, 5s 6d ...	11 5 4	2 2 0
<i>Leighton Buzzard</i> —Mr. Hawkins, Pitstone, 2 years, £2; A Friend, Cublington, £1; Mr. R. Harris, Leighton, £1 1s; Mr. N. Gurney, Tebworth, Dunstable, £1; Public Meeting at Cublington, collection, £1 8s 1d; Proceeds of Tea Meeting, 6s; Miss White's box, Cublington, £1 3s 1d; Public Meeting at Leighton, collection, £2 16s; Rev. J. Lees, 5s; Miss Brown and Friend, 5s; Proceeds of Tea, 11s 2d; Mr. B. Hopkins, 10s; Mr. Branthwell, 10s 6d; Mr. Emery, £1 1s; less printing, &c. 8s 6d ...	13 8 4	3 7 6
<i>Holt</i> —Mrs. Farthing, qrlly. 3s; Mr. Thos. Leeder, do. 2s 6d; Mr. Edw. Taylor, do. 2s 6d; J. Wm. Porritt, ann. sub. 5s	0 13 0	1 13 0
<i>Diss</i> —Mr. Ford, hm. ...	1 1 0	0 18 0
<i>Dursley</i> ...	0 9 0	
<i>Peterborough</i> ...		0 15 0
<i>Retford</i> ...		0 18 0
<i>Holmfirth</i> ...		0 18 0
<i>Burnley</i> ...		0 15 0
<i>Congleton</i> ...		1 19 0
<i>Lynn</i> ...		1 7 0
<i>Leeds</i> —Charles Watson, Esq. hm. ...	1 0 0	2 8 0
<i>Sheerness</i> ...		0 18 0
<i>Sleaford</i> —Mr. S. Pattinson, Ruskington, ann. 5s; Mr. W. Pattinson, do. 5s; Mr. A. Richards, do. 5s; Mr. Stow, do. 2s 6d ...	0 17 6	1 13 0 2 14 6
<i>Cawston</i> ...		
<i>Sunderland</i> —Mr. Wayman, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Wrightson, hm. £1 1s; per Bro. Edkins ...	2 2 0	0 15 0
<i>Newport (Mon.)</i> —Mr. Edwards, hm. qrlly. ...	0 5 3	1 4 0
<i>Belper</i> —Rev. N. Rouse, hm. £1; Mr. T. Argyle, hm. £2; Collected at Street Lane and Denby Chapels, £1 7s 9d; do. at Marehay Chapel, 2s ...	4 9 9 0 2 6	0 18 0
<i>Pateley Bridge</i> —Bro. Eekholme, qrlly. ...	0 5 0	1 14 0
<i>St. Agnes</i> —Mr. Clarke, Calestock, don....		
<i>Hinde Street</i> —Per Bro. Sims: Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, qrlly. 2s; A. A. 3s; Mrs. Bicknell, 5s ...	0 10 0	
<i>Driffield</i> ...		1 7 0
<i>Lancaster</i> —J. Dingley, Esq. qly. 7s 6d; E. Pethybridge, Esq. do. 7s 6d ...	0 15 0	1 1 0
<i>Deptford and Woolwich</i> —Mrs. Randall, 2s; Mr. Saunders, 2s 6d; per Bro. Coldwell ...	0 4 6	0 7 0 2 0 0
<i>St. Columb</i> ...		1 13 0
<i>Bakenell</i> ...		1 1 0
<i>Wantage</i> ...		1 7 0
<i>Tavistock</i> ...		1 4 0
<i>Oundle</i> ...		
<i>Manchester</i> —Mr. Brentnall, hm. £1 1s; Bro. Nicholson, qrlly. 10s ...	1 11 0	2 11 0
<i>Sheffield</i> —G. Bassett, Esq. hm. £1 1s; T. Cole, Esq. hm. £1 1s; S. Cole, Esq. hm. £1 1s; J. Cole, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mr. B. Freeborough, hm. £1 1s; Mr. John Ellis, hc. 10s 6d; a Friend to Local Preachers, per Miss Norban, £1; £6 15s 6d. Net proceeds of Tea Meeting (trays all given), £19 1s; Donations given at Tea Meeting, as under: Rev. J. Hargreaves, £1; Mrs. Hargreaves, £1; a Friend, by Rev. J. Hargreaves, £5; Mr. Davy, £1; Mr. J. Ibbotson, 10s; Mr. W. Bush, 10s; a Friend, by Mr. Birch, 10s; collected by Miss Jepson, 17s 6d; a Friend, 2s 6d; Anonymous, 10s ...	36 16 6	6 0 6
<i>Barnsley</i> —Mr. James Taylor, hm. £1 1s; Mr. W. Neathy, hm. £1 1s; Edward J. Lancaster, Esq. hm. £1 1s ...	3 3 0	2 14 0

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Original Essays.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT: WILL IT BE ETERNAL?

THE resurrection of the dead, and the happiness of some and misery of other human beings in the future state, according to their respective characters in the present life, are acknowledged by all Christians as doctrines of divine revelation. All believe, too, that the happiness of the future state will continue for ever. As for the misery of the lost, some believe that it will terminate, either by an eventual restoration to a holy and happy state, or by an eventual termination of conscious being.

During the past year (1870), a clergyman of the Irish Episcopal Church, holding a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Cork, published a somewhat elaborate and learned pamphlet of eighty-four octavo pages, with the intention of establishing the doctrine last mentioned. He thinks the punishment of death with which the holy Scriptures threaten the wicked, is simply the extinction of existence consequent of the pains of hell; not the infliction of the pains of hell for ever. He thinks the doctrine of eternal suffering originated in that of the soul's natural immortality, and that the doctrine of the natural immortality of the human soul was derived by the Jews and the early fathers of the Christian church from the teaching of Plato. He thinks that Augustine was the first great teacher of eternal misery, having imbibed the doctrine of the heathen philosopher that souls are naturally immortal, therefore incapable of extermination. He thinks that the Scriptures of both the Old Testament and the New have been and continue to be misunderstood and misinterpreted, upon the doctrine of future punishment, and he vehemently combats and exclaims against what he regards as the erroneous teaching consequent on such misunderstanding.

Now, if this gentleman is right in the opinion he holds and teaches, the churches of our times ought to thank him for correcting their error, and labouring to set them right. If he is *not* right, reason and religion demand that he be answered and shown to be wrong. Somebody must do this. Not only one pen but many may be justified in attempting to do it. Believing as we do that he has failed to establish his theory, we deem ourselves called to say so, and to show cause for saying so. Believing, further, that the opinion he wishes to promulge is likely to do harm rather than good, we deem it our duty to bear testimony against it.

The doctrine in question is confessedly the most terrible that can be presented to the human mind. It is too awful for deep and protracted contemplation. It shocks and agonises human sensibility. So it ought. An execution, a murder, and the bloodshed and devastation of war do that, though not in the same degree. The difference in the effect of these occurrences and of that doctrine upon the mind, is a difference of degree, intensified by our own liability to suffer the punishment threatened, and

our own sense of guilt. If there were no guilt there would be no terror, because there would be no apprehension of divine wrath. The sense of guilt is a sense of torment, and the intensity of the one is the intensity of the other. As no amount of mental agony, however, can disprove the fact of sin, so can no amount of mental distress disprove the truth of the doctrine that causes the distress. The truth or falsehood of the doctrine must be proved by other evidence. Let us examine the evidence adduced, together with the arguments advanced, by our clerical author.

Our conviction is that, from the beginning to the end of his pamphlet, he confounds things that differ. Wherein? In speaking, as he often does, of eternal punishment as "an eternal life spent in misery and pain," "eternal life in hell," and in words of like contradictory and incongruous meaning; and also in calling existence life, which he does repeatedly; and in persistently representing the extinction of life as an eternal punishment. Moreover, in support of these notions he does the very thing that he attributes to those writers who believe in the proper eternity of future punishment. He misinterprets and misapplies terms and texts of Scripture, to compel their service on his side of the question; and when he has done that, he breaks out into exclamations and utterances that seem so much like blasphemies as really to make one shudder. He may have written altogether in good faith; but such things are enough to make a reader say, "I stand in doubt of you."

Now, we shall not dismiss the matter with these remarks, but will follow the author along the whole line of his argument,—at least, so far as it is essential to the point at issue,—and will assign reasons for our adherence to the ancient belief, held to be orthodox by the vast majority of professing Christians. He looks up to the loftiest seats of theological and ecclesiastical learning, and challenges either "bold poleemics," "deeply-read theologians," "brilliant essayists," or "thoughtful laymen," to show him that he is wrong. Let one who makes no pretension to such distinctions be allowed to say a few words to him.

I. "FUTURE PUNISHMENT IS ETERNAL." Such is the heading of the *first* chapter of this remarkable pamphlet. One would think that nothing remained for controversy between the author and those who believe what is so expressed. The case is not so, however, for he has an interpretation of eternal punishment which makes it *temporary* only, and *not* eternal. The negative adverb must be inserted between the verb "is" and the adjective "eternal," to make the heading agree with the doctrine subsequently propounded. Arguing against the doctrine of *universal restoration*, however, in respect of which the author's judgment is unwarped, he says, "To us it has always appeared that, as clearly as holy Scripture teaches that there will be punishment, with the same clearness it teaches that punishment to be eternal—without end." Then follow quotations in support of this view; the author specially noting that the duration of the two opposite states of the righteous and the wicked, is expressed by our

Lord in Matt. xxv. 46, by the same Greek word, αἰώνιος (*aiōnios*). After other quotations, and sensible remarks upon them, the conclusion expressed is, "For these and other reasons we are persuaded that punishment will be of an eternal duration."

Having felt the necessity of admitting that eternal punishment is taught by the inspired writers, and having felt very uncomfortable under that admission, from which the author could not escape, he began to study the whole question in another manner than before, that he might, if possible, find some relief to his feelings without rejecting the authority of Scripture. Had theologians of the orthodox class rightly understood the Scriptures, or had they missed their true teaching, and accepted an interpretation imposed by mistaken men? Let us frankly and candidly attend to what is addressed to us on so solemn and important a matter.

II. ETERNAL DEATH. Awful theme! What is eternal death? "We hold," says the author, "that it does not consist in an eternal life spent in pain of body, or remorse of mind." Well, who ever said that it did? The future state of the wicked is never called "life" at all by the inspired writers, nor do any Christian theologians call it a "life." Why do they not? Clearly because their state cannot be truly and properly characterised by the term "life." Men have sometimes spoken of the state of a prisoner, immured in a dismal and noisome dungeon, as a *living death*: but the term *life* is inappropriate to the condition of the lost—who are for ever lost; and to speak of "an eternal *life* spent in pain," &c., is to confuse thought, and to break away from the established language of Scripture and of Christian theology.

The author proceeds to say, "that a state of utter death and destruction is that which abides for ever," only that the term of actual misery, and the process of dissolution must be left with God, who will inflict punishment with different degrees of severity, in some cases "terrible," in others "scarcely felt at all."

No valuable purpose would be answered by paying very particular attention to what is advanced in reference to the teaching of Plato and other heathen philosophers on the natural, or "*inalienable*" immortality of the human soul; on the introduction of Platonism into the early church; and on the building of the doctrine of eternal suffering upon Plato's doctrine of the soul's immortality by Augustine and other fathers of the church. It is easy to allege that the doctrine of eternal punishment, in the sense of eternal suffering, was in this way brought into the church. The real question is, do we find this doctrine in the Scriptures? Neither heathen writers nor Christian fathers are *authorities*, but the inspired writers of the Bible are. That Augustine taught the impugned doctrine is unquestionable; but that he taught it because of his believing another doctrine that was taught by Plato is very questionable.

That Adam was endowed with immortality at his creation our learned author does not doubt; but he believes that the endowment was lost by

the fall, and that the loss was included in the penalty of death. Immortality, therefore, has to be restored by grace, and those to whom it is not restored, cease to be; and that is what he calls *eternal punishment*. Common sense, however, is so puzzled by the notion of a punishment being unfelt, and yet said to be eternal, that its assent must be won by a bit of ingenious sophistry. Death terminates life, and life is irrecoverable; therefore the punishment of death is eternal. "Capital punishment has been reckoned the greatest of all punishment, because it is the most lasting." . . . "Why is it thus reckoned? Because it has deprived the sufferer of every hour of that life which but for it he would have had." This looks to us like confusion. Does it not confound cause and effect, and penalty with punishment? The infliction of death is one thing, the state of the dead is another. Penalty is one thing, punishment is another. The infliction of death is the cause, the effect of which is the perpetuated state of the dead. The infliction of death is the culprit's punishment; the loss of years of enjoyment that he might have had is not punishment, but penalty. Punishment is infliction. It is something that causes pain, be it of mind, or be it of body, or of both; it involves suffering. If, therefore, the wicked will, at some future period, however distant, cease to exist, they will, of course, cease to suffer, and in that case, their punishment could not be eternal. It is in vain to argue that the extinction of the soul's existence is eternal punishment. Common sense affirms that if punishment is to be eternal, that which is punished must of necessity be eternal. You cannot punish a nonentity.

(To be continued.)

HINDRANCES.

BY GEORGE SIMS.

MEN are more easily deceived on this subject than on any other whatever. We have proof of this in the case of the apostle Paul, who said, "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." It does not follow, therefore, that a man is *right*, because he is conscientious. Not a few of the crimes against human laws have been perpetrated, and almost all the cruel persecutions against the Church of Christ, have been carried on under the plea of *conscience*.

Many a shrewd man of business, who detects a counterfeit note, or a base coin, at a glance; or who reads the character of an impostor in his face, no matter how carefully disguised; who knows well enough how to buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the highest, is very often deceived in reference to the great subject of his own salvation. He allows questionable actions to himself by *excuses* which would have no weight whatever with him in the consideration of mere worldly affairs. And these excuses he sets before himself as *reasons* for a neglect of religious

duty, and even of religion itself. He suffers them to be *hindrances* in his way.

The deceitful pleasures of the world often *hinder* men from coming to Christ. So it was in the days of the Saviour: "A certain Scribe came and said unto him, Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. And Jesus saith unto him, The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. And another of his disciples said unto him, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. But Jesus said unto him, Follow me; and let the dead bury their dead." That to which the man was called was of far more importance than any earthly consideration whatever; and, for that time, Christ chose to require of him a very extraordinary sacrifice, as a proof of his attachment to Him.

Our *first* duty is to God, our Creator and Saviour. This is not intended to set aside our duty to friends, relations, and country. When God commands we should obey, and follow; nor should any consideration of ease, safety, or imaginary duty deter or *hinder* us. It is of no consequence to us what men may say or think of us. Let the will of God be prayerfully ascertained. Let us—

"Ever ask, What shall we do?"

and then be determined to do what God requires us to do, without allowing ourselves to be hindered, though it carry us through ridicule, and subject us to the rack and flames. Those who are hindered in their spiritual pursuits by the pleasures of the world, are often conscious of the utter hollowness and vanity of them. They know them to be *wrong*; yet suffer themselves to be drawn into the snare, hoping, by and by, to find a way of escape. The varied relations of domestic or social life are sometimes *hindrances* to the all-important duties of religion. The husband hinders the wife, or the wife the husband. Hence the necessity and importance of careful choice in selecting a partner for life; lest, being unequally yoked, their PRAYERS be *hindered*. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and relations, who ought to share each other's joys and sorrows, and go on their way singing—

"We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near,"

are often found *hindering* each other. But surely there is no *reason* why it should be so! There is not one among them who does not know that religion is the "one thing needful;"—that it is, and must be, a personal matter;—that it involves certain grave and important questions, which each one must answer for himself.

Business, again, which is lawful in itself, is often permitted to be a *hindrance* to spiritual things. A want of time, or the pressure of engagements is often pleaded, not only as a *hindrance*, but as a *reason* for delay.

But that it is *not* really a *reason* is evident from the fact that the very same men invariably transact that kind of worldly business *first* which is thought by them to be the most important. If, then, the salvation of the soul be the all-important business of life, "the one thing needful," why not act in the same way in reference to it? In some cases which we have known, the (not to say dishonest or immoral, but the) very nature or character of the business engaged in, has been assigned as an *excuse*, and has proved a *hindrance*. How strange that men who know the truth—that truth which is intended and adapted to make them *free*—should allow themselves to be held in bondage! They know that their eternal interest depends on "laying aside every weight, and the sin which most easily besets,"—that if "the right hand, or right eye offend, it is to be cut off, or plucked out, and cast from us," rather than it should cause us to delay repentance, and so risk the salvation of the soul for ever.

Attention to the affairs of this life, to a certain extent, is necessary. He that will not work, ought not to eat. "If a man provide not for his own, he has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." But the love of the world, and a determination to be rich at any risk to the neglect of the soul, will shut many out of heaven, and drown them in perdition. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Perhaps one of the most frequent hindrances men suffer to stand in their way is the alleged inconsistency of professors of religion. While we are satisfied that more of this is charged than is real, and much that is real is often greatly magnified, we at the same time admit that there is often just ground for complaint. It becomes all who profess the religion of the Saviour, to depart from iniquity, so "that the lame be not turned out of the way." But why should even the fact of such inconsistency (which we deeply deplore) *hinder* any one from becoming a Christian? That there are inconsistent professors is admitted, mourned over, and deeply lamented. But there have always been such. In the little band of the Saviour, we find the disciples were sometimes too carnal, looking for worldly greatness and distinction. Peter denied his Master; Judas betrayed Him, &c. But, admitting instances of this character, we cannot see how they affect the *principles* of true religion, any more than the existence of base coin affects the genuineness of real gold, or than the fact that the existence of dishonest men affects the principles of civil law. We are sometimes told by men who are addicted to *drink*, that they are no worse than some who profess to be *total abstainers*, but who often drink in secret. Suppose it to be so,—yet surely this should not be allowed to *hinder* them from being consistent and sober men.

Those who allow the inconsistency of others to keep them away from Christ, are themselves grossly inconsistent. Their position is simply this: We will not become pious, because some who profess the religion of the Saviour do not live up to their profession. To be consistent with themselves, we maintain that they ought to be dishonest, because some who

make a profession of honesty are, in secret, *rogues*. On the same principles, they ought to be intemperate, because there are some who, making a profession of temperance, disgrace that profession by drunkenness. They ought to be untruthful, because some, who profess a great love for truth, do, in reality, try to deceive others. In a word, they never ought to do any good thing, if they find that any one else, professing to do it, does otherwise. But in all these cases, a man, or even a child of ordinary discernment, would see that the misdeeds of others should not be permitted to affect his own practice, or hinder the salvation of his soul. The question arises, How is it that men cannot see this, in reference to religious duties? The answer is, They make *hindrances* for themselves, and then complain that they exist.

A sincere seeker of personal religion can *readily* overcome *all* these *hindrances*. We say unhesitatingly, that *decision* and *determination* are first of all essential. In the things of the world, in business matters, a man will not succeed without these. But in nothing are they more necessary than in religion; and it is here that so many fail: they do not bring their minds to this decisive point. If the prodigal had contented himself with debating in his own mind whether he would or would not leave his sins, get away from his degradation, and return to his father, he would never have done it. But he *decided*: "*I will arise*," was the great turning point in his history. It was his *decision* and *determination*, in dependence on divine grace, that saved him.

We look upon *ignorance*, or a want of knowledge, as a *hindrance* to the well-being of the soul. Knowledge of nature, or science, or art, is not to be despised. This may be associated with what is temporal, metaphysical, or moral; it may be purely of a practical, or merely of a speculative nature. These are good, and desirable, and important matters; and, we had almost said, in these days, *essential*. But that which is *pre-eminently* important is *religious* knowledge: the knowledge of God and His will; the knowledge of ourselves,—of our condition, our duty, our privileges, our blessings, and of our destiny;—the knowledge of Jesus Christ and His great salvation; the price which has been paid for its purchase, &c. Hence the Saviour said, "This is life eternal that they might *know* Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." This is the excellency and perfection of knowledge. Without this, though we might have all other knowledge, it would be "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." This is *all* necessary, and necessary *to all*; it is so always, and will continue to be so for *ever*. A man may be wise, and happy, and good, without other kinds of knowledge; but not without this.

Many allow things to *hinder* them in the pursuit of religion which might easily be overcome, and which *would* be overcome if there was only a fixed determination to do it. Some plead that they are too *young*. Too young for what? If not too young for sin, then not too young to know, and love, and serve God. If not too young to die, and be lost for ever,

then not too young to enjoy religion, and be for ever saved. Is not the real hindrance a desire to "enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season?"

Others say they are hindered by the fact that their parents are ungodly. They have no example before them, but such as is *bad*. Josiah might, perhaps, with as much propriety as any one, have pleaded this as an excuse for continuing in a course of sin. Amon, Josiah's father, not only did as Manasseh his father had done, but he trespassed *more and more*,—yet Josiah, in his childhood, chose the Lord for his portion, and the religion of his forefather, David. May our children remember that religion is not *hereditary*, but a personal matter. "Every one of us shall give account of himself unto God."

Another thing which often *hinders*, so as to prevent immediate decision, is the unfavourable position in which we are found. The family in which we live, it is said, has no fear of God. Those with whom we work in the shop, are all opposed to religion; and this is a *hindrance*. Who can stand against all their opposition? We say, Try it! Josiah served God amidst the idolatries of the nation; David, amidst the persecutions of Saul; Daniel, amidst the duties and perils of the Babylonian court. And if we allow things that now exist to *hinder* us, we should find, if our circumstances were *different, something else* that would *hinder*.

Others are hindered by fearing they would not hold out. With the *end* we have, at present, nothing to do. If we never *enter* upon a religious course, we shall never reach the end, so as to obtain eternal life. Our first and present duty is, to make up our minds to *begin*. God's grace is sufficient. He is able to keep that which we commit unto Him. He has engaged to do this. Thousands have begun early in life to serve God, and have held on their way. John Wesley did; Dr. Watts did; George Whitefield did; Dr. Doddridge did; Matthew Henry did; and so have myriads more. They found it was good to bear the yoke in their youth. None are so likely to hold on their way, as those who begin in *early life*. Habits of piety, formed early, tend to establish the character. By this, God is honoured. And such as honour Him, He will honour. Religion to them is a crown of glory. It elevates the mind. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." To such may be addressed the congratulation, "Happy art thou, O Israel! who is like unto thee, O people, saved of the Lord?"

When we consider the infinite importance of religion, how much it transcends all worldly interests, it is a matter of surprise that intelligent, thoughtful young persons, should allow themselves to treat it with so much neglect! The great *hindrance* is to be found in the blinding, deadening influence of sin. This so blunts the faculties of the soul, that men fail to perceive their moral obligations, and they act in religious matters as they do not act in reference to anything else. Sometimes they have a confused perception of their condition: the whisperings of conscience make themselves heard; but worldliness too soon shakes off these

influences, and they continue forgetful of God! Such need to be thoroughly aroused by the Divine and ever blessed Spirit, to a sense of their sin and danger, and then to their duty and its importance. When this is the case, all these *hindrances* will vanish. "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding."

THE VICTORIAN ERA;

OR, THE SOCIAL, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF THE PRESENT AGE. (*Concluded.*)

WHAT of Nonconformists? Have they washed their hands in innocence concerning the evil we have denounced? Have they not smiled at the "Mother of Harlots," and stained their garments with the wine of her fornication? Have they not been in unconscious danger of sacrificing religious freedom at the altar of political liberty? But political power is not our best arm of strength. Ours is a wonderful inheritance of privilege. Ours is the very brightest of the ages; the sun which shines upon us has gathered as into a focus all the scattered rays of the former dispensations and converged them in his own meridian. If we, therefore, become recreant in our duty to God, He may give us over to the will of our enemies. We ought to be strong and daring in God's service. With the light of heaven streaming vertically upon us, we ought to discountenance the false, and reflect the true. One Good Samaritan is better than a hundred Priests and Levites. Were we to do God's will in God's appointed way, the world would soon move on on a new axis of righteousness and peace.

Alas, John Bull's most virtuous children are not fashion proof! Some disciples of Nonconformity lust after a Liturgy. Many are in love with the Gothic style of architecture. All have, more or less, connived at the "man of sin" in our midst. Crosses ornament the necks of the living, and mark the graves of the dead. Those who hold such a high opinion of their own mental strength as to narrow their faith *ad libitum*, often turn to Rationalism, the petrification of Christianity; while those who are so credulous as to believe everything, rush into Romanism, the putrefaction of Christianity. But those who take God's word as their only guide, who are neither libertines in thinking, nor slaves to emotion, should show a more excellent way, wherein to walk by the light of God's countenance.

Alas! we have only touched with our finger, as yet, the load of ignorance, misery, and sin which Satan—lo! these sixty centuries—has laid upon the weary shoulders of mankind. Even at the great centres of Christendom a colossal impiety and wickedness—descried but as yesterday by the half-open eyes of the Church—begins to reveal itself to the dismay of all who either fear God or regard man. Is this a time to play with the monster which is being cradled in our midst? Nay; rather, nerved with John the Baptist's fearlessness, and inspired with John the Evange-

list's love, let us help to redeem our country from this terrible curse. Let us draw down the electric flash of divine influence to scathe this moral blight. Let us shake off the spirit of indifference which obtains among us. Ritualism is a lamp without a light. Our indifference is the light hid.

Some ministers are almost invisible during six days of the week, and on the seventh they are incomprehensible. How few travail in birth with ghouls! How many appear to act as if when their lips were closed their duty was done;—like the labourer who, hired at board wages, as soon as his knife was shut, his wages were paid. Is it any wonder that showers of spiritual influence seem almost to be stayed? That heaven seems to be silent? That the earth seems almost as iron, and the heavens as brass?—as if the ancient Carmel-scene were to be re-enacted;—whether the Elijah of God's witnesses in our land would draw down from heaven the fire of intelligence and power; or whether the prophets of the Popish Baal would triumph. In too many cases the pastoral office is made more a trade than a trust. Let us then be gentle in our censure of Episcopalians, while Nonconforming folds are so badly guarded by unsanctified pastors. Let the Church be more careful in the recognition of divine endowments in the choice of its ministers; and let it seek more spiritual light for the scrutiny, and more grace to be faithful to its duty. Let the human will ever yield to the divine will. A mania for talkation is no fitness for a Christian minister. A college training may put the tongue in harness, but closet-wrestling alone can bring down the live coal from off the altar to touch it with heavenly flame. Knowledge is needed as well as zeal. There must be light as well as heat. But let us take care that, in our admiration of a gifted ministry, we do not become literary idolaters, and indulge in creature-worship.

Many people clamour for fine preaching until the Spirit's power is departed. Many ministers read their sermons; but the world walks too fast in evil to be overtaken by men walking on crutches. Sanctified learning is useful; but if a minister puts his erudition where Pilate displayed his Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, at the head of the cross of Christ, instead of keeping it at the foot, he preaches to his own glory, and not to the glory of God. Splendid sanctuaries quadrate with pulpit rhetoric; and dissenters have imitated churchmen, in ignoring the utilitarian style of architecture, and have erected buildings ornate and expensive for the wealthy hundreds, while the thousands of toil-worn workmen have been, more or less, uncared for. The Church will have to answer for her misspent wealth and failure of duty. Men may try to improve the labouring classes by playing literary merry-andrewism indoors at penny-reading entertainments; but you must bring them to Christ, as Andrew did Simon, to do them good. Let all human quackery be abandoned, and let the divine remedy of the one Great Physician ever be used; for the religion of Jesus Christ contains all blessings in one. Were the Church of Christ fully alive to its duty, the world would soon be awake to its

best interests. We often say, "As sound asleep as a Church!" and certainly there is spiritual slumber enough in the Church to justify the sarcastic proverb.

During the Peninsular war, an officer of artillery had just served a gun with admirable precision against a body of men posted in a wood to his left. When the Duke rode up, after turning his glass for a moment in the direction of the shot, he said, in his cool way, "Well aimed, Captain; but no more; they are our own 39th!" This blunder has been repeated sadly too often in the armies of Jesus. With all the failing and folly manifested by the ranks of Nonconformists, can we wonder at Popery prevailing, and Ritualism being rampant? Every converted person is a nucleus of influence, to shame the false and to strengthen the true. We can all do something. A child's tears gave birth to the "British and Foreign Bible Society." If we cannot move the world, we can move the Arm that holds the world in the hollow of its hand. Prayer is a weapon which no enemy can resist.

We cannot live to ourselves. As we are impure or holy, we may draw down destruction or divert its course. If with purblind eyes and tonguetied speech we pander to the evil which surrounds us, God may smite us with sore chastisement. He has held a controversy with our nation for many years past. The law of retribution has never been repealed. There is still a strange and solemn affinity between crime and punishment. You will remember how the Jews rejected Christ; and one of their pleas for his destruction was, "If thou let this man go thou art not Cæsar's friend." To conciliate the Roman power they rejected Christ. That was their crime; what was their punishment? The Romans did come ere long, and "took away their place and nation." Pharoah, in olden time, issued his enactment, that all the male children of Israel should be drowned: that was his crime; what was his punishment? Pharoah and his host were by-and-by drowned in the Red Sea. Hezekiah took the ambassadors of Babylon through the treasure chambers of silver and gold, ostentatiously displaying his wealth: that was the crime; what was the punishment? The treasures of silver and gold were eventually carried off to Babylon. David, in the lust of his power, took the census of the people: that was the crime; what was the punishment? The pestilence fell upon the people that David had numbered, and dried up the sources of the strength in which he had so fondly boasted. In India our Government patronised Paganism, and countenanced the crushing of human bodies under the car of Juggernaut: that was the crime; what was the punishment? Between two massive blocks of stone, the one raised to fall with tremendous force on the other, the natives, during the Indian mutiny, consigned several Englishmen to be crushed! American slavery amassed much ill-gotten wealth and wasted much innocent blood. But the American war wasted much of the money that slavery had hoarded, and licensed the sword to take vengeance for the lash.

And what is the future of England to be? Just what the present race makes it. "The holy seed shall be the substance thereof." The fortune of England's future is bound up in her Christianity. She will be great in proportion as she is godly; and weak in proportion as she is wicked. He who girded us with power can wither the sinews of our strength. Let but His anger be kindled by our repeated infidelities, and our country must fall. "More magnificent than Babylon in the profusion of her opulence, she shall be more sudden than Babylon in her ruin:—more renowned than Carthage for her military triumphs, she shall be more desolate than Carthage in her mourning:—princelier than Tyre in her commercial greatness, she shall be more signal than Tyre in her fall:—wider than Rome in her territorial dominion, she shall be more prostrate than Rome in her enslavement:—prouder than Greece in her intellectual culture, she shall be more degraded than Greece in her darkening:—more exalted than Capernaum in the fulness of her religious privilege, she shall be more appalling than Capernaum in the deep damnation of her doom."

To secure and retain God's favour, we must cast off the garments of counterfeit Christianity, and disclaim all fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. We want a heaven-moved, heaven-blessed ministry. Men who would hail any as fellow-helpers in publishing the truth, and not regard them with a jealous eye; who would welcome them for their piety, and not disdain them for their poverty; men abreast of the times in knowledge, and ahead of the Church in faith; men who know the heart and know the age; men brave yet tender; men of deep convictions and practical aims; men "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," who will proclaim old truths with new energy; men with souls of fire and words like cannon shot. Give us such men, and the true God-witnesses shall be reinstated in their ancient moral sovereignty. The Church will rise into the life of God, and the world will be uplifted out of darkness into the light of a brighter day. But let us remember that every ministry is in character just what its Church makes it. A holy Church never had an unholy ministry. Let the personal godliness of individual Christians propagate a succession of holy ministers, and so perpetuate true pulpit power.

Let England be true to her God, and she will be true to herself. There is more protection for her in the paper boards of the Bible than in her wooden walls, or her modern iron-clads. Let her people become heirs to a better country and inheritors of a brighter crown, and, in the strength and hope of this bright inheritance, let them listen to His voice whose will is duty, and whose smile is heaven, as He calls them to obedience,—“Come out of Babylon, I'll shelter thee; fight against evil, I'll help thee; conquer with love, I'll crown thee.”

“Up Britain! boldly break and cast away
 Godless expedience: say, is it wise,
 Or right, or safe, for some chance gains to day
 To dare the vengeance of to-morrow's skies?
 Be wiser then, dear land, my native home;
 Do always good, that good alone may come,”

THE BARBARITY AND FOLLY OF WAR.

IN Moister's History of Wesleyan Missions, it is stated that a visit was paid by a New Zealand chief, of the name of Hongi, to this country, where he was treated with great respect, and had an interview with George IV., who showed him the armoury, and made him several presents. He also saw the committees of the Wesleyan, Church, and London Missionary Societies. The chief professed his regard for the missionaries, and his determination to protect and encourage them in their work in his own land. During his stay here, however, he saw enough of the power and greatness of the English king to inflame his ambition, and to induce the desire to be himself great and powerful.

When he reached Sydney, on his return, he met there another New Zealand chief of the name of Hanika, and they returned together in the same vessel. They talked together on the establishment of missions, and on other matters; but, all at once, Hongi said, "Before this can be done, I have a small affair to settle with my friend Hanika. During my absence, I understand, one of my people has been killed by the river Thames tribes, and I must have satisfaction." Then turning to Hanika, he said, with a distorted countenance and a contemptuous sneer, "Go home with all speed, and put your *pa* in the best posture of defence; for as soon as I can get my people together, I shall fight you."

On reaching home, the two chiefs lost no time in gathering their followers together. Hongi, at the head of 3000 warriors, entered the territory of Hanika. The opposing armies met like two hurricanes; and the result of the conflict was, for some time, doubtful. At length Hongi, who had the best supply of muskets, and who displayed superior skill in strategy, prevailed; and the destruction and carnage which followed were awful beyond description. On perceiving his enemy fall mortally wounded, Hongi sprang forward, and with characteristic cruelty, scooped out his eyes with his English knife, and instantly swallowed them! and then, holding his hands to Hanika's throat, into which he had plunged his knife, and from which the blood was flowing copiously, drank as much of the warm fluid as they could hold.

About one thousand of Hanika's warriors fell in battle, three hundred of whom were roasted and eaten by the troops of Hongi. When Mr. Leigh, the missionary, met with Hongi afterwards, and remonstrated with him on the atrocities perpetrated during his campaign against the tribes of the river Thames, the savage chief only smiled, and remarked: "We must observe the customs of our country: the blood of Hanika was sweet."

We are naturally shocked and horrified at this barbarous warfare; but what is the difference betwixt war, as practised by the savage New Zealander, and as prosecuted by the civilised European? We may see a striking similarity in the origin and the carrying out of this New Zealand war, and that which has been carried out in France. A country which at

one time held an influential place in Europe, becomes priest-ridden, and sinks in the scale of nations ; its rulers and government yield to corruption ; the outraged people at last drive their sovereign from her throne, and they remain for some time without a settled government. The question is debated, " What form of government shall we have ? " The majority still cling to the monarchy. The country had been so long down-trodden that it could not rise to govern itself, but must look abroad, like Jotham's trees, for some king to reign over them. The olive tree, the fig tree, and the vine decline the proffered honour. A Prussian prince, being invited, feels disposed to accept the crown. France, mighty France, steps in, and declares that, if this Prussian prince be placed on the throne of Spain, it will militate against her interests, and she cannot consent to it. In order that the peace of Europe may not be disturbed, Prussia gives way, and the prince's candidature is withdrawn.

So far, well. But what a piece of folly is the whole affair ! What must we think of a nation which cannot govern itself without seeking for some foreign puppet to put at its head ? Where would America have been now, if her people, when thrown upon their own resources, instead of managing for themselves, had gone to some foreign country for a king to reign over them ? America would not have been the mighty republic she now is, and in the van of religious and political liberty, if she had done that.

In the case of Hongi, we see that he was determined to pick a quarrel with his neighbour chief. There was no sufficient ground for the quarrel ; but simply a heathen pretext. He was influenced by revenge, and, no doubt, by cupidity. The result was a dreadful slaughter of his neighbours. The savagery and cannibalism of his warriors, which followed this slaughter, are horrible to think about.

If we remember rightly, in July last, the Emperor of France, when he proclaimed war against his neighbour, was congratulated by his sycophants that for four years he had been preparing for this. If we see no good reason for Hongi's making war upon his neighbour chief, there was less in Napoleon's making war upon Prussia. It may have been a fact that Hanika's people had killed one of Hongi's ; but there is no accusation of this kind brought against the Prussians. If it was great folly for Hongi to make war upon Hanika, there was tenfold greater folly in Napoleon's making war upon William. Oh ! the stupid folly of war !

The cruelty of Hongi and his followers is obvious. But what are we to say about mangling human beings and animals by bursting shells and chassepot bullets ? King David once had three evils to choose from : the pestilence, famine, and the sword. He chose the least when he said, " Let me fall into the hands of the Lord, and not into the hands of man." David was wise in choosing pestilence ; inasmuch as he escaped the other two evils. But when did we ever know in European warfare that famine and pestilence did not accompany and follow the sword ? We see in this

Franco-Prussian war, cities besieged, and the inhabitants starved into surrender. In this last war, no doubt, more have died from want, cold, and pestilence, than have fallen in direct conflict on the field or in the batteries, as is evident from the fact that, in Paris, before the surrender, the death-rate had risen from 1000 to 4000 per week. To think of a city of 2,000,000 human beings encircled by bands of steel, and deliberately starved into surrender! Let the black stamp be fixed upon war for ever; and let all intelligent men denounce it as an outrage on humanity, a disgrace to our boasted civilisation, to say nothing of our religion. If war is to exist at all, let it be banished from the lands of the civilised, and be confined to such brutes as the blood-drinker Hongi and his cannibal followers.

The first Napoleon, when his armies were victorious, was constantly telling them that they had covered themselves with glory. A victory was trumpeted east and west, north and south, as a *glorious* victory. Hence the public vision was dazzled, and that which was a *horrid* scene of *barbarism*, was dignified as a *glorious* victory. This illusion is kept up at some of our public gatherings:—the Lord Mayor's feast, for instance. Not only is the Queen toasted, the government, &c., but the army, coupled with His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief; the navy, with Admiral So-and-so; afterwards the volunteers, with Lord Elcho. Why should not the toast-maker give "Her Majesty's Executioners," coupled with the name of the distinguished CALCRAFT? There is not any thing like the barbarity in strangling a man on the gallows as there is in mangling him in glorious war!

We hope the day is not far distant when the common sense of the nations will be brought to bear against the stupid folly of barbarous war. Should any of our brethren attend civic banquets, dare to be singular, and never join in the toasts of these barbarous heroes. If any deserve praise, it is not those who go forth to wound and kill, but those who follow in their bloody track to gather up the wounded, and, like the good Samaritan, pour in the oil and the wine, and take care of them. The only safe example to follow is that of Him "Who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

As our Magazine circulates principally among Methodists, it will be sufficient to notice the public worship as conducted in Methodist chapels.

In most of the large chapels belonging to the Old Body in London, the church prayers are read at morning service. This necessitates a two hours' service; the prayers, lessons, and psalms occupying one hour. The Methodist congregations do not, however, generally use the church prayers. The separated connexions not at all.

Many things combine to render public worship acceptable or otherwise.

There is the greater necessity, therefore, that those who have to conduct it should attend to every point. Dr. Parker advises the young preacher to mind how he walks up to the platform or pulpit. This appears a little thing, certainly, and yet it is well to think about it.

The Methodists open their services by singing, and here the preacher's work begins. The hymn books used by the the Old Body, the Reformers, and the Free Churches are very similar, the pages and hymns are the same to page 520. From that page the hymns no longer agree. "No secession" was the watchword of the first Reformers; and when their selection was made, it was resolved to keep as close to the old book as practicable. Hence, though the hymns are not numbered the same; yet, where they are not changed, they fall on the same pages. So that, as the old hymn books are in the hands of many of the worshippers at the Free Methodist chapels, it is much better that the preacher announce the page, and say nothing about the hymn. Much confusion now takes place where the three books are in the hands of the worshippers, when the preacher announces the hymn instead of the page, or the hymn as well as the page. Some preachers announce the page in such a low tone of voice that half the congregation cannot hear. Let the page be given out slowly and distinctly, and given out twice.

The prayer which follows the singing should not be too long. Five minutes is to be preferred to fifteen. Some preachers extend their talking, for prayer it is not, to twenty minutes. Persons who are sufficiently reverent to go on their knees, have been known to rise, unable to kneel any longer because of the length of the prayer.

The Scripture lesson or lessons should be clearly announced, and read distinctly. There is a difference of opinion on the subject of expounding the lesson. For my part, I like to hear God speak in this portion of the service without the intervention of man by way of exposition. Not long since a good brother took nearly half an hour in talking on the lesson, and he informed us that there was much more he should like to have said; but he saw from the clock that he had not time. The lesson he selected could have been read in less than five minutes.

The sermon. But who can speak here? A great change has taken place as it respects sermons. What would our puritan fathers say were they now to enter the Poultry chapel on a Thursday morning? However, the long introduction is unbearable. Some introductions I have listened to have not been introductions at all; but loose talk. Surely if a preacher has anything to say, it should not be said in the porch, but in the church itself. Long introductions are out of place anywhere; but more especially in the pulpit. The great model for all preachers, "opened his mouth and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit." (Matt. v. 2, 3.)

Singing and prayer follow the sermon; but when the preacher has exceeded the time allotted for the service, he is tempted to cut the prayer short, or perhaps only pronounce the benediction: this is a pity. If his

congregation is warmed up and softened, a few minutes of pointed earnest prayer is likely to fix the impression on the mind.

The prayer meeting after the Sunday evening service is not so likely to be profitable if carried on in the chapel, and the few who remain are scattered all over the chapel. If practicable, the prayer meeting should be carried on in a school room or vestry. When this cannot be accomplished, the friends should be asked to come together in the body of the chapel. Christian families have duties at home, and if the prayer meeting is kept up late, it must interfere with them.

The Lord's Supper is an ordinance which belongs to the church, and should never be neglected by its members. "Do this in remembrance of me."

There are also the duties of the hearers as well as of the preacher. Some persons are *always* early, others are always late. Some persons always get good, it does not matter who may be the preacher; some never. How is this? Let my readers answer.

Biography.

MEMOIR OF JOSEPH HORSEFALL, OF BARDSLEY, NEAR ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

A MEMORIAL in our Magazine of our departed brother, who was very useful in the church of God, will be acceptable to a numerous circle who knew him, and may be of service to all thoughtful readers.

Joseph, son of Abraham and Elizabeth Horsefall, was born at Rastrick, near Halifax, on July 16th, 1805. His parents were both God-fearing people, but it was chiefly to his mother's pious example and religious training that he attributed his early religious inclinations. She was originally a member of the Society of Friends, but afterwards she became a Wesleyan Methodist.

Joseph's earliest remembrances were of a pious character. He felt himself a sinner, and was drawn towards the Lord Jesus, as the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world; and although he remained without any certain sense of sins forgiven, his outward conduct was strictly moral, and his associates were only such as were like-minded with himself. He was strongly attached to the Lord's house, and loved His holy word.

On the 10th March, 1828, he sought, in deep distress of soul, to obtain a sense of the pardoning love of God, and was led by the Spirit's light to see his way to the cross, and to rely on the atonement of Christ. And he was astonished beyond measure that he had not sooner laid hold upon Jesus, whose love now filled his heart and soul.

Henceforth the Bible was his chief study and delight, and of him it might truly be said, "His delight was in the law of the Lord; and in

his law did he meditate day and night." The natural, or shall we say, *super-natural*, result followed; his earnestness for the spiritual welfare of those about him became so intense, that his whole soul appeared to be absorbed in the Lord's work. He would go to the homes of the aged, and read and expound to them the word of God, and would get together the young men of his own age, and read to and with them in the Scriptures.

He soon felt it to be his duty to preach more publicly the Gospel of Christ; and this work he began after much prayer. His name first appeared upon the plan in 1830, and he soon gave full proof of his ministry, many sinners becoming under him convinced of sin, and savingly converted to God. From this time he continued to labour in the gospel-field with unabated energy. His constitution was delicate; but the progress of the Gospel seemed to be for him a medicine for all bodily ailments; fatigue, and illness of body being often forgotten in the vigorous efforts of his soul as a Gospel herald. His holy joy when penitents found mercy was as the balm of Gilead to his own infirmities.

In the year 1850, the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association found its way to Ashton-under-Lyne, and a branch was formed there, Brother Horsefall being one of its first members. He was much attached to this cause, and had great sympathy for the aged brethren maintained by it. In 1863, he entered himself as an honorary member, and so continued to the end of his life; his only regret being that he could not do more for it by way of pecuniary help.

Brother Horsefall kept a record of his preaching services, from which it appears that from 1830 to July 2nd, 1870, he had preached 2269 sermons, besides cottage addresses and open-air services. Of these, 500 sermons were preached in the neighbourhood of Fairbottom, where he resided for thirty-three years. He was also an earnest and faithful class-leader, and a superintendent of the Sabbath school. He was truly the village pastor,—the only one, for many years, who visited the sick and the dying, and relieved the wants of his poorer neighbours.

His life in the bosom of his family was that of a Christian father, anxious for the best interests of his children, both for this world and the eternal one. As they grew up, and, one by one, married and settled in life, his fatherly counsels and prayers were still for them, their partners in life, and their children, all of whom it was his custom to address as his "dear children." The following extract from one of his letters will show the kindness of his heart and the faithfulness of his counsels.

"My dear Children,—I know not why I feel such desire to write to you, unless it be that you are so far away, and I cannot see you so often as the rest, and that you are but just starting in the race of life and have less of encumbrance. I wish that you should start fair, and not let the pernicious customs and maxims of this age weaken the powers of "so running that you may obtain" the prize. I am more and more convinced that there is but little true experimental religion in the church, and that we are all in great danger of trusting in what we do, rather than in what we do expe-

rience. Yet it is clearly stated that if we have not the spirit of Christ we are none of his. This does away entirely with mere notional religion, and gives a distinguishing mark to those who are adopted into God's family. Now if you enjoy this evidence, it will form your warrant and enable you to work for God; and, if thus qualified, you do work, your labour will not be in vain in the Lord. I have to preach to-morrow twice, and am expecting a good day. I hope you will have one. There is nothing new since my last, only that I am astonished every morning that we should be spared, and that health and strength should be continued. I do often say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name?'"

Our brother was a great economist of time, measuring it by minutes, and devoting so many throughout the morning and evening of each day to their special duty. He rose at five, spent sixty minutes with God in prayer and study, and then repaired to the business of the day. Some extracts from his papers may be interesting upon this point. "Monday: Read the Scriptures; made observations thereon; thirty minutes. Sermonise, sixty minutes. Study English grammar, sixty minutes. Tuesday: Read the Scriptures, and made remarks thereon, thirty minutes; sermonise, sixty minutes; study logic, sixty minutes. Wednesday: Read divinity and biography, and note down remarks, sixty minutes. Friday: Read Scripture, and noted remarks, thirty minutes; sermonise, sixty minutes; English grammar, sixty minutes." He had also *special days*, and these days were always particularly noted by him; some were birth days; some were reminders of particular providences; some were anniversaries of extraordinary manifestations of God's goodness in the salvation of sinners. These were to him as red-letter days to a Romanist, and were never allowed to pass by unobserved.

Brother Horsfall possessed in some degree the poetic fire, but he did not cherish the gift; considering his time too precious to be devoted to the measuring of lines of words. Yet he did occasionally address his Bible class scholars, and the teachers in the Sunday school, in verse. Once also while waiting for the railway train, he thought of his daughter's birthday on the morrow, and taking out his pencil, wrote the following:—

"AN ACROSTIC TO E. A. DRINKWATER, BY HER FATHER,
J. HORSEFALL.

Endeavour to fight the good fight, my dear child;
Let your converse be spiritual, heavenly, mild;
In your daily transactions be honest and true,
Zeal tinting your life with its heavenly hue;
As time goes apace, get a meetness for heaven,
And seek that your life be a heavenly leaven;
Never dream that this life is unmixed with alloy,
Nor forget that the cross leads to heavenly joy.
Do your best in your station, whate'er that may be,
Remembering that life is a changeable sea;

If sickness or sorrow sometimes be your lot,
 Never fear that you'll be of your Saviour forgot.
 Know this, my dear child, you are schooling for heaven,
 Where for ever the fruits of your toil will be given;
 And if in hard times you are tempted to doubt,
 The trial endure, and the enemy scout.
 Ever fix your firm eye on the glorious reward,
 Reserved for the blest in the joy of your Lord."

August 24th, 1867.

He has left several papers, drawn up in a half legal style, in which he renewed his covenant with God ; the following is one of them.

"This is my spiritual birthday; this night twenty-one years ago, I entered into liberty. I have been renewing my covenant with God, that, if He see good to spare my life another year, I will be a better father, better husband, a better leader, and a better preacher; and if He give me physical, mental, and spiritual health, all shall be consecrated to God and His service. I have been pleading that, if so spared, I may be enabled by grace to lead thousands of sinners to 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' I here seek for this grace, and covenant, that if it should be granted, I will thus live, pray, preach, and believe for this great end. Witness, ye angels! Witness, ye great cloud of witnesses! and all ye that fear God. I do promise that I will be obedient to the claim of Heaven and the call of God in this respect. Witness my hand this 10th of March 1849. 9 p.m.

"JOSEPH HORSEFALL.

"The Lord help me to keep this covenant. Amen."

His last two sermons were preached at Bradford, near Manchester, on Sunday, July 24th, 1870. The first of these was upon the Philippian jailor, and the last from 1 Kings xviii. 21: "How long halt ye between two opinions?" He dwelt upon this question with extreme earnestness, it being an open-air service; and the word fell with power upon the hearers. Here, however, he overtaxed his strength, and after the service felt himself much fatigued and unwell. His illness continuing to increase upon him, he was advised to return to Bardsley, and his medical attendant accompanied him home. He was very cheerful during the journey of six miles, noting the scenery, the different shades of grass, the sparkling daisies, the trees and hedges by the way, observing that he never saw God's works in nature look so delightful. He was, however, much fatigued with the ride, and nature's powers were evidently sinking within him. His children were written to, and all but one arrived in time to see him before he died. He addressed each of them, and his parting words were "Live for heaven! Live for heaven! I shall soon be there!" Soon after this he silently bowed his head, and yielded up his spirit; and so he entered into rest on Sunday, August, 7th, 1870, at the age of sixty-five years, leaving in sorrow behind him his wife and nine children.

May the family all follow in his footsteps till they meet with him in heaven.

Literary Notices.

Laymen in Conference. By T. Percival Bunting. London: Elliott Stock.

"How often a great truth must come forth into light, and be revived, and overborne, and lapse back into obscurity before it achieves a general acceptance! What a strange variety of champions it finds before it obtains the one powerful friend, or calls forth the general acclaim which land it in success."—*The Times*, 1862.

Who could have thought that the son of Dr. Bunting would revive one of the great principles brought forward in every Methodist commotion, and acted upon by every new Methodist body? But so it is. Here is a pamphlet of thirty-one pages, by T. Percival Bunting, in advocacy of a mixed conference.

Mr. Bunting is no lover of Methodist Reformers, and refers to their origin in language scarcely becoming a gentleman and a Christian. To speak of those in 1828 and 1849, who differed from the Conference as a mutiny, a mob, and a rebellion, is not only to speak harshly, but unjustly. The action of Luther and the other Protestant Reformers has ever been regarded at the Vatican as a wicked rebellion; but we esteem these men as the champions of the glorious Reformation.

Methodist Reformers, so far as our knowledge has extended, have not been destructionists; neither the mutineers of Leeds, nor the mob at Manchester, nor even the rebels in other parts of the kingdom. They have found some good thing in Methodism, and they have wished to conserve it.

Mr. Bunting, it would seem, was a listener at the delegate meeting, held in Albion chapel, March, 1860; or he has studied closely the report of that meeting. There is, at any rate, a striking harmony between the two. At that meeting it was proposed and carried, "That this meeting is of opinion, that if the Conference be confined to the assemblage of the legally-constituted hundred members who compose it, and to the exclusive

discharge of the duties and the requirements of the 'Deed Poll;' then the introduction of laymen to participate in its proceedings will be rendered unnecessary." Mr. Bunting goes, in some respects, farther than this meeting. He would reduce the Conference of preachers to less than one half of their present number, and restrict them to those subjects exclusively imposed on them by the Deed Poll. But then he goes farther than the delegate meeting, and would supplement this *formal* Conference of itinerant preachers, say of 250, by introducing 250 representatives from beyond the itinerant ranks; and thus form his *real* Conference by the union of the two.

The mixed committees, he tells us, were the creation of his father's brain; but they have now done their work, and should be disbanded. We certainly think that he is right; for if what he says is correct, it is time they were sent about their business. He says: "If a new member entered, and expected to find a grave and most orderly assembly, . . . he was soon undeceived. Here was a miscellaneous gathering of members and non-members, all talking, proposing, seconding, supporting, opposing, and even voting at their pleasure, and on equal terms." He proposes that these committees should be dissolved, and that the work they now do so strangely should be done by the *real* Conference. Mr. Bunting is a legal gentleman, and knows what he is writing about. Mr. Wesley's Deed Poll is met, he considers, by the sittings of the Preachers' Conference; and there will be no violation of it by the sittings of the mixed Conference.

Although, on the whole, we agree with Mr. Bunting, we cannot see with him that the New Testament isolates, as he says, an "order of men divinely chosen and qualified. These are responsible for the purity and competency of the members of their own order, and for the purity of the flock also," page 4. "No mixed assembly, therefore, should be suffered to intermeddle with questions relating to the admission or expulsion of ministers. . . . Everything which relates to the status of a minister, as such, is peremptorily

excluded from lay interference," page 20. To make any men, or order of men, irresponsible is very dangerous; it touches very closely on popery. How does this harmonise with the teaching of Peter? "Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility." 1 Pet. v. 5. To form this charmed circle, and to forbid its being entered by any but the sacred few, may be the opinion of Mr. Bunting; but it is contrary to the teaching of THE BOOK, and we adhere to the law and to the testimony.

The pamphlet is a move in the right direction, and we may excuse the writer's views on the irresponsibility of the itinerant ministry when we consider the contracted circle in which he was educated and brought up. But the day is past when such claims as Mr. Bunting puts in for any order of men can be allowed. We now judge of men by their real worth, and not because they are called itinerants or locals.

Religion in Earnest. Designed to aid in Forming and Perfecting the Christian Church. By Silas Henn (Second edition.) London: Primitive Methodist Book Room.

THIS book contains a system of theology without professing to be a theological work. It does not so much aim to qualify a teacher as to teach the sinner the way to obtain eternal life. It treats on repentance, faith, justification, regeneration, and also the cultivation of the Christian graces, and the forming and perfecting the Christian character as set forth in the title. It is divided into 20 chapters, embracing 340 pages of matter, well printed and bound, at the moderate price of 3s. 6d.

Mr. Henn belongs to the body of evangelists, moving from place to place, as doors open, either to break up new ground, or to arouse sluggish churches. We should deem him, from the character of his writings, to be one of the best of that class. The order of evangelists is evidently scriptural; for, "He gave some evangelists." Many of those who have laid claim to the title have, by their conduct, disgraced themselves, and thus

brought the order itself into contempt. Mr. Henn possesses the double gift of preaching by his tongue and his pen.

Jottings.

"IT RAINS."

It had been raining most of the day, and it so continued on my journey to the class-room. Of course I expected it would affect the attendance. What a difference there is between the imperative calls of business and the voluntary calls of religion. The mechanic is required in his workshop, the clerk at his desk, and the merchant at his office. They are all there. They would each of them laugh at the idea of staying at home because it rained. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap," Eccl. xi. 4.

I well remember, when a farmer's boy, that we were performing the operation of sowing amidst the down-falling rain, which had lasted the whole day, and in the lower parts of the ground, the sower had literally to "cast his bread upon the waters;" for the land was covered by it. I had read this text before, and now saw it fulfilled. Whether it blows or rains, the farmer at the appointed season must cast his seed into the ground, or he will not reap.

We see that when business calls, it is obeyed and rightly so. The ploughman goes forth with his plough, the sower with his seed basket. The station gates are thrown open, the train starts at six o'clock, the driver mounts his engine, and off they go; the wet don't prevent them. The trader opens his shop rain or shine. A pretty thing, indeed, if we could not get butter and bread for the dear children on a rainy morning. Only fancy, if you have a bill to pay at ten o'clock, and you reach the bank with your cheque a little after nine, the doors should not be open. Why, how is this? "Don't you see," says the porter, "it rains." "Rains!" you would exclaim. "Rains! don't they open this bank when it rains?" The thing itself, of course, is preposterous. Are we, then, to stop

away from the means of grace because it rains?

The local preacher who would neglect his appointment on account of the rain is not to be found, I hope, in connection with our Association. I have had a rather extensive acquaintance with local preachers; but those made of materials which cannot stand the rain I know not. If there are any of this class, I hope they will not cross my path. But what is to be said of those fair weather Christians, who only appear in the sunshine? We may say of them as Dr. Coke said of the dressy people; that "if they are Christians at all, they are not eminent Christians."

PHILOS.

THERE are lying books, as well as lying words, dissembling smiles, deceiving signs, and even a lying silence.

HE that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

A WEAK mind sinks under prosperity and adversity alike. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

TAKE care of the digestion and circulation if you would keep them sound; if you would keep the skin clear, take care, not of the skin, but of the digestion and circulation.

Phenomena of the Months.

JUNE.

GENERALLY June is the most enjoyable month of the year. The fulness of growth, after the fresh outburst of vigorous spring, and the luxuriance of summer, meet and clothe Nature in beauty and richness. Delicious coolness in the shade, and equally delicious warmth in the sunshine; bright colours in gardens, fields, and hedgerows; and glorious green of many hues spread over all things in profusion, while all nature teems with life underfoot and overhead, make the season peculiarly full of enjoyment, and, to the right-minded man, provocative of thankful gratitude.

"Was every faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Father, silent in Thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice;
Even in the depth of solitary woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim Thy power,
And to the choir celestial Thee resound,
The Eternal Cause, Support, and End of all."

The temperature of June has a general average of fifty-seven to sixty-one degrees, while it ranges from a minimum of forty-two to eighty-six. The rainfall last year was little more than one third the usual quantity.

The sun rises on the 1st at nine minutes before four and sets at four minutes after eight; on the 15th it rises at sixteen minutes before four and sets at sixteen minutes after eight; and on the 30th it rises at twelve minutes before four and sets at eighteen minutes after eight. The variation in the length of the day is only twenty-one minutes before the 21st, and four minutes afterwards.

An annular eclipse of the sun occurs on the 17th, but it is invisible in this country.

The moon is full on the 3rd at twenty-seven minutes after six in the morning, and new on the 18th at twenty-nine minutes after two in the afternoon. On the first Sunday it does not rise until three minutes before ten at night; on the second Sunday, not until after one in the morning; on the third Sunday it sets at forty-two minutes after the sun; and on the fourth Sunday it rises about mid-day and sets about midnight. There is no real night in June, and the above observations show that there is very little evening moonlight until the last week.

The moon is near to Saturn on the 4th, (rising before ten at night,) to Mercury on the 16th, Jupiter on the 18th, Uranus on the 20th, Venus on the 21st, and Mars on the 25th.

Mercury is a morning star, rising about an hour before the sun after the 15th.

Venus, brightest of all the evening stars, sets a little earlier every night as the month advances,—fifteen minutes after eleven on the 1st, and twenty-five minutes before eleven on

the 30th, and is in conjunction with Uranus on the morning of the 4th, and near to Regulus in Leo at the end of the month.

Mars is in Virgo, rises in daylight, and sets after midnight until the 24th.

Jupiter is rapidly passing from our evening sky, and on the last day, is in conjunction with the sun, and consequently invisible. It will be a morning star next month.

Saturn, in Sagittarius, is too low down in the southern sky to be observed with advantage. It will rise about sunset on the 24th, and shine all night.

Uranus sets at five minutes before eleven on the 5th, and forty minutes after nine on the 25th. In conjunction with the moon on the 20th.

On the 11th of May, one of the greatest astronomers of the present century, Sir John Herschel, died, at the age of 79. He was the son of Sir William Herschel, the discoverer of Uranus, which, after the reigning monarch, he named *Georgium Sidus*, but which afterwards, and for many years, was called by astronomers, after himself, Herschel. The son was a worthy successor of his father in the study and application of the sublime science of astronomy, and rendered great service to the scientific world.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LOCAL
PREACHERS' MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIRS,—Having arrived at the close of another financial year, I take the liberty, for the first time, of sending you a few lines to be inserted in the magazine concerning the St. Helen's branch. This branch was formed in the year 1850, and seemed likely to grow and flourish; but soon began to show signs of decay; and as the *then* members and officers looked on without acting, it has almost died out; and for a great number of years, I am sorry to say, nothing has been done either in members or subscribers.

A great deal was said at the meet-

ing at Northampton as to the best means of helping and working up the Association in districts where it was weak: and though I had not the privilege of speaking at that meeting, yet I made up my mind, by the help of God, to do what little I could to help and, if possible, re-organise this branch. I am a member of the Runcorn Branch; and as there had been no public meeting for the last fifteen or sixteen years, and the number of members was reduced to four, I felt it to be my duty to try and induce the local preachers to join. I spoke to them about it, they said they would like to join the Association, but I found there was a "but" in the way, and that nothing could be done until it was removed; but it *has* been removed, and a new society formed, and with Bro. Macmillan as secretary, it seems now to be going ahead.

We had a public meeting in February, a report of which appeared in the March number; since that time we have been improving every month. We have now fourteen members, a number of subscribers and honorary members, and are now trying what we can do to reduce or remove the £125 that stands against us; the first instalment of which will appear in the next report. I am glad to say that ten of the number take the LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE.

I am thankful to inform you that I have formed a branch at Widnes, which is now the head of a circuit, and already eight members have joined, two of whom are honorary members, and there is the prospect of its flourishing.

I am sorry that many of the circuits in the Liverpool district have no members in them; but I think that if means were tried, branches could be formed. After we have got St. Helen's and Widnes branches into working order, Bro. Macmillan and myself intend trying what more can be done for the Association in Liverpool and the Liverpool district. Wishing success to attend the general meeting,

I am, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
ABRAHAM LEACH.
St. Helen's, 8th May, 1871.

May 13th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Please accept the enclosed five shillings (postage stamps) for our dear old local preachers, and acknowledge same in the LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE for June, that I may know you receive it safely.

Your obedient servant, P. J. D.

The Local Ministry.

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST LOCAL PREACHERS' SOCIETY.

THE annual report of this one year old organisation is just out. Its first president is our own president, Brother S. D. Waddy, and there is a committee of some forty members. Its operations are at present confined to London; but it is hoped that similar efforts may be made throughout the kingdom.

The object of the society is, to increase "the efficiency of local preachers," and so to make them more generally "useful."

The means which the committee proposed in the report, and which were in substance adopted by the annual meeting, held in Great Queen Street Chapel, in January last, were:

1st. An annual sermon by a minister of influence and experience, and the Lord's supper afterwards.

2nd. An annual social meeting.

3rd. Occasional addresses bearing on the work of local preachers.

4th. The circulation of occasional papers containing reports of sermons, meetings, and addresses.

5th. The sale, on favourable terms, of books specially adapted to local preachers in their work.

6th, and lastly, the establishment of a central library was strongly recommended.

That all these points are good, and right, and proper, few will deny; but the "efficiency" of the deficient local preacher would be more surely attained by the adoption of the valuable suggestions contained in a series of papers on "The Local Preacher," in the LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE for 1865, by W. B. Carter; to which we would earnestly call the attention of the leaders in this exceedingly laudable movement.

The report, which is well written,

and evidently the production of one whose "efficiency" cannot be impugned, contends for the necessity of lay preaching in Methodism. Surely this is needless!

Methodists, for more than a century, have been sitting under a *lay* ministry much more frequently than under any other. And if, in great towns, and more especially in London, the sons and daughters of Methodism begin to be ashamed of this agency, the more shame be to them, as well for their pride as for their stinginess and carelessness, in not having done anything for the mental improvement of their local preachers.

Let us cherish the hope that this new society will tend to convince all Methodists that an "improving" and increasingly "efficient" staff of local preachers will ever prove rather the glory than the shame of Methodism, however costly its chapels, or wealthy its members may be.

Several well-known brethren spoke upon the topics mentioned in the report. The following extracts from the speech of the president will be acceptable to many of our readers:

"Our object is, by God's help, to increase the efficiency and usefulness of Methodist local preachers. When we assembled last year, we were satisfied that Methodism needed the agency of lay preachers. We have been increasingly convinced of it, not only by our own experience, but by the avowed experience and vigorous action of kindred churches in this respect. Our position, therefore, is this: We do not take up preaching as a trade or profession. We accept it as a duty; we recognise it as a responsibility; we undertake it in obedience to a call. We do not understand *two* calls; we do not believe in a 'high call' and a 'low call.' None of us has a right to preach at all unless he believes himself to be as truly 'called' as any bishop in the land. But it follows that we are bound to improve our talents as best we may, to do this important work. 'Woe is unto' us 'if we preach not the gospel;' but as a necessity of that conviction, woe is unto us also, if we do not preach to the very best of our ability. If we do not improve our

talents to the utmost, we shall have to answer for our indolence and carelessness at the last great day of the Lord.

"We think that Methodism cannot spare local preachers as a class, but that is subject to these conditions,—that we *do* our work, that we do that *only*, and that we do it *well*. Directly we become incompetent, the sooner we are swept out of existence as a class the better. Better to leave it alone, and let some other agency more efficient be found, than bungle hopelessly about it. Our special duty is of course primarily connected with London. We trust that, in all large towns, and indeed, all over the country, similar societies will be formed, either independently or affiliated to our own. But our first and present duty is with the metropolis. And when we look abroad at this vast and crowded city, that duty is sufficiently pressing. We want no new field of operations, no new scheme for work. Some may perhaps feel tempted to strike out a new path for themselves, we have no sympathy with such a wish. We only seek to work in our proper sphere,—in the sphere marked out for us by the providence of God, in loyal obedience to the system and arrangements of our church, and to do that work as well as we can, and far better than we have ever done.

"There is an undoubted necessity which we can help to supply, which the travelling preachers in the nature of things cannot. London Methodism cannot possibly support travelling preachers proportionate to the great need of this vast metropolis. Our financial arrangements are totally inadequate to such a gigantic task. Then who must do it? *We* must;—at all events we must do our best. It is absurd to expect the regular ministers to be at one and the same time preaching in Great Queen Street Chapel, and also leading cottage prayer meetings in the neighbouring streets and alleys. And yet both of these offices ought to be performed; and without both, either of them surely will be comparatively fruitless. I can illustrate this from what occurred to me only a Sunday or two ago. I was preaching in one of our largest and

handsomest chapels; I was pained to see pew after pew entirely vacant, and scores of others very thinly occupied. The congregation was not nearly so good as it was when I preached at the same chapel about ten years ago, and my heart was heavy at the comparison I could not help making. I was therefore surprised when one of the stewards came to me in the vestry after the service, and said cheerfully, 'We have had a better congregation to-night than we have had for a long time.' I told him what my own thoughts had been, and inquired how it was. He answered, 'Well, so many of our people have left us and removed to other places.' 'But,' I said, 'you are in the midst of a dense population; how is it that you do not get others in their place?' His reply was, 'They don't seem to be the class of people to come; and somehow we don't get hold of them.' My answer was obvious: 'Are they a class of people that have souls? Surely no class of people was born to be eternally lost! and if you don't fill your chapel with one class of people, you should try to supply their places with the class of people by whom you are surrounded. If the one class has removed, get hold of the class that has succeeded them.'

"Here, then, is our great field for work; here is our great call for increased energy, industry, patience, and zeal. Let us act vigorously, but not wildly; decidedly, but not independently; in due loyalty to circuit rules, in faithful concert with constituted authority, with deepened devotion to our blessed church, and with more humble, zealous, prayerful consecration to its glorious Head. Here then comes in the crucial question. Beholding the work and the men to do it,—Are we ready to answer the summons? Are we able to fulfil the task? We fear that we are not. One easy and obvious test is this: If we are fit for the work, we shall do it. Nothing can hinder us. One of the elements of that fitness is, such a baptism of the Holy Spirit as will force us forth in spite of all our human cowardice or lethargy, to occupy the vacant ground. While

on the other hand, those who may seem to be competent, as far as human judgment can estimate, will show their inadequacy by the skill with which they will concoct excuses for their neglect, or the ease with which they soothe their consciences to acquiesce in their laziness. I have had occasion lately to say a great deal in public about the want of new and larger chapels in London. But structures are worse than useless without a staff of earnest workers. We want a new spirit. No! that is not correct: we

want a fresh baptism of the old spirit,—the spirit of our forefathers, the spirit of true Methodism, of vital Christianity. And if by our own present efforts we can succeed (as we pray and trust we may) in cultivating this blessed spirit of self-consecration, we shall in truth promote the efficiency of our local preachers; our light will go forth as a lamp that burneth; Methodism, present and future, will have cause to rejoice over our success, the world will be infinitely benefited, and God shall bless us, our God shall give us his blessing."

Mutual-Aid Association Reporter.

THE ASSOCIATION IN YORKSHIRE AND CORNWALL.

THE annual meeting which is to be held this year, for the first time, at Keighley, from all that we hear, is likely to be well attended. The Rev. Wilson Brailsford (an old friend of ours), the superintendent of the circuit, has most liberally placed at the service of the Association most of the chapels in the circuit. The friends at Keighley are taking up the matter in the most hearty manner, and the representatives are likely to have a real Yorkshire greeting.

In addition to sermons in the chapels, public meetings are likely to be held in several places—"HAWORTH" among the rest.

We trust the annual meeting will not overlook the MAGAZINE we conduct. Our president gave it a good lift at "NORTHAMPTON" last year. We trust that he, or his successor, will give it another lift this year at "KEIGHLEY." If persons wish to serve the Association, and to promote the circulation of the magazine in the locality where they dwell, they could very easily do it; for, if ten shillings be remitted to the publisher, five numbers would be sent monthly for twelve months; for twenty shillings, ten numbers, and so on. Subscribers might be obtained in most cases for these numbers, and thus the cost be nothing. But should the numbers be given away, the donor of ten or twenty shillings would prove a true

friend to the Association, and most effectually promote its interests.

Withdrawing our attention from the North, we have cheering news from the Far West. Bros. Jameson and Bowron were appointed as a deputation to Cornwall, and at the commencement of April they started for that celebrated county. No sooner did they reach their destination, than they were welcomed in true Cornish style. Chapels were opened for sermons and meetings. The news of their coming and its object spread from town to town, and from village to village, and in every direction was heard the invitation, "Come over to us."

Brother Bowron having treasures in the field at his farm, requiring his own personal attention, had to shorten his visit, but he left his mark behind him, and stands pledged shortly to pay these Cornish friends another visit.

Brother Jameson being deprived of the labours of his colleague, has been most successfully pursuing his course alone. From a communication which has reached us this morning, we find he is now at St. Austle. With preaching on the Sundays, and meetings on the weekdays, and visiting local preachers, his time has been fully occupied. He has found time, however, to climb the lofty mountain, and praise Him "who makes the grass the hills adorn," then dive down in the deep, dark

mine, where, with Christian brethren, he has sung,—

"In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun."

He seems to have done what every Christian man should do—join pleasure with duty,—

"And rise from Nature up to Nature's God."

The direct object of the deputation's visit has been kept constantly in view; branches have been formed, treasurers and secretaries appointed, and members enrolled. Further particulars will be forthcoming, and we trust our two brethren will be at Keighley, carrying with them the Cornish motto, so that in Yorkshire, as well as in Cornwall, as it regards our Association, it will be "ONE AND ALL."

THAME CIRCUIT.

HADDENHAM is a village three miles from the circuit town. Half a century since, Methodism gained a footing in this place. At first a barn was fitted up as a preaching place; and there, in that rustic sanctuary, God made bare His arm in saving many souls. About this time, in an adjacent place, that far-famed commentator, the Rev. Thomas Scott, was just finishing his earthly career. And, as will be remembered, his mind was, as it were, under a cloud; when, at the time the Methodist preacher was praying for him in the "barn," light broke in upon him, cheering his remaining days; and he thankfully bore testimony to the usefulness, and wished much prosperity to the Methodist cause.

Eventually the "barn" made way for a commodious and respectable chapel.

In this chapel on the 4th of May, tea and public meetings were convened on behalf of the "Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association." The Rev. W. R. Dalby presided over the public meeting, and expressed his sympathy with the object they all desired to promote. He was succeeded by the veteran of the circuit local preachers, who has borne the brunt of the battle for nearly half a century—I mean the universally-esteemed Bro. R. Rose. After him,

Brothers Horne, Bricknell, Wilson, Robinson, T. Rose, Burton, Hastings, J. Wilson, J. Rose, who warmly advocated the claims of our worn-out old men; and C. S. Maddar from Aylesbury, who, in his usual felicitous manner, pleaded on behalf of his brethren, showing the necessity for the right use of the money-talent, with words well chosen, and ideas well-put; after which the collection was made—revealing a liberality which showed that the amount realised was over one shilling per head of the congregation. The expenses were very kindly borne by Bro. Maddar. The collection, £3 5s. 0d., and the profits of the tea, five shillings, makes the sum total £3 10s. 0d. as the result of this highly-interesting and well-appreciated local preachers' meeting.

JOHN ROSE.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

THE monthly meeting was held at the residence of the President, 23, Yonge Park, Islington, on Wednesday, 10th May.

Present: The President, Ex-President, Treasurer, Honorary Secretary, R. Durlley, G. Sims, J. Coman, J. Harding, R. Salisbury, P. Parker, J. Wade, Dr. Aldom, and D. Plant.

The meeting was opened with prayer.

The minutes were read and confirmed.

The proposed special meeting at Brother Ingle's was countermanded.

The monthly abstract showed receipts from branches, £2131 2s. 6d.; payments to branches, £2077 17s. 3d. The total balances in hand were £97 3s. 3d. Two members and one wife had died in the month, and there were 111 annuitants and 68 sick.

The following bills were ordered to be paid:

Printing, &c.	£	s.	d.
To publication account	5	6	6
for magazines given			
away	6	1	6
Do. for use of sixty-eight pages of magazines, in the year 1870,			
for notices and advertisements at cost price	27	4	0

Brother Parker presented the balance

sheet of the magazine, which was examined and approved.

An applicant for membership had his entrance fee fixed at ten guineas.

Brother A. R—, of C—, aged 71, who is called the father of the local preachers in his circuit, applied for help. He has been ill, totally laid aside, for half a year; has a wife, but no children, nor any income whatever. Ordered, that he be placed on the annuitant list, at four shillings per week.

Spitalfields.—Brother Gully was requested to take charge of this branch as Secretary, and Brother Salisbury as Treasurer.

Todmorden.—Letter read from this place suggesting the holding of a public meeting there, in connection with the annual meeting. Resolved, that such meeting be held if found practicable.

Norwich.—Letter read respecting the holding of a meeting in this city. The president was requested to lend his assistance to this proposed meeting.

Cornwall.—Letter read from Brother Jameson, who, with Brother Bowron, had gone on a deputation tour into this county. The latter having returned home, Brother Jameson was prosecuting the work with success in the towns of the far west.

The Treasurer stated that he had been officially informed that a small legacy, left us by our late Brother B. Banks, would shortly be paid.

ANNUAL MEETING.—Letter read from Brother Aldersley, reporting progress in the arrangements at Keighley, and towns in the neighbourhood. The committee were glad to learn that everything was progressing satisfactorily, and that the representatives were likely to be received with true Yorkshire welcome.

The committee directed the secretary to inform Brother Aldersley that it would be desirable to hold meetings as follows, viz.: at Bradford, Haworth, and Todmorden, on Tuesday evening; and at Congleton on Wednesday.

Some nominations for committee were received. Brother Coman was appointed to assist the secretary at the annual meeting.

The officers were empowered to settle any business that might arise respecting the annual meeting.

The meeting was closed with prayer.

DEATHS.

March 31, 1871. Richard Umpleby, of Ripon, aged 63. He had been a local preacher forty-seven years, and died in peace. No claim.

April 15, 1871. Ann, the beloved wife of Brother T. Newcombe, Sen., of Middlesboro' on Tees, aged 77. In great peace. Claim £3.

April 29, 1871. George Greenhill, of Rugby Branch, aged 78. His language was all praise until too weak to articulate. Claim £6.

CASH RECEIVED BY THE GENERAL TREASURER TO MAY 15, 1871.

	Free Subscriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>Brighton</i>		0 12 0
<i>Wakefield</i> —Bro. Neild, hm. qrlly, 5s; Brother Grace, hm, 1 qr. 5s	0 10 0	1 13 0
<i>Frome</i> —Miss Tuck (Frome), don. 5s; Mr. E. Rex (Upton Noble), don. 10s	0 15 0	1 7 0
<i>Chatteris</i> —Bro. Cheney, hm.	2 2 0	1 10 0
<i>Isle of Wight</i>		0 18 0
<i>Lancaster</i> —Mr. James Bibby, hm. (Conder Mill)	1 1 0	2 17 0
<i>Swindon</i>		1 4 0
<i>Shepton Mallet</i> —Mr. W. Haine, don. 10s; Mr. Francis Burgess, do. 2s	0 12 0	
<i>Hexham</i>		0 15 0
<i>Evesham</i> —Mr. Jacob Rice, hm. £1 1s; Collecting Box, per Bro. J. Smith, 4s 6d; Mr. J. S. Meakins, hc. 10s 6d; Mrs. Malins, Evesham, 5s; Mr. J. Shrop, do. 2s 6d; Mr. S. J. B. Neal, 2s; Mr. A. Major, do. 2s; Mrs Hughes, do. 1s	2 8 6	1 16 0

	Free Subscriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>Bridport</i>		0 15 0
<i>Halifax</i>		3 9 0
<i>Forest of Dean</i>		1 19 0
<i>Daventry</i> —Donation from a Friend	0 2 0	1 7 0
<i>Sherburne</i>		1 1 0
<i>Devizes</i>		1 10 0
<i>Donnham</i> —Mr. James Scott, hm. £1 1s; Mr. W. Bennett, Sen., hm. £1 1s; Mr. J. L. Bennett, hm. qrlly. 5s 3d; Mrs. Elizabeth Cordue Smith, hc. 10s	2 17 3	2 17 0
<i>Bromsgrove</i> —Mrs. Rogers, don, 5s	0 5 0	1 1 0
<i>York</i> —Mr. Creaser, hm. £1 1s; W. Leak, Esq. hc. 10s 6d; Mr. Whitwell, 10s 6d; Mrs. Taylor, per Bro. Webster, 10s	2 12 0	2 14 0
<i>High Wycombe</i> —Bro. Hussey, hm.	1 1 0	2 6 0
<i>Southport</i>		0 9 0
<i>St. Ives</i>		2 10 0
<i>Northampton 1st</i>		3 4 0
<i>Nottingham</i>		1 16 0
<i>Southwark</i> —Mr. S. Hobill, hm. £1 1s; Mr. W. Raxworthy, hm. £1 1s, per Bro. Parker; H. W. Bigby, Esq. hm. £1 1s, per Bro. Coman	3 3 0	1 10 0
<i>Norwich</i> —Thos. Bugden, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Jonathan Buckingham, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Walter Bennett, Esq. hm. £1 1s; J. B. Allen, Esq. hm. £1 1s; B. Cullen, Esq. hm. £1 1s; C. H. Buck, Esq. hm. £1 1s; B. Holmes, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mrs. J. W. Dowson, hm. £1 1s; W. Wicks, Esq. £1; Mr. Jno. Vassay, hc. 10s 6d; Edward Bennett, Esq. hc. 10s 6d; C. Franklin, Esq. hc. 10s 6d; J. Parkes, Esq. hc. 10s; Mrs. Wade, 10s 6d; Miss Quartrell, 10s 6d; Mr. T. Thurston, 5s; small sums, per Bro. Cullen, 6s	13 1 6	9 3 0
<i>Aylesbury</i>		0 18 0
<i>Sonery Bridge</i>		1 1 0
<i>Shipley</i> —Mrs. Cockshott, 2s 6d; Miss Clapham, 1s; Mr. G. Hargreaves, 10s; Mr. B. Crabtree, 5s; Rev. R. Cooke, 2s 6d; Rev. A. B. Gardiner, 5s; Mr. Geo. Bishop, 2s; Mr. John Stevenson, 2s 6d; Mr. James Goldsboro', 1s; Mr. James Jackson, 1s; less 1s—£1 11s 6d, per Bro. Dawson; Mr. John Gaskell, 10s; Mr. John Denby, 2s 6d; Mr. B. Rycroft, 1s; Mr. W. Ambler, 2s 6d—16s; per Brother Sanctuary	2 7 6	1 13 0
<i>Stourbridge</i>		1 13 0
<i>Oxford</i>		3 19 0
<i>Fulkestone</i>		0 18 0
<i>Stockton</i>		0 9 0
<i>Settle</i>		0 12 0
<i>Holt</i>		0 3 0
<i>Stroud</i> —A thank-offering for Bro. Cumley	0 2 6	0 3 0
<i>Southampton</i>		1 9 6
<i>Hereford</i>		2 2 0
<i>Oldham</i>		4 17 6
<i>Newcastle-upon-Tyne</i>		3 4 0
<i>Runcorn</i> —Thomas Hazlehurst, Esq. 10s; Mr. Henry Lowe, 10s; Mr. J. O. Jackson, 10s; Mrs. W. W. Brundritt, 10s; Mr. John Hughes, 2s 6d; Mr. Jos. Williams, 2s 6d; Mr. James Gregory, 2s 6d; Mr. Timothy Simster, 2s 6d; Mr. Thomas Norman, 2s 6d; Mr. James Lewis, 2s 6d; Mrs. Eliza Turner, 2s 6d; per Bro. A. Leach	2 17 6	1 1 0
<i>Leeds</i> —Mr. John Carr, in memory of his late Father, Mr. Josiah Carr, £1 1s; Mr. Councillor Marsden, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Thos. Ibbitson, hm. £1; Mr. Jno. Turton, hc. 10s; Mr. C. Ellison, hc. 10s; Messrs. J. G. and T. Heaps, 10s; Mr. Thos. Fentiman, 5s; Miss Greaves, 5s; Mr. W. Ibbitson, 5s; per Bro. J. Cheetham	5 7 0	
<i>Louth</i> —Mr. Morton, qrlly. 3s; Mr. H. D. Simpson, do. 2s 6d	0 5 6	4 15 6
<i>Taunton</i>		0 6 0

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>Ripon</i> —Mrs Walker, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Almack, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Knowles, hc. 10s 6d	2 12 6	2 15 0
<i>Derby</i> —Mr. Beswick, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Ratcliff, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Margaret Houlst, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Jackson, 5s; Mrs. Stanesby, hc. 10s; Mr. and Mrs. Banister, 5s; Proceeds of Tea and Public Meeting, £3 10s	7 13 0	2 17 6 0 9 0
<i>Chepstow</i>		
<i>Pontefract</i> —W. Nelstrop, Esq. ann. £5 5s; John Croysdale, Esq. hm. £1 1s; John Hinchliffe, Esq. hm. £1 1s; David Briggs, Esq. hm. £1 1s; George Stones, Esq. hm. £1 1s; L. Reynolds, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Joseph Shillito, Esq. 10s; Edward Smith, Esq. 10s; T. N. Marr, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Joseph Nelstrop, Esq. hm. £2 2s	15 5 0	2 8 0
<i>Ashton-under-Lyne</i> —J. Wood, Esq. hm.	1 1 0	3 6 0
<i>Glossop</i> —Mr. J. Clayton, qrlly.... ..	0 3 0	0 12 0
<i>Tomcester</i>		2 2 3
<i>Wath</i>		1 12 0
<i>Kington</i>		0 9 0
<i>Bristol</i> —R. M. S. Esq. 8s; J. H. Esq. 2s 6d; per Brother Maynard, for the poor Old Hundred	0 10 6	
<i>Tadcaster</i>		1 4 0
<i>Walsall</i> —Mr. J. Rushbrooke, hm. £1; Mr. W. Cartwright, hc. 10s	1 10 0	1 7 0
<i>Bingley and Cullingworth</i> —Mr. P. Clapham, hm.	1 1 0	1 1 0
<i>Snaffham</i> —Mr. J. Love, hm. £1 1s; Mr. B. Hardy, hm. £1 1s; collected by Miss Miles, 5s; Bro. Stacey, 2s 6d	2 9 6	4 9 9 4 16 0
<i>Belper</i>		0 9 0
<i>Rugby</i>		1 13 0
<i>Coventry</i>		
<i>Croydon</i> —Mr. J. Wade, hm. £1 1s; E. Creswell, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Eliza Hill (Sutton), 42nd don. for the old Local Preachers, 5s 6d	2 7 6	
<i>Deptford and Woolwich</i> —Capt. Manning (Lewisham), hm. £1 1s; per Bro. Wade	1 1 0	
<i>Alston</i> —Mr. T. Mellican, hm.	1 1 0	0 18 0
<i>Manchester</i> —Mr. Rd. Haworth, hm. £1 1s; Mr. R. Twem- low, hm. £1 1s; Mr. J. Constantine, hm. £1; Mr. C. Bes- wick, hc. 10s 6d; Mr. Robt. Lomas, hc. 10s; Mr. J. Har- greaves, hc. 10s; Mr. John Parker, ann. 5s; Mr. Samuel Yarwood, do. 5s; Mr. George Grundy, do. 5s; Mr. John Moss, do. 2s 6d; Mr. Thomas Bright, 2s 6d; Mr. James Moss, 5s; Mr. W. Burd, don. 5s; Mr. Duncan, do. 5s; Mr. D. Mayor, do. 3s 6d	6 11 0	
<i>Lincoln</i>		0 15 0
<i>Brackley</i> —R. Carter, Esq. ann.	5 5 0	6 6 0
<i>Brigg</i>		0 15 0
<i>Cromford</i>		3 12 0
<i>Bath</i> —Rev. Mr. Cheesewright, 10s; collection at Twerton, 16s <i>Bradford</i>	1 6 0	1 16 0 2 0 6
<i>Hinde Street</i> —Mrs. Shepherd, 10s; Right Hon. Holt Mac- kenzie, £5; collected by Mrs. Sims, £1 12s; per Bro. Sims <i>St. Helen's</i> —Mr. Benyon, Park Road, St. Helen's, 10s; Mr. Finch, St. Helen's, 5s; Dr. McNicoll, do. 10s; Mr. Wood, Haydock, 5s; Mr. R. Foster, Burton Wood, 5s; Mr. Kil- shaw, do. 5s; Mr. J. Foster, do. 1s; Mr. Makin, do. 2s; Mr. Thos. Molyneux, Whistow, 10s; Mr. Thos. Lea, do. 10s; less 3s 6d	7 2 0	11 10 0
<i>Widnes</i> —Mr. Peter Glover, hm. £1 1s; Mr. J. Brown, Lugs- dale Road, do. £1 1s; Collection after Meeting, £1 9s; Mr. John Houghton, 2s 6d; less expenses, &c. £1 6s	2 19 6	3 4 6
<i>Spitalfields (Bow)</i> —Collection at Devon's Road Free Methodist Chapel, £3 12s; D. Annan, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mr. R. Facey, don. 2s 6d; Mr. T. Gibbons, do. 2s 6d; Mr. C. Gapp, Limehouse, 2s 6d; Mr. T. Day, Bow, 2s 6d; Mr.	2 7 6	3 7 6

	Free Subscriptions.	Benefit Members.
H. Brook, 2s; Mr. T. Buffham, 2s 6d; less 7s 6d; per Bro. Buffham	5 0 0	
<i>Windsor</i> —Mr. Chamberlain, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Milsom, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Fear, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Moyse, 12s; Mr. Seymour, 12s—£4 7s; per Hon. Sec. Mr. W. M. Nash, hm. £1 1s; per Bro. Parker	5 8 0	0 12 0
<i>Gloucester</i>		2 2 0
<i>Penzance</i>		1 4 0
<i>Barnsley</i> —Mr. J. Wade 2nd, hm.	1 1 0	0 14 0
<i>Rochester</i> —Mr. Moore, Farningham, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Moore, do. £1 1s; Mr. Bartholemew, hm. £1 1s; Mr. J. Crookford, hm. £1 1s; Mr. J. L. Elvey, hm. £1; Mr. J. L. Edwards, 10s. Collections as under: Bartholemew's Free Church, £1 17s 6d; Star Hill, 19s 6d; Frindsbury, £1 1s; Gillingham, 6s 6d; Ordnance Place, 13s 1½d; New Brompton, £1 3s; Rainham, 3s 10d; Hoo, 5s 7½d; Upper Rainham, 3s; Collection at Tea Meeting, 9s 6½d; Proceeds of Tea Meeting, 16s; less expenses	12 16 1	5 4 6
<i>Thame</i> —Profits of Tea at Haddenham, 5s; Collection after do. £3 5s	3 10 0	
<i>Keighley</i> —Mr. J. Dimsdale, hm. qrlly.	0 5 3	1 16 0
<i>Hinckley</i> —Mrs. C. C. Hurst, don.	0 5 0	2 0 0
<i>Garstang</i> —Mr. Fisher, Pilling, don. 5s; a Friend, Catteral Lane, 5s; Mr. Green, do. 5s; less 2s	0 13 0	1 10 0
<i>Islington, &c.</i> —S. D. Waddy, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Dr. Aldom, hm. per Hon. Sec. £1 1s	2 2 0	
<i>Melton Mowbray</i>		0 12 0
<i>Ilkeston</i>		2 16 6
<i>Huddersfield 1st</i> —Mr. Thomas Crossland, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Robt. Butterworth, hc. 10s; Mr. B. Hey, don. 5s; Penny Preaching, as under: Lindley, March 13th, 1s 2d; Lockwood, March 19th, 8s 2d; Sheepridge, April 16th, 5s 2d; per Bro. Pogson	2 10 6	0 15 0
<i>Wellingborough</i> —W. O. Blott, Esq. hm. £1 1s; A. Blott, Esq. do. £1 1s; H. Blott, Esq. do. £1 1s; J. Blott, Esq. do. £1 1s; N. E. Blott, Esq. do. £1 1s; Public Collection, £9; profits of Tea Meeting, £3	17 5 0	0 12 0
<i>Sheffield</i> —Collected by Mrs. Unwin: Miss Harrison, hm. £1; Mr. John Tasker, hm. £1 1s; Mr. John Unwin, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Unwin, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Jos. Wilson, 10s; Mr. Alfred Brookes, 5s; Mr. E. Birks, 5s—£5 3s. Collected by Mr. G. W. Sharman: Mr. Abm. Sharman, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Abm. Sharman, do. £1 1s; In memory of the late Mr. John Sharman, £1 1s; Mrs. John Sharman, hm. £1 1s; Mr. C. Wardlow, do. £1 1s; Mr. G. W. Travis, do. £1 1s; Mr. W. B. Sellars, do. £1 1s; Mr. J. Wragg, do. £1 1s; Mr. Alfred Sharman, do. £1 1s; Mr. G. W. Sharman, do. £1 1s; Mr. J. H. Sharman, do. £1 1s; Mr. and Mrs. Ford, 10s 6d; Mr. W. Batt, do. 10s 6d; Mr. J. Aizlewood, do. 10s; a Friend, do. 10s; Mr. Josh. Chapman, 10s; Mr. Thomas Garfitt, 10s; Mr. G. S. Lee, 10s; Mr. H. Allcard, 10s; Mr. Jabez Sharman, 10s; Mr. Jos. Knott, 10s; Mr. G. Wilkinson, 5s; Mr. Jos. Sharp, 5s; Mr. R. Wheen, 5s; Mr. J. Roberts, 5s; Mr. Brown, 5s; Mr. R. Elliott don. 5s; Mr. Walton, 5s; Mr. G. Travis, 5s; Mr. Starr, 2s 6d; Mr. A. Craven, 2s 6d; Mr. G. Woodhend, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Clarke, 2s 6d; small sums, 4s—£19 6s	24 9 0	
<i>Bristol</i> —Mr. S. W. Underwood, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Coates, hm. £1 1s; less 2s	2 0 0	3 6 0
<i>Stafford</i> —Mr. R. Snape, 12s; Miss Fraser, 10s 6d; Miss Smith, 5s; Mr. Austin, 5s; Mr. Goodall, 2s 6d; Mr. John Wynne, 2s 6d	1 17 6	1 3 6
	£183 10 1	169 10 0

Original Essays.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT: WILL IT BE ETERNAL?—No. 2.

III.—TESTIMONY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

SPEAKING in this chapter of “the original conception of *Death*,” the author says, “It did not mean life spent in pain, but the loss of the life which God first gave to man in Eden.” He adds, “Such was man’s primitive idea of death. Such was the universal idea formed of it wherever man lived and died.”

Now, let us not forget what God threatened as the penalty of disobedience. “Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.” (Gen. ii. 17.) Well, what happened? Adam *did* eat of the tree which God had forbidden to him. Did he in that day die, in the sense that our author contends for? He did not. Did he in any sense die? He did. He lost holiness; he lost fellowship with God;—for he tried to hide himself from Him among the trees of the garden on hearing His voice; and he lost happiness. In these respects he died;—but, as to *animal* life he did not die, although he became mortal—liable and certain at some time to die. He lived 930 years, and then, like the lower animals, died. Now, if there was a sense, or if there were more senses than one, in which Adam died,—according to God’s threatening,—“in the day” that he sinned, it follows that those Christians must be right who hold that there is a “‘*Condition of being*’ or *existence*, which is properly called death;” and that the author’s tirade against it is but so much dust, either intentionally or unconsciously raised to darken truth and to beguile the unwary. In the day that Adam would dare to sin he should die. Death was the penalty of transgression. He did sin. He did die. Yet as an animal and as a rational being, and with the possibility of a yet higher life, he continued to live for more than nine centuries. The penalty of death must therefore include more than the decease of the body, and something different from the extinction of being.

Half a dozen Hebrew verbs are adduced by the author to establish the allegation following: “By every expression in the Hebrew language significant of loss of life, loss of existence, the resolution of organised substance into its original parts, its reduction to that condition in which it is as though it had never been called into being,—by every such expression does the Old Testament describe the end of the ungodly.” What does he mean by “the end of the ungodly”? Every ordinary reader will understand him to mean their *final* end,—that end which has no following of either soul or body. Is that his meaning? If it is, then we say that it requires no skill in Hebrew to see that his theory, in combination with his eagerness to give it currency, as is the common fact with eager advo-

cates of a theory, has ensnared his understanding. He has cut out a number of phrases from a crowd of texts in support of his assertion, and then presented the Hebrew roots and their signification as the foundation on which he builds. Let us look at his texts in detail, first taking those that speak about death.

Psalms vii. 13. "He hath prepared for him (*the wicked person*) the instruments of death." This is part of a figurative description of the punishment with which God visits the wicked in the present world; as is evident from the context, which describes the retribution that overtakes the wicked by the recoiling of his evil deeds upon himself, when aimed against the righteous. Such retribution is one of the fixed laws of justice in the providential administration of the moral government of the world. Read the fifteenth and sixteenth verses:—"He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."

Proverbs viii. 36: xi. 4: "They that hate me love death." "Righteousness delivereth from death."

Ezekiel iii. 18; xviii. 18; xxxiii. 8: "When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die;" &c. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "O wicked man, thou shalt surely die." These texts are adduced as referring "to future punishment." Suppose they do, where is there any proof that the death threatened is extinction of being, or annihilation? A hundred such texts may be quoted in vain for that purpose. But we have to look at the next class of texts.

Isaiah i. 28. "The destruction of the transgressors and of the sinners shall be together, and they that forsake the Lord shall be consumed." This text is part of a prediction of the purging of the Jewish people, and especially the inhabitants of Jerusalem, from their idolatries; and of their rulers also from the perverting of justice. It describes a complete revolution in political and religious matters, and does not refer to the final punishment of men in the future state.

Isaiah lxvi. 16. "By fire and by His sword will the LORD plead with all flesh: and the slain of the LORD shall be many." The history of the world is a commentary upon this text; for it is written in blood and fire. The late war, and the numerous wars of our own times, are a part of its fulfilment.

The concluding verse of the chapter (24), which closes the book of *Isaiah's* prophecies, is quoted in part, not wholly. "They shall go forth and look upon the carcasses of the men that have sinned;" so our author quotes. Our version reads: "transgressed against me." He omits the following: "for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched: and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh." He takes up this language, however, in another part of the pamphlet, and does the best he can to neutralise its force. No sound critic will deny that the

language is highly figurative. As used by the prophet it seems to relate to a state of things in *this* world, not to the world to come: for he says in the preceding verse: "And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the LORD." The use made of it by our Lord is another matter, to be considered in its proper place.

Jeremiah xii. 3. "Pull them out like sheep for the slaughter, and prepare them for the day of slaughter." This is an appeal to God, by the prophet, against the wicked, who, in his day, abounded and were rampant. It has no direct reference to the punishment of the wicked in the future world. As in many other cases, so in this, it may be applied by way of accommodation, to the final punishment of the ungodly; but only by way of accommodation.

Psalms xxviii. 5. "He shall destroy them (*the wicked*, v. 3), and not build them up." That is, instead of being built up into families, a well known Hebrew idea, they shall die out, leaving no posterity.

Psalms xxxvii. 20. "The wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the LORD shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away." This psalm is a series of comparisons and contrasts. Let us take the preceding verse (nineteenth) as the key of the meaning of the twentieth. "They (*the upright*) shall not be ashamed in the evil time (*time of public calamity*): and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied." Then follow the contrasts, "But the wicked shall perish," &c., as above. The references are evidently to the occurrences of time, not to those of eternity.

Psalms lxxiii. 27. "They that are far from thee shall perish: thou hast destroyed all them that go a whoring from thee."

Psalms xxxvii. 38. "The end of the wicked shall be cut off."

Psalms lii. 5. "God shall destroy thee (*the "deceitful tongue"*) for ever; He shall take thee away, and pluck thee out of *thy* dwelling place, and root thee out of the land of the living."

Psalms lxix. 28. "Let them be blotted out of the book of the living, and not be written with the righteous."

Job xxvii. 19. "He openeth his eyes, and he is not." Who is this? "The rich man," such as Job had been, but such as he no longer was. The description of him attributes to him a vehement desire to "flee out of the hand" of God. So there is no extinction of being. Let any reader of the Scriptures consider these texts together with their contexts, and then say whether the learned Prebendary has not shown more vehemence than wisdom in presenting them as testifying to his favourite theory of the future extinction of the ungodly in the world to come.

The Hebrew roots brought forward by the learned author, and explained by him "for the benefit of the English reader," are entitled to respectful and reverent consideration. "One of the most common of these," signifying, as we are informed, '*perish*,' is Abad (אָבַד). Examples are given of

the use of this verb in the sense assigned to it. "Heshbon is perished:" "The whole house of Ahab shall perish;" "His remembrance shall perish from the earth;" "If I perish, I perish." In many instances the English verb *to destroy* is used by our translators to represent this Hebrew word. "Knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed?" (Ex. x. 7.) Yet the plagues of locusts, and of darkness, and the death of the firstborn had to follow before Israel could escape from the iron grasp of Pharaoh, her king. Sometimes the word is used in the sense of *strayed*, or *lost*; as "I have gone astray like a *lost* sheep: seek thy servant." (Ps. cxix. 176.) "In like manner shalt thou do . . . with all lost thing of thy brother's, which *he hath lost*, and thou hast found." The same idea is expressed in Deut. xxxii. 28. "A nation *void of* (אָרֶר) understanding." In Eccl. vii. 7, the word evidently bears the sense of *pervert*, or some such idea. "A gift destroyeth the heart." That is, a *bribe*,—for that is the meaning of the word "gift,"—perverts, or undermines moral principle.

The next word given is Hâras (הָרַס). Three texts are referred to as yielding the meaning of this word: "Throw down the altar of Baal;" "The Lord . . . hath thrown down in His wrath the strongholds of the daughters of Judah;" "I will break down the wall that ye have daubed with untempered *mortar*." It bears the sense of *to demolish*, *break through*, *break in*. "Lest *they break through* unto the LORD to gaze." (Exod. xix. 21, 24.) In Exod. xxiii. 24, it is rendered "*overthrow*;" and in Ps. lviii. 7, it is applied metaphorically to the work of disarming and disabling the wicked,—"*Break their teeth*."

Tsâmath (or *tzâmath*, צָמַת) is the third in the list of Hebrew words. Its meaning is, *To cut off*, *to destroy*. Our author says, "It is used in the sense of utterly cutting off and destroying from a place." His examples of that meaning are these: "*They that would destroy me*, being my enemies wrongfully." Literally, *my destroyers*, or *cutters off*. "Whoso privily slandereth his neighbour, him *will I cut off*." "*I will early destroy* all the wicked of the land." The meaning of these texts evidently is a *cutting off* from fellowship; a *cutting off* from either civil or religious privileges; but not extermination. The following are other examples of the use of the word. "My zeal *hath consumed me*" (Ps. cxix. 139): Why? "Because mine enemies have forgotten Thy words." "Thy terrors *have cut me off*." (Ps. lxxxviii. 16.) Cut off from what? From active, joyous life, and from social fellowship. Read the psalm, and that will show the meaning. "*They have cut off my life in the dungeon, and cast a stone upon me*." (Lam. iii. 53.) They had shortened his days by bitter persecution, and cut him off from all human fellowship. Nouns formed from this root bear the sense of *alienated*, as property sold out and out. "The land shall not be sold *for ever* (or by total alienation): for the land is mine." But the house in a walled city, having been mortgaged, if not redeemed within a full year, should be established *for ever* (be alto-

gether *alienated* from him who had possessed it) "to him that bought it, throughout his generations." It was to be a *cut off*, or *alienated* possession, transferred from the mortgagor to the mortgagee.

The fourth word of the list is Shamad (שָׁמַד), which our author says, is "significant of utter extinction;" and he is undoubtedly right. Here are the instances he gives of its use: "How shall we do for wives for them that remain, seeing the women *are destroyed* out of Benjamin?" No doubt the women had been killed, as well as the men of Benjamin, in that great battle. "Take heed to thyself that thou be not snared by following them (the idolatrous nations of Canaan) after that *they be destroyed* from before thee." "Moab *shall be destroyed* from being a people."

Káráth (כָּרַת). The meaning of this word, as given by the lexicons, is, To cut or chop off, to hew down, to root out, cut up, cut off by death. The author refers to its use in one of its forms, carrying both an active and a passive sense, in such cases as the loss of truth from the lips of an untruthful and wicked people, the discontinuance of the use of weapons and appliances of war by the establishment of a reign of peace, the cutting off of nearly the whole human race by the flood, and the excision of an Israelite from the services of the sanctuary. In the latter example the author speaks of it as the taking of "the life of an offender against the law of Moses." We do not believe this to be the meaning of Exod. xxx. 33; at least we deem it to be questionable, because the same verb, with the same meaning as here, is used in Gen. xvii. 14, centuries before the giving of the law, at the institution of the rite of circumcision in the person and household of Abraham. "And the uncircumcised man-child, whose flesh of his foreskin is not circumcised, that soul (or *person*) shall be cut off from his people; he hath broken my covenant." Will any one say that any person among Abraham's posterity was put to death for not being circumcised? On the contrary, we learn from the fifth chapter of the book of Joshua, that the rite was neglected during the whole period between the going of Israel out of Egypt and their entering the promised land,—over forty years. The neglected rite was observed as soon as they had established a position in Canaan; for all the males born in the previous interval were circumcised. We come to the conclusion, therefore, that for any one *to be cut off* from a people, must mean *to be excommunicated*, rather than to be put to death.

The last word to be noticed here is Náthatz (נָתַץ). To break down, break in pieces. Our author presents it as "another word by which God threatens future destruction;" and he says, "In matters of this life it indicates destruction of an utter kind." Well, what are the "matters of this life" to which he refers? They are these: the breaking down of a house infested with inveterate leprosy, the breaking down of an idolatrous temple, and the breaking down of idolatrous altars. The word is used in reference to houses, walls, towers, cities, pillars, rocks, altars; to an oven; to teeth; and to persons. But no example of its application to man's destruction is

adduced. And we now ask where are the examples of the use of any of these words to express the punishment of eternity or the future state? Not one example is given; and we challenge any man to produce one.

This Prebendary of the Irish Episcopal Church, however, is marvelously bold. He scruples not to say, "By every unambiguous term the Old Testament has pointed out the punishment of the wicked as consisting, not in life, but in the loss of life,—not in their continuance in that organised form which constitutes man, but in its dissolution, its resolution into its original parts, its becoming as though it had never been called into existence; . . . a death which knows of no awaking for ever and ever. Such is the testimony of the Old Testament." Is this true? The learned Prebendary has not proved its truth. He has proved the ordinary meaning of the term "death," and of six Hebrew verbs. He has not proved that any of those words have not other than their *ordinary* meanings. Neither has he proved that the meanings he assigns to them, when applied to human beings, have reference to the *spiritual* part of man's nature. He *ought* to have proved these points before allowing himself to be so confident. Had he forgotten the "resurrection of the just and of the unjust," which he elsewhere admits? Had he forgotten the Holy Spirit's declaration in Daniel xii. 2, that of those who "sleep in the dust of the earth," some should "awake to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt?" Are the lost to be raised from the dead, merely to be reduced to a second dissolution? or, Is their natural death, "a death which knows of no awaking for ever and ever?"

Then as to the soul, is it a compound of parts or of elements? Is it an organised substance? If it is, then it is but refined matter, and not spirit. But we believe it to be spirit; not matter: therefore, a *living* substance, and destined to survive the dissolved body. We believe, also, that the difference between the life and the death that are eternal, is not that which is between being and non-being, or life and not life, but that which is between blissful existence and miserable existence.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN GLASSEY,

LOCAL PREACHER AND CLASS LEADER, OF LIVERPOOL.

MR. JOHN GLASSEY, the subject of the present sketch, was long known and esteemed in the Brunswick Circuit, Liverpool, as a local preacher and class leader. His history was chequered with many a care and privation, which was happily relieved by his patient, uncomplaining trustfulness, and a recurrence of marked providences. After a career of growing usefulness, during which he won the respect and love of all who

knew him, besides sowing with rich success the seed of living truth in his Master's fields, he ripened for eternity, and was garnered in on February 19th, 1871, at the age of fifty-one years. His history commends itself to the reader by virtue of his exemplary deportment, his quiet but fruitful labours, the signal interpositions of Providence on his behalf, and his peaceful death-bed.

Mr. Glassey was born at Hough, near Prees Green, Shropshire, in 1820. He received a thoroughly Christian training, his parents being pious people, and anxious to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." But it was not until he had nearly reached manhood that he experienced the "washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Spirit." He was serving his apprenticeship with a confectioner and fancy baker at Market Drayton, and was in the habit of visiting his parents every week's end. During these weekly visits his mother, an excellent woman, and a member of the Wesleyan body, was wont to question him as to whether he had yet found peace, and to exhort him earnestly and affectionately to persevere till God should bestow the spirit of adoption. At the same time he was sitting under the ministry of the Rev. Levi Waterhouse, and between these two agencies, the faithful admonitions of his pastor, and the kindly exhortations of his sainted mother, the Spirit strove mightily with the lad, and he followed on to know the Lord. It was one evening after a powerful sermon that he was aroused to decision, and engaged in a Jacob-like wrestling with God, out in a secluded spot in the country, and there the peace of reconciliation was whispered to his heart, and he leapt up a new man in Christ.

Great was the joy of his mother when her regenerate son hastened home to tell the tidings of the salvation she had been so long praying for with earnest expectation. And now, folded in the fellowship of the Church of Christ, young Glassey exercised and developed his spiritual gifts, rising up the scale of gospel labour as Sunday-school teacher, class leader, and local preacher, with assiduity and success.

With Mr. Glassey's marriage and entrance into business an era opened in his history, marked alike by the most unlooked for reverses and painful privations, and the most remarkable interpositions of Providence and memorable deliverances. He had removed to Liverpool, and commenced business as a baker. On one occasion, when thrown upon the contingencies of labour, and his means of obtaining a livelihood seemed almost irrecoverably gone, relief came from an altogether unexpected and seemingly impossible quarter. Though he studiously concealed his affairs, resolved to brave the trial out rather than evoke sympathy by publishing his privations, an inkling of it reached an old man, who incidentally mentioned the matter in a certain class-meeting where Mr. Glassey was personally unknown. The leader, however, though knowing nothing of the family, was moved with commiseration; and after the class separated, found himself unable to dismiss the subject from his mind, so much so that he shed

tears, and with difficulty could be prevailed upon to take any tea. He resolved in his heart to seek out the distressed family; and accordingly, set out, accompanied by his wife, though without any information as to the locality where the object of his sympathy lived, but impelled simply by a sort of uneasy instinct. Following the promptings of this unaccountable impression, he was guided to the very door of the house, although he had not even inquired the name of the street, and there he was enabled to render that succour to his Christian brother to whom God had so providentially directed him.

On another occasion, when similarly circumstanced, one evening a rap was heard at the door, but as footsteps were heard hurrying away, no notice was taken of it. In the morning, however, a neighbour called in to inform them that when passing the house late on the previous night, he noticed two large loaves placed against the door, so that any one opening the door would cause them to fall inside Mr. Glassey's house. There was also a strange dog sitting watching the loaves, but nothing to indicate by whom they had been deposited there. He had therefore taken the loaves into his own house till morning, when he restored them to the family whose wants they had been brought so providentially to supply.

At another period of distress, a person called at the house and left a parcel, which was found to contain a large loaf, a few shillings, and a card, on which was written, "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." As in the preceding case, the name of the donor remained unknown till the day of his death: but the card was carefully preserved, and pinned inside the family Bible, as a memento of Divinely-ordered help in time of need.

After these years of struggling and privation, a more prosperous season came, and he was enabled in his latter days to devote himself to duties connected with the Church of Christ, with a mind free from crushing burdens and carking cares, and for some years before his decease he was esteemed an unremitting and invaluable worker in the vineyard. But it was during the last eighteen months of his life that he evidenced in a remarkable manner the spirituality of his mind, and the absorption of his thoughts in the consideration of eternal things. For a long time previous to his decease his thoughts turned wholly upon death. The subject was ever uppermost in his mind. Sacred premonitions seemed to gather solemnly upon his soul. He spoke of it in the class meeting. It formed the theme of his sermons. He had a constitutional dread of death. He shrank from the thought of the grave. Though his faith never wavered, and he was confident that dying grace would be imparted, yet he anticipated an arduous struggle at the last. And as months wore on, the impression of eternal things grew deeper in his soul, and his preparation for a future state became busier and more absorbing. With his temperamental fear of death, he studied like a Christian philosopher to adjust his faith in the assurance of the Gospel, that he might be able to meet it with

holy intrepidity and composure. As he used to express it, he was a traveller to a distant land, and he wanted to be always packed up and ready to depart. An impression that his time on earth was short, impelled him to husband carefully the passing moments; and he counted each one with a prayer, as the Romanist counts his beads.

It was about the beginning of February that the disease which resulted in his death assumed a serious form. When confined to the house he felt keenly the suspension of his active labours, yet strove to submit with meekness. During the progress of the malady he suffered incessant and excruciating pain. He became unable either to sleep or to take any rest. His nights were spent in pacing the floor of his chamber, whilst he frequently called out aloud with agony. A fortnight's suffering reduced him to such a degree of weakness that he could no longer rise from his bed. His appetite failed him, and he was only sustained by stimulants. An internal abscess having developed itself, he was subjected to painful operations, in the hope of arresting the progress of the disease—but in vain, and he prepared himself to die. In the midst of all this pain and languor, it was his consolation to think that he had not now to seek religion on his death-bed. He testified to those who were permitted to stand by his bedside, that Christ was very precious to him in his extremity, and that he had a glorious hope of heaven. At one time he cried, "What would I do without my Jesus now!" His great suffering, however, left him but little leisure or strength for conversation; and in pursuance of the instructions of his medical attendant, few were allowed to enter his room. Under these circumstances, his verbal testimony in view of eternity was necessarily meagre. During the week prior to his departure, one or two dear old friends were privileged with a few words of conversation; and to them he spoke of the great peace that possessed his soul in the sure prospect of heaven. He had no fear of death now. The qualms incident to the flesh were stilled, and he rejoiced in the hope of glory. The day before he passed away his mind wandered much; but in a lucid interval he said to his weeping wife, "Sarah, Sarah! I have finished my work!" At night he lapsed into unconsciousness, in which state he remained till his change came. It was on Sunday, the 19th February, that his spirit was transferred to its home of rest. He had been insensible all the day. Dissolution was plainly foreshown in his countenance. His features were contorted with pain, of which he was happily unconscious, and he was breathing heavily. Just about a quarter past eight o'clock in the evening the weary life ebbed away. His face relaxed its distorted aspect. He spoke not, but a peaceful smile sunned his features, as he looked upwards to the opening heavens, and then his heart was still, and the conflict had ceased for ever.

As a local preacher he avoided dry and doctrinal disquisition, and selected texts which afforded room for play of fancy, and suggested thoughts and sentiments of a lively tenor; and his style was like his theme, sparkling,

homely, intense. Though his speech was tinged with provincialism, he possessed a natural eloquence of expression; and in the absence of learning, his matter evinced much originality and patient investigation. "The common people heard him gladly," and flocked to hear him preach or preside at a love-feast. His type of religion was not that of the "revivalist," when by that term is understood an enthusiastic preacher of the "terrors of the Lord." His spirit was calm, contemplative, subdued. He won souls to Jesus, rather than "compelled them to come in." He died with the harness on. His name stood on no less than four preaching plans, and he spared neither time, labour, nor money in the fulfilment of his pleasing duties.

As a class leader he was particularly happy. His genial, sociable disposition, together with his matured and varied experience, fitted him peculiarly for the work. As a counsellor he was more persuasive than penetrating, and adapted rather for soothing than searching. A grateful home feeling pervaded the meetings. It was tranquillising to the wearied spirit. He delighted to speak of the love of Christ. It was his continual theme. He spoke much of heaven, especially of its social and companionable aspect. There were many friends waiting to greet him there, and his spirit rejoiced in the prospect of meeting them all again where parting is unknown. And now he has gone to realise the celestial import of that verse he used to repeat with clasped hands,—

"We shall from Sodom flee,
When perfected in love,
And haste to better company,
Who wait for us above."

Narrative.

AMERICAN SKETCHES.—No. VII.

THE spirit of beauty has its laws; and one is, it ever seeks variety. Cut, as it were, into promontories, by wild and eccentric creeks, which drain the interior, the appearance of the Ohio hills is wild and picturesque; and they often rise into the respectability of mountains. Granite cliffs sometimes crop out, their sides shaggy with the grey moss of ages, filling the mind with the idea of Alpine sublimity, of mysterious caverns, hermitages, and the like. What a mysterious inspiration always hangs, like a Tabor vision, around the magnificence of mountain scenery! I cannot analyse it; but I feel it; and feel that it is a living entity, the soul of poetry. So have I often mused on the hill and mountain scenery of the Ohio. Mountains, however, are scarce; and while the hills push themselves out in every conceivable shape, they are covered from the water's edge to their summits with a luxuriant growth of vegetation. Of trees, the variety is great.

Here the sugar maple grows as it grows nowhere else ; its leaves in the autumn so beautifying our western forests. Here the white ash peers up in its grace ; the butter-nut, black walnut, and buck-eye bespeak the great fertility of the soil ; and the grape-vine spreads like a net-work over the tops of trees of different species, binding them into fraternal harmony. Thus, in the society of the vegetable kingdom, ever doth this parasite live, not to itself ; it receives from society, but returns to it an equivalent. The limbs which it burdens, it purples with its clusters, which it bears for all. Nature abhors a loafer, as much as she does a vacuum. We became attached to the hills of the Ohio, its cabin homes, nestling on the sides, and its little corn-fields turned up at an angle of forty-five degrees ; and yet yielding with an Egyptian luxuriance.

In this early day, when railroads were not thought of, man had no motive to produce a surplus, as markets were too remote. His highest aim was to bring the year *around* ; which simply meant that he raised enough to eat and drink. " I must raise corn enough to do me, and pork enough," said the farmer ; " and then, when the wintry blasts sweep over my cabin, and the soft and feathery snow steals silently down from the laden heavens, I can sit before my big buck-log, and watch my friendly fire, and feel that the wintry blast has no terror nor rebuke for me." But let no one suppose that this type of unprogressive life was doomed to scanty or unsavoury meals. I doubt whether the highest culinary art of more modern and cultured society has added any to the luxuries of the living. Here was the yellow butter, fresh from the churn ; and butter-milk far surpassing in richness the diluted milk of our city market. Here the warm Johnny-cake, and generous, smoking dodger, just from the skillet ; bacon fattened on yellow corn ; dried pumpkins, and a densely populated poultry-yard, beautiful to look upon. Perhaps it was the mode of life I have described which made me love them, as I am now sighing for a quiet obscurity in which to die. But perhaps there is a deeper reason why I love it. He whose counsels have been the cynosure of my life, and she who watched over my childhood, once so lived. The tiny corn-caille, and the rude and—when compared with North-western farming—the Lilliputian tenements, have magic charms for me. In my fevered dreams and prospective helplessness, imagination dwells upon such a quiet retreat, and at times I fancy myself the happy inmate of such a lowly home, where, remembered by few, besides Him who has already written my name in the book of life, I may die in quiet. I have been richly favoured with all the domestic comforts of modern progress ; and yet on the well-swept hearthstone and carpetless floor of such a home, the sun of my earthly bliss has shed its loveliest golden light, and sweetest violet hues. Home is a thing of the heart, and there is no place like it. Our sweetest conceptions of heaven are brought down to us under the idea of home. On earth, I never had but one home ; and that was my cabin home, with its little corn-field in the wilderness wood far away.

In *Rising Sun*, three of my rest days were to be spent. After a Sabbath of my usual failures, I resolved to atone for the meagre character of my pulpit ministrations, by an increase of pastoral faithfulness. I commenced on Monday morning visiting in good earnest. My attention was called by a brother to an interesting case. An emigrant family, just from England, in straitened circumstances (they had evidently known better days), on their way down the river, had been compelled to abandon their journey, in consequence of the increasing illness of their oldest and favourite son, in whose behalf the distant, transatlantic voyage had been undertaken. His mother had been reputed pious; but the dying boy was reputed taciturn on subjects pertaining to eternity, much to the anguish of his mother. To this family of strangers and house of affliction I hastily hied. I delicately introduced myself in my true character, and received from the mother a most cordial reception. After various and natural inquiries, I introduced the great subject of my mission. A tear at once bubbled up in the eye of the mother, but I noticed no emotion in the son. I thought disdain mingled with the fever tints on his cheeks. He was consumptive, and in its last stages. I thought not fit to address him directly at that time, but learned from his mother the fearful condition of uncertainty in which his soul was. She sobbed aloud, and still his emaciated countenance seemed as emotionless as marble. He had only spoken to me in monosyllables, and hardly deigned to look directly at me. Believing that there is a road to all hearts, I changed the theme, spoke to him of the perils of coming to America, of the affliction of exhausted means, and closed by stating that I could speak from experience. I, myself, was an English boy, and born near where your son here was born, and it would seem that the disparity between our ages was not very great. Pending the utterance of these words, the young man scanned me closely, his eyes of glass and silver flashing out from their bony sockets. "So you are an Englishman?" he at last said, to which I replied with honest and affectionate pride; and his whole countenance and demeanour seemed changed toward me. I had touched his heart, where there lay a spell of home-sickness, fatal to him in his emaciated condition. Seduced by the flattering whispers of his insidious disease, he seemed unwilling to believe that he would not yet live to retrace the weary miles that lay between him and the rural home of his heart's devotion. I did not thwart him in his hopes, but gently hinted to him of a better home in heaven. His lips quivered, and relapsed into silence for some moments, when again he said, "If I could believe your religion, I should, doubtless, be happy. My pungent afflictions here make me misanthropic; the future is a cold vacuity, annihilation a terrible thought, nonconsciousness scarcely less to be dreaded than your orthodox hell." The seal was broken; the mother sobbed; tears boiled up in the eyes of the wan consumptive; a fact was revealed. The young man was an infidel; he had received a good education, and had been poisoned by the infidel clubs and infidel books of the

day; he had even brought Thomas Paine to America. I met his arguments, or rather those which I knew he employed, as best I could; and whatever were my other deficiencies, he found me at least so read up in this department, that he seemed to respect my opinions. After referring him to the gloomy conclusions of his own creed, I proposed prayer. I left him with tears in his eyes, he giving my hand at parting a feverish pressure, and uniting with his mother in a request that I would call again.

After a delicate inquiry into the temporal wants of the family, I retired. I repeated my call in the afternoon, and twice every day during my stay in the village. Each successive call was favoured by encouraging results. Myself and spiritual patient became friends and favourites. I had battered away the strong pillars of his opposition to Christ. I had read to him beautiful passages from the gospel, commenting thereon. Aided by the Divine Spirit, I indulged the hope that a mental and moral revolution was effected. He would not permit me to leave him, however, until I had pledged myself that in the next week from the Saturday following the time that we parted, at which time I was to be there according to arrangements, I would give him my earliest attention, after my arrival; but alas! I again made my circuit round, and arrived on Saturday morning at my favourite appointment, at Brother Wood's, fully intending by two or three o'clock to be by the bedside of my dying friend.

The religious services of the day passed, as usual, delightfully, when, repairing to the stable for my horse, with a sense of tremulous obligation upon my heart, I was met by a large circle of youth, about my age. They were going to organise a singing-school in the neighbourhood on that evening. It was very desirable that the preacher should be present. All of the "Missouri Harmonist" of the neighbourhood, far and near, were detailed for the occasion, and an honest-hearted good time was expected. I resisted their importunities, firmly pleading a previous obligation, and naming the particulars. They seemed to appreciate it. At this moment brighter eyes than had beamed upon me before, in the argument, set up their plea. "Converse sparingly with woman." A fatal suggestion occurred, that I could spend the Sabbath afternoon with my penitent inquirer, and restore myself to his confidence by an apology that must be accepted. I returned to my home, spent the afternoon and evening in appropriate hilarity, without a whisper of a reproving conscience; but my meditations in the night season were replete with self-reproach and ominous forebodings.

The next morning, long before the usual time, I was on my way to my village appointment, but either because my heart was heavy, or from some other cause, I did not arrive there until the congregation was assembled. As I ascended the pulpit I saw it was somewhat thin. A gloom, too, seemed to rest upon it. After the preliminary exercises, a brother approached the pulpit, informing me that a young man had died of consumption the Saturday evening previous, and that the funeral was desired

for the Monday morning following. The announcement was to me as a voice from eternity; and I trembled and stumbled more than usual through the subsequent services.

Repairing at once to the house of bereavement and bed of death, I was still received by the mother, whose eyes were red with weeping, with the greatest confidence and cordiality. I felt that did she but know the facts of the case, she ought to reproach me for my unfaithfulness; but O, merciful God! conscience had needed no help. She told me that her son sank rapidly after I left; that he had occasionally read the Bible, a thing he had never done before, on his dying bed. He was yet painfully uncommunicative in reference to his true state. He spoke often of me, and longed for the day to come when I should revisit him. On that Saturday on which I was expected he had watched every hour anxiously, as it was measured off by an old English clock, which he insisted on having placed before him. At two his mother was to go to the door to see if she could not see me riding down the slopes of the distant hills. At three he knew I would be there soon. A few minutes before four he exclaimed, "Mr. W., O my young friend—Jesus—Christ—" coughed and sank away in insensibility. At five he asked if I had come yet. The words were his last. At eight he was in eternity.

Reader, twenty-two years have fled since this sad rehearsal, and yet is it as fresh in my memory to-day as if it had occurred but yesterday. I never think of it without its suggesting some rebuking scripture. Him that is "faithful in a few things I will make ruler over many things." And when, on the next day, I took the last look of him in the coffin, and his sallow, skeletonised, purple and cream-coloured hand, which lay upon his breast, caught my eye, one of the fingers, which had been slightly misplaced, seemed to point up to me in rebuke; I turned away with a Peter's heart, as at the crucifixion, remembering that Christ has said, to visit and administer to the sick is to do these things unto Himself. Weeping, I uttered, "Wicked and slothful servant." An opportunity lost, is lost for ever.

Literary Notices.

Life and Labours of Duncan Matheson. By John Macpherson. London: Morgan and Scott.

WE have in this well got up volume the life of a true man. No sooner did he breathe the new spiritual life than he began to live for a purpose. He looked upon the world as "lying in the wicked one;" and his one great aim was to "turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." To accomplish

this object "he counted not his life dear unto him." Not only did he lift up his voice in fairs and markets, by sea and land; but he used the press to spread the truth where the voice could not reach. His biographer says: "Not satisfied with the efforts of his voice, he devised means for the circulation of tracts on the widest scale. Means failing him, for he had spent his last penny in the work, he began to cry to God for aid. One night, in prayer, the thought came into his mind, 'If I could get a printing press, I could make as many

tracts as I could use.' On this he began to pray for a printing press, and for several months continued to supplicate this gift from his God. The prayer was unexpectedly answered. Accidentally discovering that an old printing press was for sale, he made inquiries as to the terms, although he did not possess the means of purchase. Much to his astonishment, the person whose property it was let him have it, with a set of old worn types, at a merely nominal price. Never did warrior bear away the trophies of victory with deeper joy than he felt in carrying the old printing machine to his father's house. On reaching home with it he wrote upon it,

'FOR GOD AND ETERNITY;'

and then, hastening to his closet, 'fell upon his knees, and asked the needed skill to work it.' Nothing daunted by his ignorance of printing, he set himself to learn 'the divine art,' his only instructors the two great teachers of all heroic souls and successful workers, to wit, Patience and perseverance.

"His first attempts at printing ended in failure and chagrin. Whole nights were spent in ineffectual efforts; but, never despairing, he cried to God for help, and went to work again. Often for hours the work of 'composing' goes on till at length his eye rests with complacence on a page of type, when suddenly the whole falls down into what printers call 'pie,' and his mortification is complete. Falling again upon his knees, he prays for patience and help. The sight of his own inscription, 'For God and Eternity,' inspires him with fresh zeal; and although oftentimes 'the lumbering press goes all wrong,' he perseveres, till at length success comes to him. 'I went on,' he says, 'till I managed to print two thousand four-page tracts a day. How I did toil, and sweat, and pray at it! Some nights I never slept at all; but went on composing. My constitution was strong, and night after night was spent at the work.'"

A man with such a spirit would leave his mark in the world; and though literally worn out at the age

of forty-five, he crowded into that brief period more than many really active men do into double that space of time.

When he considered he had a call to any particular work or place, difficulty and danger did not appal him; hence, in the time of the Crimean war, he went forth to spread the truth; and though exposed to hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, yet he persevered. When laid prostrate by sickness, and death stared him in the face, his confidence in God failed him not. He was emphatically the soldier's friend. Not only did he labour in the distribution of Bibles, Testaments, and other books among his own countrymen; but the other nationalities as well, both friend and foe. He was made specially useful to the Sardinians; and many, both privates and officers, became deeply attached to the Bible man.

Duncan Matheson received his ordination not from below, but from above; not from man, but from God Himself. And He who called him to his work on earth, said to him in the midst of his strength, It is enough, "Come up higher! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Wesley His Own Biographer. Being Illustrations of his Character, Labours, and Achievements, from his own Journals and Letters. London: Elliot Stock. Price Six Shillings.

WESLEY is not likely to die, if lives of him, of all kinds, can preserve him in existence. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." Here is another life of the great religious reformer;—a life on a new plan altogether. We wonder what suggested the idea to the compiler? We would much rather see it, than the meagre introduction put forth by Mr. Rowe.

This book, as the title indicates, consists of extracts, principally from Wesley's journals. These extracts contain striking facts and opinions, and are arranged chronologically. To those of us who have read Whitehead, Thompson, Southey, Moore, Watson, and others, it may appear a

very imperfect portraiture. To those who have seen the one so lately and fully drawn by Tyerman, this must appear but a diminutive sketch indeed. However, here it is;—a capital book to lie on the table; to be taken up by a visitor, or at odd times. The selections are all interesting.

There are some errors in the index which fell under our notice without searching for them. We very naturally turned to the index when the book came into our hands, and, under the letter A, we read: "Another interview with Lady Maxwell." We turned to the page indicated—321; but it is not there: we found it afterwards at page 328. Again: "A good word for local preachers," page 211. We turned to it; not there: we found it at page 289. An index, if not correct, is worse than useless: it is tantalising. This "Good Word for Local Preachers" we will give.

"Wednesday, December 31, 1777. We concluded the old year, and began the new, with prayer and thanksgiving. Four or five of the local preachers assisted me. I was agreeably surprised, their manner of praying being so artless and unlaboured, and yet rational and Scriptural, both as to sense and expression." This watch-night was held in London, probably in the old Foundry, as the New City Road Chapel was not opened till November, 1778.

The Family and the Church. Orations by Father Hyacinthe. London: Morgan & Scott. Price One Shilling.

FATHER HYACINTHE is no ordinary man. Born within the charmed circle of Popery; educated for, and inducted into the Roman priesthood; yet he has dared to think and act independently of the blighting influence of his church. He has evidently thrown open his heart to the reception of Truth, come she from what quarter she may. He has strongly objected to the infallibility dogma. This, of course, has loosened him, in a great degree, from the chains that Popery had thrown around him. He has dared to think for himself, and to utter his thoughts in unmistakable

terms. He has broken away from the narrow bounds of Popery, and associated with Protestants, both in this country and in America. The consequence has been to enlarge his views, and to bury for ever the bigoted notion of "No Salvation out of the Romish Church!"

These orations, as well as a former volume which we briefly noticed, were delivered in the Cathedral Church, "Notre Dame," Paris; and they prove not only that Father Hyacinthe is an orator, but that he is possessed of a vast store of information, and is a profound and independent thinker. We are very glad to see such men as he throwing off the popish shackles, and coming forth as free men.

Choice Selections.

THE POPE THE UNIVERSAL JUDGE.

BONIFACE VIII. gave a dogmatic and biblical foundation to the doctrine of the universality of papal dominion in his Bull, *Unam Sanctam*, where he condemns the independence of the civil power in its own sphere as Manicheism. He affirms that the Pope is judge over all secular matters where sin is involved, and holds the two swords, one to be used by himself, the other by kings and warriors, but at his beck and by his permission; that he judges all, but is judged by none, being responsible to God only; and that whoever denies this subjection of every human being to the pope cannot be saved. His violent perversion of the clearest texts of scripture in support of these claims was matter of astonishment and mockery even at the time.—*The Pope and the Council.* By Janus. P. 162.

[The above makes it apparent in what mint was coined the pretence of any class of men to be judges of others, and responsible only to God, and therefore exempt from being judged by others.]

RITUALISM AND CHURCH DECORATION.

H— preached against crosses and stained windows. Now I would not preach about little matters, but this

ritualism is sad nonsense. If you want a religion for children, a religion of toys, well and good; but if you have got a religion with God and Christ in it, turn these things out of doors. The first breath of spiritual religion always is their death-blow. That was why the ecclesiastics hated John the Baptist; his preaching taught the people how to look at their ritualism.

Even plain people in Wesley's day were trained to strong reading, and they took much interest in good teaching. But good people now no longer read really good books, and the consequence is that a teaching ministry is no longer demanded, and it is no longer supplied. Teaching goes down, and ritualism comes in its place, a thing about which there is not a word in the New Testament. Where is the ritualism of the Gospels, or of St. Paul's Epistles? Can any one point out a hint of it?—*Memoir of George Steward*, pp. 76 and 149.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TAKE care of the digestion and circulation if you would keep them sound; if you would keep the skin clear, take care, not of the skin, but of the digestion and circulation.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—The love of the beautiful and true, like the dewdrop in the heart of the crystal, remains for ever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of the soul.

ENVY is a base passion, and unreasonable. We envy a man his *apparent* happiness—but did we know his *real* circumstances, we should find ground for contentment with our own lot, not reason for envy.

A lighted lamp (writes M'Cheyne) is a very small thing, and yet it giveth light to all who are in the house; and so there is a quiet influence which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.—Rabbi Eliezer said, "Turn to God one day before your death." His disciples said, "How can a man know the day of his death?" He answered them, "Therefore, you should turn to God

to-day. Perhaps you might die to-morrow."

A BEGGAR posted himself at the door of a Chancery Court, and kept saying, "A penny, please sir! Only one penny, sir, before you go in." "And why, my man?" "Because, sir, the chances are that you will not have one when you come out," was the beggar's reply.

YOUTH'S IGNORANCE.—It is the privilege of youth to be over-confident and self-satisfied. The future man requires a description of moral training, but it may be carried to excess. At nineteen a young man no more knows what he will be at twenty-five than he knows whether the moon is inhabited.

MEN of very ordinary parts, who have lived long in the world, and, probably, after a thousand blunders, have learnt to conduct themselves with ability and prudence, are better qualified for imparting instruction to others, than those who, in other respects, are most remarkable for their talents and attainments.

PRAYER.

SOMETIMES there passes over the fields a wind which parches the plants, and then their withered stems will droop towards the earth; but, watered by the dew, they regain their freshness and lift up their languishing heads. So there are always burning winds which pass over the soul and wither it. Prayer is the dew which refreshes it again.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS.

THREE things "appeared to be uninjured by the Fall;—the song of birds, the beauty of flowers, and the smile of infancy; for it is difficult to conceive how either of these could have been more perfect had man remained holy: as if God would leave us something pure to remind us of the Paradise we have lost, and to point us to that which we shall regain."

MUSIC.

MUSIC is the soul of moral harmony; its object is to create moral concord in the soul. It is the vocal emblem

or counterpart of those perfect moral principles by which the world should be governed; and hence our obligations to associate this art with no subjects inconsistent with its own character. Music belongs to the spirit of universal peace and brotherhood; and hence its conjunction with religion, with time, and eternity.

Books Received.

Old Jonathan for June.
The Christian. Part for June.
The Biblical Museum. Part VI.
The Class Leader's Assistant. No. 3.
Man's Future in God's Word. By W. Collingwood. Price 6d.
Divine Excellence of Jesus. By Silas Henn. 2d.
Trumpet Sounds; or Plain Words to the Church on her Obligations to Discountenance the Use of Intoxicating Drinks. By Silas Henn. 2d.
 Mr. Henn never seems weary in well-doing. In due season may he reap.

Phenomena of the Months.

JULY.

THE sun rises on the 1st at eleven minutes before four and sets at eighteen minutes after eight; on the 15th it rises at two minutes after four and sets at nine minutes after eight; and on the 31st it rises at twenty-three minutes after four and sets at eleven minutes before eight. We lose fifty-four minutes of daylight during this month; but the average temperature is about three degrees higher than that of June.

The moon is full on the 2nd at thirty-six minutes after one in the afternoon, new on the 17th at twenty-seven minutes after five in the afternoon, and again full on the 31st at seventeen minutes after nine in the evening. On the first Sunday it rises (being at full) at twenty-one minutes before nine at night; on the second Sunday it does not rise until nearly midnight; on the third Sunday it sets about half-past seven in the evening; on the fourth Sunday it sets at thirteen minutes before

eleven at night; and on the fifth Sunday it rises at twenty-one minutes after seven in the evening and sets after two in the morning.

A partial eclipse of the moon occurs on the 2nd of July, but it is invisible in this country.

The moon is near to Saturn on the 2nd, to Jupiter on the 16th, to Uranus on the 17th, to Venus on the 21st, to Mars on the 24th, and to Saturn, a second time, on the 29th.

Mercury rises forty minutes before the sun on the 5th, but only four minutes on the 12th. It becomes an evening star after the 9th, and by the 31st sets fifty-five minutes after the sun. (On the first of August this planet will be in conjunction with Regulus in Leo.)

Venus still continues an evening star, though its period of visibility after sunset decreases every evening. It is in conjunction with Regulus on the morning of the 7th, and will be a little eastward of that star the evening of that day. It sets about an hour and twenty minutes after the sun on the 31st.

Mars is an evening star, setting between half-past eleven and ten o'clock all the month.

Jupiter becomes a morning star on the 1st, and rises one minute before the sun, this interval increasing to nearly two hours by the last day of the month.

Saturn rises in the evening before sunset, and sets before sunrise nearly two hours on the 30th.

Our Veterans.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES IN REPLY TO THE TREASURER'S OFFER.

DEAR SIR,—I now take up my pen to acknowledge the receipt of the Christmas gift (ten shillings), for which I feel grateful. I am anxious to have Mr. Wild's portrait, and will, according to my ability, comply with your condition. I was born at Weybourne, four miles north-east of Holt, Norfolk, February 21st, 1791. Born in a public house, I lived about sixteen years among drunkards, Sabbath-breakers, gamblers, and smugglers.

and there was not, I believe, a converted person in the parish. At twenty one years of age I married and settled down at Salthouse. The Methodists had just begun to preach in this village, and we attended the services. I soon found that the entrance of God's word giveth light and understanding to the simple.

"My mouth was stopped, and shame
Covered my guilty face;
I fell on the atoning Lamb,
And I was saved by grace."

My friends soon gave me a few appointments on the plan, and the Lord gave me favour in the eyes of the people, and did not allow me to preach in vain. It is about fifty-five years since I began to cry, "Behold! behold the Lamb!"

When what we call the "split" took place, nothing would satisfy my friends but I must lay aside my little business, and become a paid preacher; and I was, to all intents and purposes a *travelling* preacher, being alone on this extensive circuit of more than thirty places, each place claiming a share of my labours; so that my week-night appointments were from ten to fourteen miles apart. I was then near sixty years of age, and had to walk all these distances. In process of time, we had a second and a third preacher on the circuit. The Lord poured out His Spirit and we had a blessed revival, about three hundred souls received spiritual good. The Lord enabled me to spend ten weeks successively in holding special services nearly day and night. At one place the cause was very low, there being only about twenty-six members. In a few weeks, I gave tickets to one hundred and five, and we have now over six hundred members. When I first came on the plan, we had preaching in fifteen cottages, now I have lived to see fifteen chapels reared. I preached under an apple tree, from the great salvation, at a village. The Primitive Methodists soon followed, and have built a chapel, and have a good cause there. After having served as a paid preacher five or six years, I again laboured as a local preacher, and we had some blessed revivals; several hundreds have been

saved, many of whom have joined the blood-besprinkled bands on the eternal shore. I preached near thirty years without any Commentary; now my library consists of Dr. Clarke's Commentary and Christian Theology, Martindale's Dictionary, and Cruden's Concordance. For several years the Lord has enabled me to preach fifty-two Sabbaths in the year. I have just received a new plan of thirteen weeks; I am appointed every Sunday, and have to preach twenty-eight times, take one sacrament, three collections, six love-feasts, and travel two hundred and thirty-two miles, and this I hope to do with the aid of a donkey. I have now entered on the eighty-first year of my age; my prayer is:

"Still let me live Thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain!
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain."

W. H.

P.S.—A few words in reference to my family. I have been married fifty-nine years; my wife is living—the same age as myself; have lived in this cottage fifty-eight years and a half. The Lord has given us a daughter and a son: our daughter has been a widow twenty years within a few days; living with us; our three ages amount to 217 years. In London we have a son, two grandsons, one great grandson, two great granddaughters; our son and grandsons are journeymen painters, paper-hangers, &c. &c. Son's address: 33, Camara Square, King's Road, Chelsea.

I might have written three times as much as I have written. Farewell.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I write a few lines at your request, to express my gratitude for the help I am receiving from the Mutual-Aid Association, and especially for Mr. Wild's gift; I can assure you it was very timely, and received with gratitude, for it was all more than I expected; and I will tell you when and why I joined the Methodists. I had been a hearer of the Gospel from a 'child, and the Holy Spirit strove with me; sin made me miserable till I was twenty-three years of age, when, in a prayer meet-

ing, in our own cottage, the Spirit came with power, convinced me of sin, and made me cry, "What must I do to be saved?" I sought the Lord in vain, by a reformation and much prayer, for three months, and at last I found pardon through simply believing in Jesus. I obtained mercy through the atonement of Christ, and the reason why I joined the Wesleyan Methodist connexion was, because I believed them to be the people of God, and I said, "This people shall be my people, because they have shown unto me the way of salvation." I received my first ticket, March 18, 1834, from Mr. Bows; and when I had obtained mercy myself, I felt for those around me who had no fear of God before their eyes; I felt it was my work to warn them of their danger, and to offer them salvation by faith in Christ. I was invited by a local preacher to preach, for the first time, in the open air, at West Grafton; the seed which was sown has since sprung up in the formation of a church in that place. I have laboured with a single eye for God's glory, and have many times been abundantly blessed and made a blessing, especially in the edification of believers. I am not yet weary of the work, though I have been weary in the work, for I have walked more than thirty miles in a day to preach the Gospel repeatedly; but I don't build my hopes of happiness upon the work I have done, but on the

Master whom I have served. With others, I introduced the Gospel at Chute and Clanville, where societies have been formed, and chapels erected. I wish all prosperity to the Mutual-Aid Association in all its branches. We in this locality intend to do a little to help to support the cause. May God help us in our labours. I am, my dear brother,

Yours very affectionately, R. C.

RESPECTED BRETHREN,—I am much obliged to you as managers of our noble institution. I have got the magazine from its commencement. I find, in reading its valuable pages, you will send the portrait of our late friend, Mr. Wild, on certain conditions.

I was brought to a knowledge of God's pardoning mercy more than fifty years since, and God has, by His great mercy, kept me hitherto from wickedly departing from Him.

I was soon called to labour for God as a local preacher, and not without success; and I have continued, until the present. My two plans, for I am on two, gave me 179 miles to walk last quarter.

I am perfectly healthy, thank God, and happy. I spoke out of doors, on Tuesday evening, from John i. 8, 8, and felt great love to poor sinners. Surely God is working amongst men.

I am your well wisher in the Lord Jesus, F. R.

Mutual-Aid Association Reporter.

THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION, HELD IN THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL, TEMPLE STREET, KEIGHLEY, ON MONDAY AND TUESDAY, JUNE 5TH AND 6TH, 1871.

When it was first proposed to hold the Annual Meeting of the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association in this town, all the brethren who dwelt in the southern half of England, and perhaps many more in the north, heard the invitation with astonishment. To them Keighley was unknown. They did not know how to pronounce its name rightly, or when pronounced they knew not the spelling of it. It was supposed to be somewhere in the north, but on what hill it reared its head,

or in what vale it was concealed, was hidden in the mists of ignorance. It was also comparatively a new branch. Some few years since, only, its name appeared with a goodly list of members, accompanied by some noble contributions. The natural inquiry, therefore, was, "But can you find accommodation for the brethren, and chapels for the usual Sunday services?" "Bless you, yes," was the response, "and we whall be glad to see you." There was no resisting this, and so the matter was settled.

Little bits of information began soon to wake up in our memories, and from commerce or from topography light broke in at intervals upon our mental darkness. "Why, that is in the neighbourhood of Haworth, good old Grimshaw's home, and close to the centre of his labours in Wesley's day." "Yes, and Charlotte Brontë lived there." "Oh, yes, and some of the textile fabrics with which England clothes the world are spun and woven there." "Yes, and some of the machinery which the mighty giant steam moves for the performance of this world-wide work of decency and comfort, was invented by the genius, and is made by the industry of the sons of Keighley and its surrounding villages."

No wonder, then, that our representatives, to the number of some seventy brethren, found themselves on the evening of Saturday, June 3rd, at Keighley, and beheld—some of them with astonishment, and all with deep interest—the scene which met their anxious gaze.

Sunday morning dawned upon the hills which on either hand guard the lovely valley in which Keighley and its sister and daughter towns lie; and as the light mist dispersed, it was as if heaven smiled a welcome to the brethren who traversed the valley for the first time. No one could regard these towns with observant mind without noting that they are inhabited by a Sabbath-keeping, law-abiding, and God-fearing people. That from whatever race or mixture of races they spring, their forms are erect, and tall, and strong, and their faces blooming with health and beauty. Their speech at first sounds broad and rather harsh to the ear; but the grip of the hand, and the welcome which comes like a lightning flash from the eye, while the face beams into a smile, tell of unadulterated Yorkshire. Streams of people filled the roads which led to every house of prayer, and hymns of praise from voice and organ soon went up to the Lord of all.

The following is a list of the services held on this occasion:

KEIGHLEY . . .	9 a.m.	Open-air service, in front of United Methodist Free Church, W. Bowron, London, and other brethren.
	10.30 a.m.	Wesleyan Chpl. Temple St. T. CHAMBERLAIN, Windsor.
	2 p.m.	" " Love Feast—Rev. W. BRAILSFORD.
	6 p.m.	" " S. D. WADDY, B.A., London.
	10.30 a.m.	U. M. F. Ch., Cavendish St. S. D. WADDY, B.A., London.
	6 p.m.	" " T. CUTHBERTSON, London,
	10.30 a.m.	Wesleyan Chpl., Eastwood JOHN TOWNE, Melton Mowbray.
	6 p.m.	" " J. GREENWOOD. Oldham.
	2.30 p.m.	School Room, Heber St. ABRAHAM LEACH, St. Helens.
	5.30 p.m.	" " THOMAS SCOTT, Ashton-under-Lyne

HAWORTH . . .	10.30 a.m.	Wesleyan Chapel	. . .	G. C. POYSER, Manchester.
	5.30 p.m.	"	. . .	ABRAHAM ANDREW, Manchester.
LOWER TOWN . . .	10.30 a.m.	"	. . .	Rev. SAMUEL FIRTH, Middleton.
	4.30 p.m.	"	. . .	JOSHUA FARRAR, Manchester.
OAKWORTH . . .	10.30 a.m.	"	. . .	WM. JAMESON, London.
	5.30 p.m.	"	. . .	JAMES McMILLAN, Prescot.
MORTON BANKS . . .	2.30 p.m.	"	. . .	SAMUEL FOSTER, Huddersfield.
	5.45 p.m.	"	. . .	Ditto, Ditto.
STERTON . . .	10.30 a.m.	"	. . .	T. CUTHBERTSON, London.
	5.30 p.m.	"	. . .	WM. PRESTWICH, Ashton.
LAYCOCK . . .	2.30 p.m.	"	. . .	JOHN CRANTREE, Saltaire.
	5.30 p.m.	"	. . .	GEORGE TAYLOR, Dukinfield.
STANBURY . . .	2.15 p.m.	"	. . .	T. B. CULLEN, Norwich.
	5.30 p.m.	"	. . .	GEORGE BARBER, Dowlham.
WESLEY PLACE . . .	10.30 a.m.	"	. . .	JOSEPH HARDING, London.
	6 p.m.	"	. . .	JOHN WADE, Cudworth.
HAINWORTH . . .	2.30 p.m.	"	. . .	JAMES BOOCOCK, Baildon.
LEES	10.30 a.m.	"	. . .	J. LENTON, Northampton.
	5.30 p.m.	"	. . .	JOSEPH PELL, Sheffield.
EXLEY HEAD . . .	2.30 p.m.	"	. . .	G. THOMPSON, Dukinfield.
	5.15 p.m.	"	. . .	G. CODD, Mexboro.
THWAITES . . .	2.30 p.m.	"	. . .	G. L. PEACH, Nottingham.
	5.30 p.m.	"	. . .	Ditto, Ditto.
UTLEY VILLAGE . . .	6 p.m.	"	. . .	W. COLEMAN, Towcester.
CROSS HILLS . . .	10.30 a.m.	U. M. Free Church	. . .	JOHN WADE, Mitcham.
	5.30 p.m.	"	. . .	JOHN CARTER, London.
SILSDEN	10.30 p.m.	Wesleyan Chapel	. . .	WM. CROWTHER, Shipley.
	5.30 p.m.	"	. . .	WM. CROWTHER, Shipley.
DENHOLME . . .	10.30 a.m.	"	. . .	A. ANDREW, Manchester.
	2 p.m.	"	. . .	SAMUEL FIRTH, Middleton.
BINGLEY	10.30 a.m.	"	. . .	H. COLLIER, Sheffield.
	5.30 p.m.	"	. . .	JOHN WEBSTER, York.

Collections were made at each of the Services for the benefit of the Association.

So far as we could learn, the services were effective and spiritually profitable. Some of the brethren spoke of having received souls for their hire. The sermon of the president, Brother Waddy, in the evening, was preached to a congregation of nearly two thousand persons. It was an elaborate discourse on Hebrews xiii. 20, 21. It was delivered with much energy, and was listened to with breathless attention by the vast audience. Our readers will, we hope, shortly have the pleasure of reading it in our pages.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

ON Monday morning the brethren assembled for business in the School Room belonging to the large chapel in Temple Street; and in the absence of the president, Bro. Wm. Bowron occupied the chair. He gave out hymn 478, and having read Psalm xxvii., Brothers Pell, Sheffield, and Benson, Birmingham, engaged in prayer.

The following letter was then read:

"Sunday Evening.

"MY DEAR BROTHER CHAMBERLAIN, —Will you kindly tell the brethren for me that I am bitterly disappointed at not being able to stay. I have come to Keighley at some sacrifice, in order to fulfil my duties as far as I was able, and I must now travel through the night back to town. I have looked forward to this meeting through

the whole year. I had many things I wished to say, and I only go because I can't possibly stay. I pray God to direct our brethren rightly in all matters, and to bless them in their communion. May I presume to express a hope that next year they will come to London? I think the triennial meeting should be held there when possible.

"I would also suggest that our brethren should arrange a series of meetings in various parts of the country. This is essential to our existence just now. Our progress this last year has been but small, because many of our people are only just waking up; but such efforts as we have been making are in their nature progressive in their influence, and we have laid a good foundation in many important centres. But this must be done elsewhere. I hope God will guide you to choose a good president, and that he will sacrifice something to devote himself to the work for his year.

"Brother Bowron gave you £50 in his presidency. I determined to do either that or its equivalent. I have spent my £50 in visits to different places, and paying my own expenses, and I think on the whole it is likely to bear good fruit.

"Let other brethren be saved from the necessity of preaching a president's sermon. It has been a sad trial and trouble to me.

"I should be glad if our brethren could see their way to fixing the meeting at a time when more of us could come without interference with business. Easter for instance.

"And now God bless you all, and in the words of my text for to-night, 'make you perfect in every good work to do His will,' for Christ's sake.—Your loving Brother,

"S. D. WADDY."

The chairman said, "I am glad that we had Brother Waddy's services yesterday, and I am pleased to see so many of my brethren present this morning. I felt deeply while the brethren were praying, and my own thoughts went up to the great meeting place where all the brethren of modern days will sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. This

is the best institution in the world. The traits of the Saviour's character stand out in it more clearly than in any other. Jesus Christ went about doing good; so this institution goes about through all its branches, over hill and dale, doing good to the bodies and souls of the brethren of the household of faith. The sun never shone brighter upon us than it does this morning. Brother Waddy has opened doors which would have been shut to myself and to others like me; but Brother Waddy has found the way and the welcome. This institution needs only to be known to be loved. Though different sections are herein combined, it is scarcely possible to discern the difference between them. At present this Association is a link which binds us in brotherhood; it may become a ring—a wedding ring, to unite all Methodists."

The following orders were then passed, *nem. con.*:—

1. That the press and the public be admitted.
2. That the usual order of debate be observed, and that no speaker shall occupy more than ten minutes on any one subject.
3. That the meeting adjourn at one o'clock, and re-assemble at two p.m.
4. That Brothers Lenton and Wade 1st be assistant secretaries of the meeting.
5. That Brothers Andrew and Firth be the scrutineers of the balloting papers.

The Honorary Secretary read the Report of the General Committee, and the balance sheets for the year,

Report of the General Committee of the Wesleyan Methodist Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association, presented at the Annual Meeting of the Members, held in Temple Street Wesleyan Chapel, Keighley, Yorkshire, commencing June 5th, 1871.

ANOTHER year has contributed its share of incidents to the history of our Association; and, through the kindness of our friends at Keighley, we are happy to report progress once more in the county of York.

Members.—The total number of our members is now 2,203; of these 1,739

are benefit members, and 464 are honorary members; this is an increase of 24 of the former, and 18 of the latter: total increase, 42. We have really enrolled 82 new benefit members in the year; but from deaths and other causes the net result is as above stated.

Sick.—There have been 258 claims on account of sickness; and the cost of these has been £827 5s. 6d. This is an average of £3 4s. 1½d. for each claimant, and amounts to 9s. 6d. each for the whole 1,739 of our benefit members. We have not paid so much for sickness since the year 1864. There are now 64 sick brethren upon our list.

Deaths.—The deaths of 31 members and 20 members' wives have cost us for funeral expenses £216. This, although more than last year, is less than the average; yet it is almost 2s. 6d. each for the whole of our benefit members,

Annuityants.—The number of aged disciples upon our annuity list has been larger during the year than ever, and the amount paid to them £1,062 8s., is also unprecedented. There are now 112 annuityants, most of them receiving four shillings per week each.

Working Expenses.—The sum of £249 7s. 5d. has been expended for working expenses. This is about the average of late years, and includes in it the cost of the magazines supplied to the honorary members.

Magazine.—As the Association is now charged, like another customer, for the magazines it uses, and for the advertising space that it occupies, the balance sheet of the magazine shows a more favourable conclusion than it has ever had before; there being a profit on the year 1870 of £15 8s. 3d. Such a result is far more agreeable to the brethren who edit it gratuitously, as well as to all its well wishers, than to see the balance upon the wrong side. We earnestly commend the Local Preachers' Magazine to your continued support, and trust that those brethren to whom God has given a talent for writing, will contribute to its pages the very best of their productions; for he who thus speaks through his pen addresses an

audience that is numbered by thousands, and the number may increase from year to year.

Mr. Wild's Gift.—The trustees of the gift of our late brother, James Wild, Esq., distributed the annual income in sums of 10s. each to 94 aged brethren last Christmas. The recipients bless the memory of the donor, and are hoping shortly to meet him in the upper world.

Total paid.—Besides this gift, the treasurer has paid away altogether £2,365 5s. 10d. in the year, a larger sum than in any year since 1858.

Income.—This suggests the inquiry, how have the funds been supplied? and the answer will be given in the balance sheet, which will show a corresponding increase in the sums received from the benevolent. Legacies and special donations have amounted to £383 12s. 4d., and the payments of honorary members and other contributors to £832 18s. 5d., so that, under the old head of "*Free Subscriptions*," we have received a total of £1,216 10s. 9d.

There can be no doubt that a part of this increase is due to the active exertions and the earnest advocacy of our president, Bro. S. D. Waddy, who has devoted himself to the interests of the Association with a zeal as honourable to himself as it has been profitable to our funds.

A legacy of £100 with £8 9s. 10d. interest has been paid by the executors of the late Mr. Whalley, of Stockton. A second legacy of £19 19s., a third of £4 5s., and a fourth of £10 have also been received. The ex-president, Brother Bowron, handed in a cheque for £50, when our funds were at the lowest point during the year. A friend sent us £20 by Bro. Harding. Three gentlemen—A. Wells, of Nottingham; R. M. Gilchrist, of Sheffield, and J. Smedley, of Cromford, have sent us £10 each. Our Brothers W. Nelstrop and R. Carter have sent us five guineas each as usual. The Hon. Holt Mackenzie and Mr. Sims have sent £5 each. The following sums have been privately collected:—By Mrs. Scadder, of Bridport, £5; Mrs. Unwin, of Sheffield, £5 3s.; Mr. G. W. Sharman, of Sheffield, £19 7s.; Mr. T. Maynard, of Bristol, £8 7s. 6d.:

Mr. Cheetham, of Leeds, £8 19s.; and Mr. H. Pogson, of Huddersfield, £9 12s. These brethren and sisters thus show that they are not weary in well doing. Three brethren are still penny preachers, and Brother Pogson has received for us by this means £7 5s. 7d.; Brother John Parker, £2 17s. 6d.; and Brother Cooper, 14s.

Total Benefit.—The statements which have been printed for general distribution show that since the Association began its payments in 1851, it has expended—

	£	s.	d.
For sickness . . .	15,043	13	6
For deaths . . .	5,736	19	0
For annuitants . . .	16,723	6	8

Total to 17th May, 1871 £37,503 19 2

Three of our veteran annuitants have passed away during the year. Brother J. D., of N., aged seventy-eight, had been upon the funds for 462 weeks, and had received £92 8s. £2 more were paid towards his funeral. Brother J. B., of S., aged eighty-five, had been on the funds for 789 weeks, and had received £157 16s., to which also the £2 were added for his funeral. Brother J. K., of N., aged 78, had been upon the funds for 864 weeks at a cost of £136 11s. £4 were paid for his funeral.

Cases of Distress.—The following is a summary of the needy cases of the aged brethren who have been placed upon the annuitant list during the year:—

Brother T. S., of K., is seventy-eight years old, was first connected with Methodism in 1810, began to preach in 1825, having learned to read after his conversion. He has just buried his wife, and now lives with his daughter, who attends to him. He is bent nearly double with rheumatism, and only walks with the aid of two sticks. He is quite unable to dress or undress himself. Both his daughter and her husband have to work for a livelihood.

Brother F., of N., aged seventy, became a preacher in 1828, a member with us in 1851. He has heretofore gained a scanty livelihood by the manufacture and sale of pills, which he travelled about to sell. Declining age finds him with an infirm body,

in spite of the potency of his own pills, and with very inadequate means of support. He has a daughter to support, who has for two years been confined to her bed; also another daughter with her two children, whose husband has deserted her. His wife, like himself, is well stricken in years.

Brother T. M., of W., aged seventy-one, a preacher for forty-five years, has a wife aged seventy-two. Is a farm-labourer. Is suffering from asthma and rheumatism. He became a member with us in 1850, and has been on our sick fund twenty-six weeks. One of his sons gives him one shilling a week, which is all his income, except that he lives in his own little cottage.

Brother N. M., of G., aged sixty-seven, a preacher for thirty years. Buried his wife last July, and has for the last two years suffered much from rheumatism. His employer, to whom he has been a good servant for thirty-five years, now says to him, "Nicholas, you are old and unfit for my work, so I must discharge you and have another man." The poor brother is therefore obliged to break up his home, and seek shelter with his son. He would be glad of half-a-crown a week.

Brother R. B., of R., aged seventy-five, a preacher for forty-three years; a member with us for twenty years. Has been upon our sick fund for twelve months. He is an old servant at a corn-mill, and his master lets him job about, mending sacks, at which he is able to earn only a few shillings now and then.

Brother R. C., of S., aged seventy-one, a preacher for thirty-six years. Has been one of our members for twenty years. He was a comb-maker, but has lately endeavoured to earn a scanty subsistence by selling a few newspapers. He is now very feeble and infirm, and a serious rupture prevents the excessive amount of walking required for the sale of the papers. His wife died last July.

Brother J. C., of N., aged sixty-six. Has a wife, and is in such necessity that he now subsists on parish outdoor relief, having no other resource whatever.

Brother F. B., of F., aged sixty-nine, a preacher for forty-three years. Has been a dairyman, but the foot and mouth disease has broken him down, so that he has been obliged to give up all. His sole dependence is now a small weekly allowance made to him by his son.

Brother J. H., of A., aged seventy-six, a preacher for forty-eight years, a member with us from the beginning. He and his wife are entirely dependent upon the earnings of two children, who live with them, and who earn, when in full work, ten shillings each, weekly. He has a daughter also who has been ill for about four years.

Brother J. S., of S., aged seventy, a preacher for forty-five years, a member with us twenty-one years. Has been a labourer. Was on our sick list, but threw himself off in August last, not liking to take the full pay, as he was only worn out, but had no particular disease, beyond a general debility. He has since been kept by his children.

Brother N. S., of W., aged seventy, a preacher for forty-nine years, is a shoemaker. Is very infirm; so is his wife, aged seventy-three. All he earns is by doing a few jobs of shoe-mending. He is mostly dependent upon charity.

Brother S. H., of S. B., aged seventy, a preacher for forty-four years. Is a weaver. Has a wife aged seventy-seven. Has never had any children. Is quite unable to work. He is a man well known in

all the country round as a scriptural preacher, honest and fearless in the pulpit above many. He has been sustained for eighteen months past by friends who highly esteem him.

Brother J. M., of S., aged seventy. Is suffering from paralysis, and has no income. His home is now at his son's, who is a working man with a wife and six children.

Brother A. R., of C., aged seventy-one, the father of the preachers on his circuit plan. Has a wife, but no children. Has been on our sick fund twenty-six weeks, and is too ill to earn anything. He has no income from any source.

Brother Creswell.—We have still the painful duty of reporting that our General Secretary, Brother Creswell, has not recovered from his attack of paralysis, sufficiently to enable him to leave his room; but a member of his family with the assistance of the Honorary Secretary, has, however, supplied what was lacking, so that the Association has not suffered by his long affliction. He feels himself, however, in the hands of a gracious God, and submits himself to His all-wise disposal. We ask for his your warmest sympathies and prayers.

Our work, dear brethren, is still before us. While so many of our number are needing assistance, let it be our duty and our delight constantly to hold forth the claims of the Association to the regard of the benevolent as the almoner of the Methodist Churches to this part of "the household of faith."

LOCAL PREACHERS' MUTUAL-AID ASSOCIATION, 1871.

Dr.		ABSTRACT OF CASH ACCOUNT.						Cr.		
1871, May 17.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand at audit,										
May 31, 1870					97	19	5			
Entrance Fees		80	16	0						
Fines and Stationery		5	8	0						
Legacies, Donations, &c.		888	12	4						
Free Subscriptions		883	18	5						
Members' Subscriptions		926	1	0						
					2296	15	9			
Dividends on £5,100										
Consols			152	9	0					
Profits from the Magazine			15	8	8					
					22492	12	5			
1871, May 17.										
Expenses on Remittances					6	13	11			
Withdrawals					5	11	0			
Annuities					1063	8	0			
Sick					827	5	6			
Deaths					216	0	0			
								2115	18	5
General Expenses, including cost of Honorary Members' magazines, advertisements, &c.								240	7	5
								2365	5	10
								137	6	7
Balance in hand										
								22492	12	5

Examined and found correct, June 5, 1871.

R. FAWCETT.
J. HUGILL.

GENERAL BALANCE ACCOUNT.				Dr.	Cr.								
1871, May 17.		£	s.	d.	1871, May 17.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
Joint Stock account, being the entire property of the Association at the last Annual Meeting ...				4924	15	8	By £5,100 Consols, at cost price ...				4826	15	8
Add excess of income over expenditure this year...				29	7	2	Purchased as follows:—						
							£1100 invested in 1850				1060	10	0
							500 ditto				1851	481	7 6
							1000 ditto				1852	982	18 9
							400 ditto				1853	582	10 0
							1000 ditto				1860	881	5 0
							700 ditto				1866	615	0 0
							800 ditto				1867	272	15 0
							100 ditto				1869	96	5 0
							£5100				4826	15	8
							Cash in hands of Treasurer				127	6	7
				£4954	2	10					£4954	2	10

Examined and compared with Ledger and found correct, June 5th, 1871.

R. FAWCETT.
J. HUGILL.

Dr.				MAGAZINE PUBLISHING ACCOUNT.				Cr.			
1871, May 17.				£ s. d.				£ s. d.			
To cost of paper, printing, &c., 80,000 numbers for the year 1870				172 12 6				By Trade Sales:—			
Balance of profit transferred to General Fund				15 8 8				26,275 numbers at 12s. per 100			
								200 back numbers at 6s.			
								Advertisements			
								£171 19 8			
								Less Publisher's Commission			
								17 4 0			
								154 15 8			
								Received from Committee for gratuitous distribution 1,025 numbers at 12s. per 100			
								Ditto for 68 pages for insertion of Reports, Advertisements, &c., at cost price, 8s.			
								27 4 0			
				£188 0 9				£188 0 9			

Brother Towne objected to a clause as not being sufficiently definite respecting the performance of the Secretary's duties. And on the motion of Brother Cuthbertson it was ordered that the same words that were used last year be substituted therefor.

Brother Harding moved, and Brother Leach seconded, "That the report and balance sheets be received, adopted, printed, and circulated together with the usual statistics." This was spoken to by Brothers Harding, Wood, Cuthbertson, and Andrew, and carried unanimously.

On the motion of Brothers Andrew and Taylor it was resolved, "That Brothers Pell and Thompson, with the Honorary Secretary, be a sub-committee to perfect arrangements for the public meetings in conjunction with the Local Committee."

Nominations were then received of brethren to be elected by ballot as the officers of the Association as follows: President, Brother N. A. Aldersley, of Keighley; Brother Wm. Jameson, of Wandsworth, London.

Treasurer, Brother John Carter, of the Vale, Chelsea. Honorary Secretary, Brother T. Chamberlain, of Windsor.

The Committee having already been nominated fourteen days previously according to Rule 61, the scrutineers now delivered the balloting papers; but Brother Jameson desired to withdraw his name.

Brother Towne proposed, Brother Pell seconded, and it was carried with one dissentient, "That Brother Richard Carter be informed that he is eligible as a trustee to attend all meetings of the Committee, and that therefore his name has been withdrawn from the present election."

Brother Harding proposed "That the hearty thanks of this meeting be presented to Brother Waddy for the able and energetic performance of the duties of his office during the year."

Brother Cuthbertson seconded this. Brother Shillington, as a representative of the Local Preachers in Ireland, desired leave to express his thanks also to Brother Waddy for the help

he had given him in his efforts to establish a kindred Mutual-Aid Association in Ireland.

The motion was carried amid much acclamation.

Brother R. Durley proposed, Bro. J. Wade 1st seconded, "That the cordial thanks of the meeting be presented to Brother John Carter for the careful manner in which he has performed his duties as Treasurer."

Brother Thompson supported this, and it was carried unanimously.

It was proposed by Bro. Benson, seconded by Brother Pell, supported by Brothers Turner and Nelstrop, and carried with the same unanimity;

"That the like thanks be presented to Brother Chamberlain for his services to the Association."

Brother Cuthbertson proposed, and Brother Parkin seconded, "That the Secretary convey to Brother Creswell the expression of our warmest sympathy with him in his heavy and long continued affliction."

Bro. Laycock intimated that it was desirable to have a large deputation to Haworth. This was acceded to, and the morning sitting was closed by the chairman pronouncing the benediction.

AFTERNOON SITTING.

The meeting having been opened with singing and prayer, the minutes of the morning were read by the Honorary Secretary and confirmed.

Brothers Salmon, Dixon, and Oldham gave an invitation to the brethren to hold their next meeting at Louth, and proposed a resolution to the effect that the next annual meeting be held there.

Brother Cullen gave the like invitation on behalf of Norwich.

The president in his letter recommended London.

Several brethren expressed their views hereon, and it was at length agreed almost unanimously to hold the next meeting at Louth.

The scrutineers reported the election of the officers: president, Brother N. A. Aldersley; treasurer, Brother John Carter; honorary secretary, Brother Thos. Chamberlain.

Brother Bowron, addressing the president elect, congratulated him

upon his appointment, and handed to him the Bible.

The President, on taking the chair, said he had had no desire for this office; but he had strongly desired to further the interests of the Association; and he had only consented to be put in nomination on the condition that the friends at Keighley and the neighbourhood would assist him in bearing the responsibility of the position.

The Honorary Secretary explained what was the present position, management, and success of THE LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE, and stated the offer which had been made by the Rev. Mr. Bate.

Bro. Webster proposed, Bro. Parkin seconded, "That the magazine be published the next year as at present."

This was spoken to by Bros. Wykes, Wade 2nd, Garrett, Harding, Durley, and others, and carried unanimously.

The Honorary Secretary proposed, and Brother Durley seconded, "That a copy of the magazine be sent by post each month to every honorary member who subscribes not less than one guinea yearly."

Spoken to by Brothers Benson, Harding, Bowron, and Nelstrop, and carried unanimously.

Brother Wood proposed, Brother Leek seconded, "That at the discretion of the committee, copies of the magazine be sent free to those who may be thought likely to become honorary members, on the names of such friends being furnished by the local secretaries." Carried unanimously.

The scrutineers reported the result of the ballot for committee as follows: T. Cuthbertson, Chelsea; P. Parker, London; R. Durley, Whitechurch; J. Pell, Sheffield; W. B. Carter, Nottingham; P. Clapham, Bingley; Jas. Nicholson, Manchester; J. H. Chamberlin, Norwich; G. Rowland, Ripley; W. B. Smith, Cambourne.

Brother Towne proposed, Brother Benson seconded, "That the thanks of the meeting be presented to the editors and publication committee of the magazine for their past services, and that they be requested to continue their labours for another year." Carried unanimously.

On the subject of ways and means for the year there spoke Brothers Chamberlain, Cuthbertson, Leech, McMillan, Laycock, Andrew, and Jameson; the latter gave an account of his journey into Cornwall, and of meetings held there in our behalf. It was at length resolved, on the proposition of Brothers Andrew and Oldham, "That the members of this meeting pledge themselves individually to do all in their power to promote the extension of the Association, and to increase its funds." Carried *nem. con.*

The meeting was then ordered to stand adjourned till nine o'clock in the morning. The Rev. Mr. Grey having offered prayer, the meeting stood adjourned accordingly.

The brethren then attended a public tea meeting held in Temple Street school room, after which a public meeting was held in the chapel. The chair was taken by Isaac Holden, Esq., J.P., D.L. Particulars of this meeting will appear in our next.

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 6TH.

The President in the chair.

Hymn 251 was sung; Brother Leek offered prayer.

The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

It was proposed by Brother Taylor, and seconded by Brother Leek, "That Brother Waddy be requested to prepare the sermon which he preached on Sabbath evening for publication in the magazine."

This was spoken to by Brothers Towne, Chamberlain, Benson, Cuthbertson, Thompson, and Wade 2nd, and carried without dissent.

Notices of motion for next annual meeting were received—from the Honorary Secretary to the effect that he will propose the emendations which were presented in his name at the last triennial meeting, for a division of our funds, a sliding scale of payments and receipts, and an alteration in the name of the Association. And on behalf of the Treasurer, he gave notice to move for the admission of the local preachers of the New Connexion.

Brother Benson gave notice that he will move to alter Rule 28, so as to

reduce the amount of entrance fees payable by elderly brethren.

The following votes of thanks were heartily and unanimously passed:—

1. To the ministers and trustees of the chapels which have been so kindly placed at our disposal.

2. To the friends who have entertained the brethren during the sittings of the annual meeting at Keighley, praying Almighty God to bless them therefor a hundred fold, both in their basket and store, and in the enjoyments of spiritual life.

3. To the local committee and officers, for the excellent arrangements which they made for the holding of meetings and for the comfort of the representatives.

The president announced that the collections, &c., already received amounted to about £100, besides £25 from James Lund, Esq., and another £25 from Isaac Holden, Esq. He hoped to receive some further sums, and should rejoice if he were able to send up £200 as the result of the meeting at Keighley.

After prayer by Brother Firth, the benediction was pronounced, and the meeting ended.

The brethren then proceeded to the chapel, for the celebration of the Lord's Supper. This was administered by the Rev. W. Brailsford (chairman of the district), assisted by the Rev. E. Watson.

It was a solemn time, and some of the brethren were deeply moved by Divine power during the service.

An address was delivered by the Rev. E. Watson, which we hope to be able to place before our readers. It was a noble address, and given in the manner of a master in Israel.

The day was finished by an excursion to Haworth, and the holding of a public meeting there, which was presided over by John R. Redman, Esq., of Bridge House, Haworth.

RELICS AT HAWORTH.

TO THE EDITORS,—In our visit to Haworth and to the church, several things were shown to us of historical interest; amongst others, the flagons used in the sacrament in Mr. Grimshaw's time. At the re-

quest of my brethren who accompanied me, I transcribed the inscriptions, and send them to you for insertion in our magazine.

JOHN WADE.

Flagon 1:

"Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, or dying love."

A.D. 1750.

Flagon 2:

"In Jesus we live, in Jesus we rest,
And, thankful, receive His dying request;
The cup of salvation His mercy bestows,
And all from His passion our happiness flows."

A.D. 1750.

WM. GRIMSHAW, Minister.

TINGEWICK, BRACKLEY CIRCUIT.

SERVICES on behalf of the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association were held in the Wesleyan Chapel, in the above village, on the first Sabbath of April, when Mr. John Rose, of Aylesbury, paid his annual visit, preaching two excellent sermons on the Sunday to full congregations, and delivering a lecture on the Monday evening; subject, "Sammy Hick, the Yorkshire Good Samaritan;" which was highly approved of by a numerous audience; who also awarded a due meed of praise to some thirty of the Sabbath school scholars, who sang some excellent pieces at intervals, accompanied by the harmonium, the conductor of which again lent her cheerful and valuable services. Collections were made in aid of the funds. A vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Rose for his kind services, and he was invited by the congregation to repeat his visit another year. He is indeed a true lover of the cause, and has rendered efficient aid to its funds by his public advocacy.

**PUBLIC MEETING AT
WELLINGBOROUGH.**

ON Wednesday, April 19th, a public meeting of the Wellingboro' Branch of the Wesleyan Methodist Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association, was held in the Corn Exchange. A public tea was provided, when a goodly number were present.

After tea, the chair was taken by

T. Chamberlain, Esq., Honorary Secretary, who, in his usual pleasant and lucid manner, gave an account of the nature and claims of the Association. Mr. S. Wright, the local Secretary, gave an account of the Wellingboro' Branch, which, for some years, has been very low; there being but four benefit members, three honorary members, and one honorary subscriber. The chairman then called upon S. D. Waddy, Esq., the President of the Association, who, in a speech extending over an hour and a quarter, advocated the claims of the Association with all his usual logic, wit, pathos, and power. He brought before the meeting the important position local preachers occupy in Methodism. The many difficulties they have to contend with in sustaining that position,—having to labour hard and long for the maintenance of themselves and families, as well as to prepare for the pulpit labour of the Sunday; and gave a life-like picture of the local preacher, from his conversion, as a young man, through all the changing scenes of family life, up to old age; and then, in a most pathetic way, insisted upon the duty of the Church to care for the men who, for so many years, had laboured so faithfully and disinterestedly to promote their highest interests. And then asked whether the church would consent to these men ending their days in a workhouse, and being buried in a pauper's grave; and urged the meeting to look at the matter until they came to the conclusion, that such should not be the case. The whole of his address was listened to with the deepest interest, and was frequently applauded during its delivery.

A collection was then made in aid of the funds, which realised £9. The whole of the trays for the tea were given: and the net proceeds, after all expenses were paid, was £3. The meeting was also addressed by the Rev. J. Peet, T. Bromage, J. Parker, and E. Lock.

A vote of thanks was given to the chairman and president for their noble and disinterested conduct in being present, and for their able advocacy. Although there was some disappointment felt in the absence of

J. B. Ingle, Esq., who was expected to be present, and the weather being unpropitious, preventing many of our country friends being present, yet the meeting was quite a success; and, as the result of it (in addition to the collections, &c.), we have gained six honorary members, two honorary subscribers, and three applications for admission as benefit members.

S. WRIGHT, Local Secretary.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

THE monthly meeting was held in Temple Street School-room, Keighley, on Saturday evening, June 3rd.

Present: Brothers Waddy, (chair,) Chamberlain, Bowron, J. Carter, Harding, Cuthbertson, Wade 1st, Durley, Coman, Aldersley, Seaton, Jameson, Wade 2nd, Thompson, Nelstrop, Benson, Towne, Coleman, Andrew, and many other brethren.

The meeting was opened with singing and prayer.

The minutes were read and confirmed.

The Sunday appointments were read over; and, as some of the brethren at first chosen were absent, others were substituted for them.

The order of the business to be laid before the brethren on Monday, was read and agreed to.

The Honorary Secretary reported that Brother Richard Carter and he had transferred all the investments in the consols, as directed by the annual meeting, into the names of four living trustees.

The question of the secretaryship having been referred to this meeting, the matter was fully considered, and it was eventually resolved, "That Brother Creswell be re-appointed to the office for twelve months on the present terms."

The Honorary Secretary read the draft of the report, to which another sentence was ordered to be added,

respecting the secretaryship, and it was then adopted as the report of the committee, to be presented to the annual meeting on Monday.

After prayer, the meeting separated.

Obituary Notice.

ON Sunday, May 14th, the Rev. P. N. Andrews improved the death of Mrs. Stephenson, from the beautifully expressive words, uttered by the blessed Saviour on the occasion of the death of Lazarus, John xi. 23: "Thy brother shall rise again."

The congregation was large and deeply affected. Very few dry eyes in the chapel while he related to the congregation his interesting interviews with the departed one, whom, he said, he found perfectly resigned to the will of her heavenly Father, and whose holy and devoted life had prepared her to meet her Lord and Saviour without a murmur or sigh. Her class leader, Mrs. Seaton, had also informed him that she had lost a most valuable member, whose life and experience she could never forget. During the service the choir sang with much effect "The Dying Christian." It is hoped and believed that much good will result to the honour of God and the benefit of the church. The earnest prayer of the sorrowful husband and family is that they may all meet the much loved one again, free from the toils of this sublunary world, in the land of rest and glory.

DEATHS.

May 11th, 1871. William Wallis, of Southampton Branch, aged 79. Claim £4. He had been on the funds 327 weeks, and had received £65 8s. His end was gloriously happy. In a few days after, his aged partner also entered into rest.

May 30th, 1871. Joseph Toon, aged 72, of the Burton-upon-Trent Branch. Claim £6. Gone to glory.

CASH RECEIVED BY THE GENERAL TREASURER TO JUNE 16, 1871.

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>Chelsea</i> .—P. J. D. per Treasurer, 5s; T. Cuthbertson, Esq. hm. £2 2s; Mr. Holrough, £1 1s; Mr. Maughan, 5s; Mr. Mitchell, £2 2s	5 15 0	11 4 0
<i>Nottingham</i> .—Miss Stevens, per Treasurer	10 6	

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>Dorchester</i> —Rev. E. Perry, 5s; Rev. W. S. Winter, 6s; A Friend, 1s, per Bro. Bush; Bro. J. W. Barnett, 8s; A Friend, 2s	1 2 1	23 12 0
<i>Workington</i> —T. Hudson, Esq. hm.	1 1 0	2 12 0
<i>City Road</i>		1 2 0
<i>Swindon</i> —Mr. Jas. May, hm. £1; Mr. Young Horton, hm. £1 1s; Miss Sarah Dyke, Collected as a Friend of Local Preachers, 6s 2d; Bro. George Robinson, a Thankoffering for strength to labour, 2s 6d	2 9 8	1 4 0
<i>Uttowster</i>		0 6 0
<i>Spalding</i>		2 10 0
<i>Salisbury</i> —Mrs. Welsh (Downton), hm.	1 0 0	1 19 0
<i>Brackley</i> —Proceeds of Lecture delivered by Bro. Rose at Tingewick, per Bro. Paine	1 3 6	
<i>Leicester</i>		2 10 9
<i>Barnstaple</i> —Mr. Pascal Widlake, hm.	1 0 0	3 0 0
<i>Birmingham</i> —Mr. T. Padmore, hm. £1 1s; Mr. W. Parker, hm. £1 1s; Mr. W. Green, hm. £1 1s; Mr. W. Whitehouse, hc. 10s; Mr. Goodwin, 2s 6d	3 15 6	4 11 3
<i>Bristol</i> —Per Bro. Maynard, for the Poor Old Hundred, Mr. L. 1s; Mrs. W. 8s	0 9 0	1 10 0
<i>North Shields</i> —Mr. Green, hm.	1 1 0	0 18 0
<i>Stanford</i>		0 8 0
<i>Croydon</i>		
<i>Bristol</i> —A further expression of Esteem for Local Preachers, by Mrs. Sarginson	0 6 0	
<i>Hinde Street</i> —Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, qrls. 2s; A. 8s 6d; R. Robinson, Esq. hm. £1 1s, per Bro. Sims	1 6 6	
<i>Preston</i> —Councillor Haslam, hm. £1; Councillor Sowerbutts, hm. £1; Councillor Robinson, hc. 10s; Mr. Yates, 5s; Mr. Hardman, hc. 10s; Mr. J. Jackson, hc. 10s; Mr. Bannister, hm. £1; Mr. Wignall, hm. £1	5 15 0	9 19 3
Annual Meeting, Subscriptions Received, per Hon. Sec.; Mr. R. C. Stephens, Gloucester, £2 10s; Mr. C. S. Madder, Aylesbury, £2 2s; Collecting Card by Bro. T. Clarke, Brackley, £1; Mrs. Marchbank, £1; Mr. Parkin, Pontefract, 12s; L. Reynolds, Esq. do. £1 1s; Small Sums, do. 16s; T. Knight, Esq. Chelsea, hm. £1 1s; from a few Friends handed by Mr. John Shillington, Portadown, Ireland, £2	12 2 0	
<i>Keighley</i> —Annual Meeting, per Bro. Aldersley; Collections, Sunday, June, 4th, as under: Wesleyan Chapel, Temple Street, Keighley, £20 18s 6d; Eastwood, £2 9s 3d; Heber Street, 8s 1½d; Thwaites, £1 1s; Cavendish Street, U. M. Free Churches, £5 2s 2d; Steeton, £3 17s 5d; Donation, W. Dixon, Esq., £1 2s 6d; Silsden, Primitives, 10s; Wesleyan Chapel, £1 8s 3d; Laycock, £1 0s 6d; Mr. Robert Smith, 10s; Mr. Jas. Hartley, Braithwaite, hm. £1 1s; Bingley, £6 11s 8d; Morton Banks, 14s 8d; Haworth, £5 11s 1d; Stanbury, £1 6s 9½d; Lees, per Bro. Pell, £1; Lower Town, £2 10s; Denholme, £2 5s; Wesley Place, £10 7s 1d; Oakworth, £8 0s 3½d; £77 12s 8d. Public Meeting, Monday Evening, as under: Isaac Holden, Esq. J. P. D. L. £25; James Lund, Esq. £25; Mrs. John Laycock, £1; Rev. W. Brailsford, hm. £1 1s; Miss Waterhouse, £1; Mr. Solomon Smith, £1; Mr. John Holmes, £1; Mrs. Rhodes, 10s; Mr. John Hodson, Local Secretary, £5; Mr. N. A. Aldersley, £5; T. B. Laycock, Esq. £5; Small Sums, 5s; Collections, £13 9s: £84 5s. Public Meeting at Haworth, Tuesday Evening Collections £6 15s 1d; J. R. Redman, Esq. £5. £11 15s 1d. Less printing, &c. £3 12s 0d—(Account not yet complete)	170 0 4	

Original Essays.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT: WILL IT BE ETERNAL?—No. 3.

IV.—TESTIMONY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

OUR clerical instructor informs us that "we shall find it (*the New Testament*) in perfect agreement with the Old;" which is but to say that both have one author, "The Spirit of Truth." The writers, however, whom the Holy Spirit taught to write the New Testament, although nearly all were Jews, used the *Greek* language, "which they had no hand in forming or moulding, but which was already provided for them to be the vehicle of their thoughts. They made no claim to alter the world's tongue, but to alter the faith of the world through the medium of that tongue which the world used and understood." So our instructor states, on the authority of another writer whose name he gives. But if they had to alter the world's faith, may they not have had to make a new application of some words belonging to "the world's tongue," to express a new or a modified meaning? He admits that it was so when "an idea new to the human mind" required expression. Occasionally, indeed, they even coined words, because there were no existing words that could convey some of God's thoughts to men's minds. If a future judgment to be followed by rewards and punishments, were not absolutely novelties to heathen writers, were their ideas upon those subjects the same as we meet with in the New Testament? The apostle Paul speaks frequently and emphatically of the darkness of the heathen upon these and other truths, and declares that Jesus Christ "hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." (2 Tim. i. 10.) Therefore was Paul himself appointed a preacher, and an apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles" (or heathen v. 11). If, then, a clearer light was shed by the gospel upon the future state, in reference to the saved, who shall assert that it was not so in reference also to the lost? God's will was to communicate to men ideas upon such subjects which were beyond human discovery. Were it not so, what need of a revelation about them, in any way? Now, "where an idea new to the human mind is brought before it, we have a right to look for a new or modified phrase, whose sense is to be stamped upon it by the novel truth." That admission is sufficient. No more is required. And yet God has given more, as we shall see, to establish the doctrine which this writer so persistently controverts.

In the New Testament "the punishment of the wicked is just as frequently described as *their death*," as it is in the Old, "without the smallest effort to show that its terms 'death,' or 'to die,' have any new sense placed upon them. These words (*θάνατος*, *thánatos*; *ἀποθνήσκω*, *apothnέsko*), as all other words on this question, are used without any explanation, as words whose sense was long established." Supposing all

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this to be as stated, may not the same be said respecting many other words used in the New Testament? Take, for example, *σαρξ* (*sarx*, *flesh*) and its derivatives, *fleshly*, *carnal*, *carnally*. These words have unquestionably a peculiar meaning in the New Testament, without any special note of the fact; the scope of the writing being sufficient to indicate the sense. The verb to justify (*δικαιώω*) and its derivatives, without mentioning more, will bear out what we have said on this point.

But there is more yet to be said in reply to our author's very positive dictum. He quotes John vi. 50, without mentioning the preceding verse. Let us read both verses instead of only one. "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die." Now we ask, What meant the Saviour by the death referred to in the forty-ninth verse? All who had eaten of the manna that fell in the wilderness were literally dead. Is it not evident that natural death, the death of the body was meant by our Lord in that reference and only that? But is the same death meant in the fiftieth verse? The promise is, that those who feed upon Christ, and therefore live by Christ, shall *not* die. Are they exempt from *natural* death? They are not. What then is the death from which they are exempt? Must it not be from that which is spiritual and eternal? Clearly that is the meaning, according to the other text of the same gospel (xi. 26) quoted by the author, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." What! shall they never die the natural death, or the death to which *all* are subject? If that is not our Lord's meaning, He must mean that they shall not die the death that is spiritual and eternal. This being manifest, what follows as a consequence? Just this; that the learning and talent of our author have not saved him from error; but that he has written what is contrary to fact and truth, and what is beguiling and delusive, adapted to lead the unwary into opinions that may have an injurious effect upon themselves, and through them upon others; even so far as to induce self-security, scepticism, and utter deadness to spiritual things.

In conversation with Martha, sister of the deceased Lazarus, the blessed Saviour declared, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall *never* die." What! never die in that sense in which *all men* die? Was that our Lord's meaning? Far from it. His words have another meaning; and we must not allow either Hebraist or Grecian to evaporate its meaning. Believers in Jesus, in common with all the earth, *must* die the *bodily* death: but they "shall never die" the spiritual death out of which Christ has raised them; the death of separation from God and the misery resulting. That they will die in the sense understood by the heathen world universal, is inevitable. If that is so, and if there is a sense in which "they shall never die," there must be a sense in which Christianity speaks of death, altogether different from that which was in use among Greek writers before the dawn of Christianity; and our author, in all that he says to the contrary, does but raise a dust, or beat the air.

What death is it of which Paul speaks in declaring that "the end of those things"—sins of all kinds, a life of sinning—"is death?" He speaks of a "death" which he affirms to be "the wages of sin;" and he places in contrast with it the "eternal life" which is "the gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 21, 23.) The apostle cannot mean "the common death of all men," which befalls saints as well as sinners. He must mean, therefore, another death involving all the consequences of a sinful course both here and hereafter. The alternative of not becoming *saved* is to *perish*; not in the sense of ceasing to be, but in the sense of being lost to holiness and happiness both now and for ever. This will appear before we have done with the question. Thus it is that the preachers of the gospel of God—"the glorious gospel of the blessed God,"—are to some "a savour of death unto death," whilst being at the same time to others "a savour of life unto life." (2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.)

There is a *state* of death in the present life, a death that is co-existent with common life, of which the New Testament speaks. "We know that we have passed from death unto life," says the apostle John (1 John iii. 14.) And our Lord declares that the believer "shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.) To be under condemnation, therefore, is one element of the death that results from sin. St. Paul speaks of sin as "working death in" him (Rom. vii. 18); and lays down as a principle in Christian theology that "to be carnally minded is death;" giving this reason: "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God." (Rom. viii. 6, 7.) And the apostle John declares, "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." (1 John iii. 14.) Our Lord said to one whom he called to preach the gospel, and who desired first to discharge the last duty of a son to his father,—“Let the dead bury their dead.”—Did he use the word "dead" in one and the same sense? Evidently he did not. Paul, writing to believers, says in one case, "You who were dead in trespasses and sins, . . . God hath quickened," or *made alive*. (Eph. ii. 1, 5.) Similar language is used by him in another epistle, to which the reader may refer. (Col. ii. 13.) All these quotations, and many more that might be adduced, prove that the New Testament speaks of *death* and the *dead*, in senses unknown to heathen writers, and therefore beyond the pale of heathen literature. They speak of a death here, altogether different from natural death; a death of sin and condemnation and unhappiness: and of a death hereafter that is to consummate this death, and that is called, emphatically, "the second death." (Rev. ii. 11; xx. 6, 14; xxi. 8.)

The learned Prebendary passes from a consideration of the New Testament doctrine of *Death*, to that of *Life*: *ζωή*. We have paid respectful attention to his Hebrew terms, and we desire to do so to his Greek. He makes the following remarks about this Greek word: "We have only to refer to our classical dictionaries, and there we find its primary and universally accepted sense to be *existence*. If we want any further con-

firmation, let us listen to the apostle James defining its meaning: '*What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.*' (James iv. 14.)"

Let us now see what the authors of the most complete and elaborate Greek lexicon of the present day—Liddell and Scott—give as "the primary meaning of this word." Is it *existence*? or is it *life*? Not either; but "*a living, i. e., means of life, goods, property, like βίος, βίωτος, Od. 14, 96, 208.*" Then as the secondary meaning of the word, in Attic, "*life, opp. to death, Trag.*" Whose statement shall we accept? the Cork clergyman's or these lexicographers'? And which are we to regard as the greater master of the Greek tongue? Old Homer, the prince of Grecian poets, or the learned theologian of Cork?

Again, what sort of philosophy is that which affirms *life* to be the same thing as *existence*? The chair upon which I sit, and the floor upon which I walk, and the house in which I dwell, all have *existence*. Are they therefore in possession of *life*? O, but the apostle James settles the question; for he says, "*Your life is even a vapour.*" Yes, he says that: but does what he there says, settle this question? Is *life* *literally* a vapour, or does the apostle make use of a figure of speech? Does he or does he not speak metaphorically? Our learned controvertist declares that the apostle's language, so far from being metaphorical—an apt and beautiful picture of one thing supplied by another—is a *definition*; and this definition is a "confirmation" of the dictum that *life* is *existence*, and that that is "its primary and universally accepted sense." Surely the *vapour* must have become so thick and extended, when under the contemplation of our learned instructor, that he lost himself, as in a fog, not knowing whither he was wandering; and so became oblivious of the fact that there is such a thing as *figurative* language among men. Those who believe that our Lord changed bread and wine into His own body and blood, and used no figure of speech when he said "*This is my body,*" and "*This is my blood,*" may believe that the apostle James meant literally that *life* is vapour: but common sense and reason alike reject every such conceit. Definition, indeed! Did ever writer suffer himself to trifle more with his own understanding, and with the intellect of his readers?

We are constrained to add yet a word or two more upon the point before us. If the primary meaning of the word *life* is simply *existence*, how comes its meaning to be rightly defined by being called a *vapour*? Is all that exists mere vapour? Are we, individual human beings, mere particles of a vapoury universe? If that is not the *nebular theory* gone mad, we know not what it is. Adam's bodily frame existed before it possessed *life*: and it was made, not of vapour, but of *earth*. There was a substance before there was *life*. There was an organised form before there was *life*. God breathed into the material frame in order that it might live. *Life* was a communication from God. Hebrew scholars, studying the account of man's creation, read that "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of

lives." (Not simply life; for the word is plural: חַיִּים). Was there, then, one kind of vapour only, or was there a plurality of kinds, breathed into Adam's nostrils? However that may be, certainly there was a plurality of life. The doctrine of Scripture is that "the blood" is "the life" of an animal. (Gen. ix. 4; Lev. xvii. 14.) Man has that in common with all animals. But has he not life, also, of a different kind from that? Is there no such thing as *spiritual* life as well as animal? If there were not, all religion would be blank delusion.

"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." (1 John iv. 16; iii. 14.) "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.) Here we are taught what is the true Christian life,—the life restored by the gospel to the true believer; the life of grace, as experienced by John and Paul and their fellow-Christians;—a life whose essence is *love*. "We love Him, because he first loved us." (1 John iv. 19.) It is "the spirit of life in Christ Jesus" operating in the soul and fashioning the conduct of him who, by faith, receives the free gift of God. (Rom. viii. 2.) And wherever this is, happiness is. "The peace of God, that passeth all understanding," and the "joy unspeakable and full of glory" are there. (Phil. iv. 7; 1 Pet. i. 1.) *Happy* existence that! And that the New Testament calls *life*.

(To be continued.)

THE MOTTOES ON THE COVER OF OUR MAGAZINE.

BY GEORGE SIMS.—No. I.

"Let us not be weary in well doing."—Gal. vi. 9.

"**WHATSOEVER** things were written aforetime were written for our learning; that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope." The example of Christ in what He did and said, is recorded for our imitation. If He denied Himself for the benefit of others, and "went about doing good," then we ought to deny ourselves in like manner; for he has left "us an example that we should follow His steps."

In verses six to ten of the chapter from which the above *motto* is taken, the apostle gives instructions to the private members of the church relative to *liberality* in support of those by whom they are taught in the word. Let us then inquire,

First: When may it truly be said that the members of a church are "well doing?"

1. The apostle regards it as "*well doing*" when the members of the church *contribute cheerfully, and liberally* toward the support of those who preach to them the gospel of Christ. This is called (ver. 8) "*sowing to the Spirit.*" This point is brought out still farther, 1 Cor. ix. 7-14,

"Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges? who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof? or who feedeth a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock? Say I these things as a man? or saith not the law the same also? For it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: that he that ploweth should plow in hope; and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope. If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" &c. The arguments of the apostle are very forcible. What soldier goes to war "at his own charge?" The country he serves provides for him. The man who "plants a vineyard" has a right to partake of the fruits. So the shepherd who attends his flocks partakes of the "milk of the flock." And even the ox that treadeth out the corn may take a bite as he passes along. So also the husbandman who ploughs his field, partakes of the benefits. And shall Christianity, the most philanthropic religion on earth, be cold and indifferent towards those who administer the bread of life? Shall families hear the language of heaven and earth, see vice repressed, virtue encouraged, the dying comforted, and yet forget those who shed, under God, all these blessings on a whole district.

The same sentiment is brought out 1 Tim. v. 17, 18. "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour, especially they who labour in the word and doctrine." These "*elders*" were evidently such as were employed at their labour during the week, and who edified the flock of Christ on the Sabbath.

We are well aware the foregoing passages are usually applied to the obligation resting on the members of the church to support those who are wholly set apart to the work of the ministry. Without contesting the claims put forth in reference to these, we think that those "*elders*" (or "*presbyters*") who, during their years of *health*, support themselves and their families, and on the Sabbath days are found unfurling the banner of the cross, should not be neglected, if in want, in the time of "*age and feebleness extreme*," by those for whose spiritual benefit they have lived and laboured.

But in reference to the *spiritual* concerns of the members of the church, they may be said to be doing *well*,

2. When the enlightening influences of the Holy Ghost are seen and acknowledged, so as to obtain *humiliating* views of themselves, and the most *exalted* views of the *Saviour*. The more of genuine piety we have, the more humble will our views be of our own *wisdom, prudence, power, patience*, or other attainments; we shall esteem others better than ourselves,—and the *Saviour* will be exalted, as *willing, able, present*. He will be "*our all and in all*." When such is the case we can sing with C. Wesley,

"I loathe myself, when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be ALL in ALL."

3. When the graces of the Spirit are cherished so that they become vigorous, and we bring forth all His fruits in great abundance. Is it asked, What are they? We reply, they are clearly stated in Gal. v. 22, 23: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." How beautiful is the order of these graces. Joy follows love. We naturally rejoice in the happiness of those we love and esteem. Peace, too, is the result of love.

"Sweet peace she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each breast a little heaven."

"Long suffering" in affliction and trial. Religion sweetens the temper, corrects an irritable disposition, and leads us to make all around as happy as possible. "Goodness" of heart, which leads to good-will to men. "Faith," or fidelity in every duty. The Christian is faithful in all the engagements into which he enters; and faithful to all the promises which He makes. All pretensions to being under the influences of the Spirit, when such fidelity does not exist, are deceitful and vain. "Meekness," which gives the good man a dignity and ascendancy over his angry brother, so that he "overcomes evil with good."

4. When we persevere in the use of those means which God has appointed for our spiritual welfare; as prayer, faith, self-denial, taking up the cross, reading the Scriptures, hearing the word preached, communicating at the table of the Lord;—and, in a word, doing "all things decently and in order." Let us "then not be weary in well-doing." We inquire,

Secondly: What are the signs of growing weary in well-doing?

It may appear paradoxical that any persons should grow weary in "well-doing." Such a circumstance rarely occurs in reference to the men of this world—they are often weary because they are prevented doing well;—but in reference to professors of religion, they often "grow weary." Daily occurrences witness it, and our own experience proves it. Thus "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." The signs of weariness are,

1. When the cause of Christ, or the preachers of the gospel do not receive from those who are benefited by it the support which is required. When the members of a church do not contribute towards the support of those who have ministered,—or do now minister to them, the bread of life,—as God has prospered them, it shows a dereliction of duty;—or, when they do it with a sparing hand, or with a grudging mind. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." He that giveth is to "do it heartily, as unto the Lord."

2. When professors grow lukewarm in their attachment to the cause of religion—formal in the performance of religious duties—and remiss in their attention to the means of grace. “If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him, But let him “ask in faith, without wavering;” not doubting but God heareth his prayer, and will fulfil the desire of his heart.

3. When they lose their conscientiousness about *little* things,—and in reference to things indifferent, they are generally found to lean to the carnal side of the question, and are very much afraid of being thought to be too nice about *trifles*, lest it should be said they are “righteous *over much*.”

4. When there is a conforming to the *world*—in its spirit, customs, fashions, maxims, pomps, and contrivances! With regard to our duty in these respects nothing can be more plain. “Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.” “Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God.” We consider,

Thirdly: The encouraging thought by which we are dissuaded from growing weary in well-doing.”

1. In the present life we are to *sow*,—to cast in the *seed*. We do well to remember that, “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” This figure is also taken from agriculture. A man who sows wheat, will reap wheat; he who sows barley, will reap barley; he who sows cockle, will reap cockle. Every kind of grain will produce grain like itself. So with regard to our works. He who continues in sin will be dealt with according to his deeds. He who is righteous shall be liberally rewarded. As in the natural, so in the moral world. “*Whatsoever a man soweth*”—whether it be good or bad, whether he be liberal or sparing in it—“*that shall he also reap.*” The return shall be answerable to the sowing, both in kind and degree. “Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles.” “He that soweth to his flesh”—yields to his unhallowed passions and appetites, and follows the desires of his corrupt nature; or that employs his substance, time, and thoughts, merely or chiefly in gratifying and indulging the flesh—for his own pleasure, thus “*living to himself*,” and *for himself*—shall out of this very seed “reap corruption,”—the destruction of soul and body. On the contrary, “*he who sows to the Spirit*,” in every form of benevolence to the poor, shall become the possessor of a charity that never dies. It is said of Jesus, “He went about doing good.” We are, according to our means, to imitate Him; then we shall *reap* the fruits of peace here, and life eternal in the world to come. Charity never asks the name or nation, rank or station, of a fellow sufferer,—a person in distress. “As we have opportunity,” we are to “do good unto all, but pecially to them who are of the household of faith.” Love may meet with ungrateful returns, but it “never faileth.” “*Whatsoever our hand findeth*

to do, let us do it with our might." Let us *apply* ourselves to it. We must not expect to reap before we have finished the *sowing*. Let our language be,

"Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
 To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
 Still let me guard the holy fire,
 And still stir up Thy gift in me.
 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
 My acts of faith and love repeat,
 Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
 And make the sacrifice complete."

2. If we faint not we shall "*reap in due season*." The religion of Christ, like its great Author, is "all compassion." Our hands must never be suffered to hang down, either through lukewarmness and sloth, or through timidity and fear. Neighbours or strangers, good persons or evil, friends or enemies, are not to be excluded. But, as we are writing for the LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE, and for those who, in many respects are the friends and supporters of our aged and worn-out brethren, we would say, "Be not weary in well-doing." The opportunity for doing good, generally speaking, is our lifetime; but there are many *particular* opportunities occurring from time to time. It may not be out of place here to urge upon those who are lovers of our Zion, and such as seek to promote her good, to become at once, in connection with our annual meeting, —or rather at the time when we begin another year of our existence,—*Annual Subscribers*.

Biography.

MEMOIR OF ANNA STEPHENSON,

THE BELOVED WIFE OF THOMAS STEPHENSON, LOCAL PREACHER, OF
 ROTHWELL, NEAR LEEDS, YORKSHIRE.

ANNA STEPHENSON was born at Ripon, on the 12th day of March, 1817. She was the third daughter of William and Elizabeth Acomb. Her grandfather, Mr. Robert Bell, was for many years supervisor at Wakefield, where he was well known as one of the earlier Methodists. He was intimately acquainted with the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, and Dr. Coke. These men of blessed memory had often consultations with Mr. Bell on the great work they were then originating, and which in after years, under Divine direction, was to effect such a vast revolution in the habits and morals of the people in England, and in many other parts of the world.

Mr. Bell had been brought to a knowledge of the truth under the labours of the heavenly-minded Mr. Grimshaw, a clergyman of the Church of England. In 1767, as may be seen by a reference to the Methodist

Magazine for 1826, Mr. Bell introduced Methodism into Carlisle. Some years afterwards, Mr. Wesley, having occasion to meet the class there, exclaimed with much fervour, "Glory to God for Mr. Bell; he has certainly been a very useful man."

Mr. Stephenson, husband of the subject of this memoir, has in his possession a large red painted box, upon which, in Mr. Bell's chamber, were often seated the said blessed men, arranging their plans to carry out the great work God had specially raised them up to accomplish.

Anna Stephenson, also having had the advantage of being born of excellent parents, who, with great care and uniform practice, trained up their children to love God and reverence his ministers, people, and sanctuary, there can be no wonder at her strong bias in favour of the Wesleyan Methodists.

It does not appear, however, that she finally broke from the pleasures and fascinations of the world, and dedicated herself to God and His people, before 1838. Her ticket of admission into the Wesleyan Society bears date, September Quarter, 1838. From that date to the time of her death there is good reason to know, that she never lost a sense of God's pardoning love and mercy, nor her love to His ministers and cause.

In 1840, her parents and family came to reside at Rothwell. Soon after their arrival, Mr. Stephenson, having had some business with her father, Mr. Acomb, on which occasion he saw their daughter Anna, became deeply impressed in her favour. That impression ripened into a very fond attachment, and in the following year, on December 23rd, believing themselves under divine direction, they were united together in holy matrimony, at East Parade Chapel, Leeds, by the Rev. John Ely. That union being a blessedly happy one to both, they ever regarded it with unutterable pleasure, and never for a moment had occasion to regret its occurrence.

They had seven children; two boys and five girls. One is not; six, however, together with their father, live to mourn awhile their irreparable loss.

Over twenty-nine years Mrs. Stephenson lived with her husband and family in faithfulness, love, and peace. True, she had no outward show, but she was calm, peaceful, loving to all with whom she had to do. Her value can only be really known and appreciated by her own family, who daily witnessed her devotional habits, her closet prayer, and the special training of all the loved ones God had entrusted to her care. Such training, eternity will show, can never be in vain. Her illness was brief and somewhat remarkable; only about six months previous to her death we discovered a lump or substance in her left breast. It occasioned no pain, however, and we apprehended no danger; but she herself, fearing that something was seriously wrong there, read an eminent medical authority on breast affections, and then calmly said to her family, "I am satisfied it is a cancer." A skilful medical practitioner was consulted, his opinion was unfavourable; but he advised nothing to be done save the application, if the part should become uneasy, of a sedative solution. A second and

third medical advisers were consulted. All were of the same opinion, and all agreed that an operation in her delicate state was altogether out of the question. Amidst all this, and in prospect of prolonged suffering and an early death, she never mourned or complained. Two or three times she said, "If it should please God, for the sake of the loved ones, I should be glad to be spared a little longer;" in a moment, however, she would say, "but then I have loved ones awaiting me in yonder happy world;" and she was fully resigned to the will of her heavenly Father.

On the 18th of January a loved friend at Rothwell Haigh, whom she had visited a short time before, had slept in Jesus; and there was then an impression made on each of them that they would not long be separated. And so it was. They are now sleeping close by each other, in the same burial ground, to rest until the morning of the blessed resurrection. She had followed her to her grave on the 21st of January.

Five days afterwards, on the 26th of January, her husband, on returning from Leeds, was met by his beloved wife and daughter near a mile from home, when she walked home with him without any difficulty, and made no complaint of being any worse. In a few days afterwards she became suddenly much worse, though free from pain: but paralysis of the lower part of the body supervened, and she was never again able to walk without aid.

Excessive weakness rapidly followed, occasionally attended by delirium. Then again, at intervals, she was thanking and praising God, and longing and waiting to be delivered from the toils and changes of this sublunary world. Her husband and children, some of them, were ever at her bedside, affording her all temporal and spiritual aid within their power, and fondly clinging to the hope to see her restored.

The Saviour called. Her work was finished. On the morning of the 24th of March, 1871, she calmly and beautifully fell asleep in Jesus, almost imperceptibly, in the presence of her husband and sorrowful children, in the 55th year of her age, after having served God (as she often remarked), "very imperfectly," for more than thirty years.

Her death was somewhat remarkable and extraordinary. During her illness she was attended by the Rev. Thomas Pearson, superintendent, the Rev. P. N. Andrews, and the Rev. Mr. Foster, who afforded her much comfort by their spiritual advice and prayers. Her class leader, Mrs. Richard Seanor, and Mrs. Craven, a classmate, were also made a great blessing to her.

It should be known that the Revs. Messrs. Pearson and Andrews, and other friends, had made her case a matter for special prayer; and they besought God that she might be spared the fearful and prolonged suffering generally occasioned by cancerous disease; and her husband desires it to be known and recorded to the honour of God, that he confidently believes that God was pleased to answer these faithful and fervent prayers. She passed away to the heavenly world in great peace, without pain. We can but say, "He hath done all things well."

Narrative.

THE BATTLE GROUND OF LAST SUMMER, AND THE DEVASTATION OF THE WAR.

THE history of the year 1870, so far as it regards Europe, will be chiefly taken up with the Franco-Prussian War. It was the all-absorbing topic of the latter five months of the year, and will continue to be the great theme of historians, and perhaps of poets and moralists, for a long time to come. The *effects* of the war are beyond all human ken or calculation. God alone can see the whole length of the line and of all the divergent lines of its issues. Vast and unforeseen events—unforeseen by man—have already resulted. The reduction of Papal power, the humiliation of aggressive France, the ruin of Paris, the demonised fury of political adventurers, the elevation of Italy, the emancipation of Spain, the reconstruction of the German empire, the breaking down of Error's strongholds, and of barriers to Truth,—these are some of the results of the war already brought about. The object of the present paper, however, is not to discuss these matters, but to relate some particulars, which, on these and other grounds, will probably interest the reader.

The writer has been through a corner of France, and the adjacent parts of Prussia, visiting also some places that have been taken from France and annexed to Germany. He went out early in April, and returned late in May, on a tour to distant parts of Europe and back. He visited part of the battle-ground on going out, and another part on his return; and what he saw he noted at the time, and is prepared now to tell.

Starting from Ludgate Hill station early in the morning on the first Tuesday in April, having taken tickets for Brussels, *via* Dover and Ostend, he reached the Belgian capital by about five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. Two nights were spent in Brussels, which was crowded with refugees from France, chiefly from Paris. At Brussels he met with a tradesman from a Yorkshire town, bent on spending some three days or so in the same pursuit as himself. English speech and English sympathies drew the two into temporary fellowship; and these two, together with a member of the writer's family, formed a congenial association as strangers in a foreign land.

We started together from Brussels immediately after breakfast, on the morning of Thursday, for Namur; thence we proceeded to Agincourt; and thence again to Givet, and forwards to Charleville. The line being along the Meuse all the way from Namur, was enlivened by a perpetual succession of romantic and beautiful scenery. Rocks in great variety of shape and aspect,—some pinnacled, some serrated, and some in bold and rugged mass, alternated with wooded, or grass-clad, or stony slopes, at varied angles of inclination, in continuous diversity. The river is clothed with beauty all along.

One of our fellow passengers was a French subject, who had been a prisoner of war in Germany. He looked very sober, but took great interest in the scenery through which we passed. Sometimes his countenance wore an expression of sadness, but brightened up many a time as he gazed upon the beauty of nature. He was returning to his country,—perhaps to wife and children,—and was manifestly glad to be again in possession of freedom. As he spoke only French, or, at least, not English, we could have but little conversation with him; the little we had being through our Yorkshire friend, who speaks a little French, his mother having taught him its elements when he was a child.

On passing Dinant, we observed a considerable fortress there, as is the case also at Namur; and at Givet there are very extensive fortifications, seated upon a lofty ridge above the river; so commanding the stream and roads in both directions—upwards and downwards. The town is surrounded with walls and a moat, and there are extensive barracks by the river side, below the fortifications. It is a frontier fortress of France, close to Belgium, to which country it may be regarded as a standing menace; for the little kingdom of Belgium is but an infant in comparison with the gigantic empire of France.

Having to wait a considerable time before we could proceed on our journey from Givet, we left our luggage at the station, and walked into the town, where we found a good plain hotel; and there we obtained a comfortable lunch of small mutton chops, fried potatoes, bread, and beer.

Returning to the station, we resumed our places in the train, which may have been detained, perhaps, for military reasons; for all the train service was in a state of dislocation at the time, consequent on the recent war. Of that war we began to meet with unmistakable tokens soon after leaving Givet for Charleville, in destroyed bridges, whose abutments only remained. On approaching Charleville, our train crossed the Meuse by an extemporised timber bridge that had but just then become available for trains. We were told that our train was the *first* that had crossed it; and we were taken slowly and cautiously over. Possibly our detention at Givet may have been caused by the yet incomplete work of the temporary bridge.

A 'bus conveyed us to our hotel, which we found crowded with Prussian officers, who were to dine at the six o'clock *table d'hôte*. We were anxious to see *Mezieres*, which is on the opposite side of the river from *Charleville*,—the two places being separated by the *Meuse*, as London and Southwark are by the Thames. Having secured beds, therefore, for the night, and washed ourselves, we walked to the bridge that unites the two towns, and over it to *Mezieres*.

All who have noticed the course of the war, will recollect how this place suffered. It is a fortified town, and therefore became an object of special attack and defence, whilst *Charleville*, being unfortified, was left without attack and defence, and is therefore uninjured. Poor *Mezieres*!—We

found it in a pitiable plight. Nearly half the town is a mass of hideous ruins. Many of the houses were evidently well built, their corners being compactly quoined, and the walls that remain showing good material and structural solidity. The church is riddled, and battered, and broken,—a total ruin within; but its walls, tower, and spire still standing. We found men at work, repairing the outer walls and tower. Nearly opposite the church were three men making use of a long and thick pole as a lever to bring down the lofty corner of a high house. We stood and watched them for a few minutes. Working the pole as a lever, they succeeded in disjoining a mass of stones, and, in a short time, down they came with a loud crash, raising a cloud of dust, which spread itself quickly around, as if bent upon half blinding or suffocating all who were within its reach.

The sight of so much desolation, as we passed from street to street, was very affecting. We could not help feeling sorrowful, as though we had ourselves been involved in the suffering and loss. Some of the people looked dejected, but the greater number were going about as unconcerned or as busy as the inhabitants of places that had not had any such visitation. By far the greater number of respectable females whom we saw were clothed in mourning.

When we got back to our hotel all was bustle and activity there. Dinner was not yet over. We wanted tea, for which we had to wait nearly three quarters of an hour; and when it was brought in, we found it little better than warm water slightly coloured. We had warm milk and sugar with it, however, and good bread and butter; so that we managed to relieve our thirst and settle our appetites for the night.

After tea I took a walk up the street to the market-place, a good square, surrounded by quaint looking houses, all with high pitched roofs diminishing in breadth upwards, so as to give them the shapes of the caps worn by women in some French towns. There are shops and cafés below, within piazzas, but all plain and old fashioned. In the principal streets there are some good shops, well supplied with merchandise, some of it being of excellent quality.

We could have no choice of lodging rooms at our hotel, because of their general appropriation by military officers. My daughter, however, had a large and excellently furnished room assigned to her; but I and our travelling companion had to mount higher, to a double-bedded room, long and narrow, very scant of furniture, and with each a scrap only of bedside carpet, the floor being otherwise bare. We had each one chair, but had to share a washing-stand between us. Our beds, however, were clean, and that was a comfort; and glad were we to obtain accommodation of any tolerable kind for the night.

On the Friday morning we left Charleville for Sedan. Taking the 'bus from our hotel, we had a ride of more than two miles to Mohon station, where we had to wait a vexatious length of time before we could proceed, because of the great number of soldiers in transit, both ways, between

France and Germany. A full hour and half, or more, passed before we could make a start.

A German officer,—a fine, tall, gentlemanly young fellow,—who had entered our 'bus on the way to the station, meeting us again there, and having a good knowledge of the English tongue, accosted us, and entered freely into conversation. He had never been in England, but had acquired our language at school. The youth of respectable families throughout Germany are taught French and English as well as German. He had come up from Germany with a number of men under his command, in charge of 900 French soldiers and 200 of their officers, who had been prisoners of war. He had delivered them up here, and was going back to Germany with his men. He said the French officers treated their own men very badly, caring nothing for their comfort and health. He had himself slept in the *coupé* of a railway carriage, and had given places to two French soldiers; but that, when he was asleep, two officers came in and turned the two men out, and took their places. He had been a little while at Versailles, where every thing was so dear, that he had paid fifteen francs (12s.) for a dinner; and his living there cost him nine thalers (26s. 3d. sterling) a day. The French soldiers had a forlorn and dejected look, with few exceptions. Their spirits were evidently broken. The Germans looked well, as those who had lacked nothing. Their attitude was firm and erect, as men feeling their own power; yet not at all overbearing, consequential, or threatening. They looked like men knowing their duty, and accustomed to do it. Their appearance generally is jolly and muscular, showing robust health and constitutional vigour. Their countenances wear an expression of frankness and honour, combined with a considerable amount of intelligence. They manifestly know what they are about, and look not likely to blunder much in doing what they have to do. Their behaviour to each other and to strangers is polite and courteous, not merely in form—although they observe the formalities of good breeding,—but also in spirit and informal demeanour. The officer with whom we conversed spoke of military service and of field action just as a tradesman would of business. It was all *a matter of course* with him,—life and death being thought much less about than duty and service.

(To be continued.)

“THE BLIND BIBLE READER!”

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS, LONDON.

“His parents, brothers, neighbours dealt
 Their kindly care, and still were nigh;
 But though the guiding hand he felt,
 He never saw the sparkling eye.

"They told him of the Almighty's word
Recorded in the sacred law ;
Listening, the sacred truth he heard,
But the loved record never saw.

"Alike the Sun's meridian light,
The morning's dawn, the evening's fall,
Were gloom to his unconscious sight,
"Twas dark, dark, dark and dreary all."

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that in this busy age, those who fight the battle of life under the most peculiarly disadvantageous circumstances are the Blind. It seems hard that they should lose so much—that not only for them should be

"No sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
But cloud instead, and ever during dark ;"

but that the terrible deprivation should be their portion in a world where the law is that man must live by the sweat of his brow. "What can a blind man do for a living?" was asked some time ago by a magistrate when a poor blind man with two weeping, terrified children, after having been for some time locked up with the vilest characters, was placed in the dock, charged with begging, but which consisted simply, in passing slowly along the street singing a mournful tune to the accompaniment of an accordion, and receiving the voluntary alms of the passers by. But for the compassion of the magistrate, the poor man would have been liable to fourteen days' hard labour, as a vagrant, and the children would have been sent to the workhouse. The helpless condition of the blind has led to many efforts being made to instruct them and to improve their temporal condition. Books have been printed especially for them, and they have been taught to read. Industrial Schools have been established for them, and they have been initiated into the mystery of basket making, manufacture of brushes and doormats, of anti-macassars and toilette ornaments. Still the question, "What *can* a blind man do, generally, for a living?" has not yet been satisfactorily answered. Take for illustration the School for the Indigent Blind, St. George's in the Fields, with 153 scholars, supported at an expense of nearly £10,000 per annum. It appears from a late report that music is made a prominent feature of this institution; but that of ten organists who have left the school, two only earn £25 per annum; one earns £25 including tuning; one earns £20; one £10. Four earn small salaries, and one earns nothing. Of fifty pupils of the industrial department who left the school in four years, three earn ten to fifteen shillings per week; five from six to ten shillings per week; while the earnings of the remainder are enumerated as 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 2s., 1s. 6d. and nothing. Thus, of fifteen pupils per annum leaving the school, not more than two earn a living.

These remarks have been suggested to our minds by a perusal of the Report of the work for man and for Christ, carried on in Old Pye Street, Westminster, under the superintendence of Miss Adeline Cooper. This Christian Lady has answered the question, "What can a blind man do for a living?" in a very satisfactory manner. A blind man came under her notice, the eyes of whose understanding had been opened, and she determined to utilise that gift, and to send the message of salvation to those parts of the metropolis where "gross darkness covers the people." Accordingly, the blind man, Mr. Bayliss, was engaged to read the holy Scriptures in the poor courts and lanes of Westminster, or elsewhere, as might be found desirable. He was furnished with portions of Scriptures and with some tracts, and his instructions were not to *give* any away, but, should any hearer give him a penny or a halfpenny, to give the books and tracts in exchange. For four years the Blind Bible Reader has continued his interesting labours, and has carried the "good news" into above one thousand courts, streets, &c., and at the end of his fourth year's labours he says:—"On reviewing the past year, the Lord has certainly been with me and blessed me in my labour; crowds have listened with intense interest to the words I have been reading in obscure corners, in the lowest state of degradation, where seldom, if ever, the gospel has been heard. The gatherings of the people have been larger this year, and their reverence increases, and in many instances the Lord has used His own word for their everlasting good."

A few extracts from the reports upon our table illustrative of the nature of the work and its results will be interesting to those readers who sometimes are tempted to ask, *What can a blind man do?*

One remarkable thing in connection with the blind man's labour is the quieting, soothing effect of the reading. Swearing, quarrelling, disputing, gradually cease, and deep silence is maintained until the chapter is finished, and many stand at the doors and windows to listen. One day a milkman gave the reader a penny, but refused a gospel, saying, he did not want such books. Shortly after he returned, took one up and commenced reading for a short time; he then said, "I like this, *and I will give you another penny for it.*" Another time a number of soldiers and women had gathered round while he was reading "The good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." One poor girl began to cry, and said, "I remember reading that when I was a little girl." In one wretched court, full of costermonger's barrows, so eager were the men to hear, that they mounted their barrows and crowded the windows, and some of the children entreated their parents to have some of these books that they might hear more of "the virgins, the sheep and goats, heaven and the angels." On one occasion, entering another court similarly occupied, the reader was met by a powerful Irishwoman who demanded "What he wanted?" "Wait a little and you will see," he replied. "Ah, sure, you are a *preacher!*" "No, I am a reader." "And sure, what do you *rade?*"

"You shall hear directly." He then commenced to read the trial and crucifixion of our blessed Lord. After a few verses she exclaimed, "Wait a bit till I bring some more to hear ye!" and soon brought several other women who listened with the greatest attention and reverence, murmuring their approbation of the "beautiful words, and all true." On Good Friday (1867) the Bible reader took up a position for nine hours near Battersea Bridge, and was listened to by numerous gatherings. A little girl about eight or nine years of age, with four young companions, formed part of one of the groups; this child had had sixpence given her to spend, but stood for some time listening, although frequently urged by the other children to buy some oranges and nuts at a stall close by; but she replied, "No, let us stay and listen. It is so nice to hear about the Saviour." Seeing the gospels she said, "I wonder how much they are!" on being told, she said, "Instead of oranges and nuts I will treat each of you to a little book." She then took five Gospels, giving one each to her little companions saying, "the words are so beautiful, they are better than oranges and nuts." On one occasion, after reading the fifteenth chapter of Luke, he dwelt specially on the words, "had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him," showing the swiftness of God's love in meeting the returning sinner, and then exclaimed, "Who this morning, in this crowd, will be the returning prodigal?" A man behind the reader placed his broad hand on his back and said, "I am the prodigal; for ten years I have resisted the Spirit; but I will resist no more!" Some of the bystanders began to laugh, when he said, "You may laugh, but I mean to decide for Jesus to day." Surely there would be joy in heaven over this repentant sinner.

On another occasion a group of shoeless urchins gathered round the reader, and after listening awhile, one boy said, "I say, Johnny, don't never swear again; don't let none of us swear nor tell lies; listen to the book."

We conclude our extracts with one other incident. The reader was standing near a public house, out of which many were coming and going; a man came out in a very excited state, and in an angry tone called upon God to strike him dead and blind. He was reading St. Mark's Gospel chapter xv., and had got to the twenty-ninth verse, "They that passed by railed on Him, wagging their heads," &c. When he came to the thirty-second verse, where it says, "Let Christ, the King of Israel, descend now from the cross that we might see and believe," stopping suddenly, the reader said to the crowd which pressed on him, "I wonder why He did *not* come down from the cross when these men wished. He had raised Lazarus, and called back the spirit of the ruler's daughter; therefore He did not lack the power; why then did he *not* come down? Let me answer it by asking another question, Why did not God strike that man dead and blind when he wished him? Justice was willing, because he had insulted the majesty of God; what then held back His arm?

Dear friends, it was that which held Him to the cross—*Love!*—See how much the wicked owe to Jesus; if there had been no Jesus, that man would have been dead ere this.” The effect on the people was very striking, and the man himself grasping the reader’s hand, warmly apologised.

In August last, Mr. Bayliss, owing to the kindness of Miss Cooper, visited the Isle of Wight. His impressions of the island are detailed in some letters which have been printed in a little book, for the benefit of the Bible Reader’s Fund, entitled “Summer Wanderings, or a Blind Man’s Visit to the Isle of Wight.” The letters are well written, and are exceedingly interesting. The price of the book is threepence, and may be had of Miss A. M. Cooper, 78, Coleshill Street, London, S. W.

What *can* a blind man do? Under the blessing of God, he can do much for humanity, for the world, and for Christ. But what *can we do*—*we* who can see the misery around us,—*we* who can see the multitudes going down to a joyless, a blasted immortality, without hope and without God, sinking into the ocean tide of iniquity without one rising bubble to tell their whereabouts? What *can we* do? We can all do something. Let us do it. You have read the story of the painter and his son. A painter had a son, and he requested him to paint a picture. “I cannot,” said he. “Do your best,” was the old man’s reply. The young man trembled and hesitated, but still came the answer, “Do your best.” At length he determined to try. Day after day passed, and still he was busy at his picture. At length it was finished. The old man was carried into the studio, and as he gazed upon his son’s picture and saw his son’s greatness rising up in the distance, and his own bright fame declining, he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, “My son, I paint no more.” And that picture is now visited by hundreds, and admired, in one of the continental churches. O, if we would only do our best—our best for the poor and sin-stricken—our best for humanity and for God, what a heaven this world be. Let us individually say with the poet:

“I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that shines above me,
And awaits my spirit too,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrong that lacks resistance;
In the future, in the distance,
For the good that I can do.”

Literary Notices.

What to Preach, and How. By Joseph Bush. Price Sixpence. Sold at 66, Paternoster Row.

THIS address was delivered last year in the morning chapel, City Road,

to the members of “The Local Preachers’ Society.” We thought when reading it, “How forcible are right words.” If our readers will turn to our June number (page 185), they will see that addresses bearing on the work of local preachers were contemplated in the formation of the

Society. The address now before us is the first which has yet been delivered. We should advise our readers to get the pamphlet. In the meantime we give a few extracts from many which have been marked in the margin "good:"—

STEALING SERMONS.

"But if we frown upon the man who reads a sermon that he has bought and paid for, what is to be said of the man who steals a sermon, and then gives it as his own? The practice is fatal to self-respect; and when self-respect is dead, no other virtue can long survive. To do this thing is not only a wrong to the man whose own the sermon is, but it is a gross deception for any one to preach *as his* a sermon that was made by another. There is a text which the man who has fallen into this snare of the devil ought to preach from. If he would himself make a sermon upon it, one might predict that never more would he preach another's sermon as his own. The text reads, 'Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully.' (Jer. xlviii. 10.) And besides all this, the practice of stealing another man's sermon, and using it as though it was our own, is a violation of the eighth commandment. I hold that, morally, it is as difficult to justify the man who steals a sermon as the man who steals a sheep.

"But where does stealing begin? How far has every man a right to appropriate for his own use the result of other people's labours?

"Some men are miners, or they live at the diggings. They get possession of the metal in a rough, lumpy state. They sell at a market price; the metal goes to the mint: there it is melted, moulded, stamped; and then it comes out, bearing the queen's image.

"Some men are thinkers; and as writers or preachers, they deal in bullion. They throw out truth in lumps. A book is published; it has a selling price; and any one is at liberty to make a nugget his own by paying so much. A man gets in this way a lump of truth; but before he can circulate any single idea as his own, he

must pass it through the mint of his own mind. He must first fuse it in the fires of his own heart, then mould it after his own style of thought, and then stamp upon the new and bright idea his own image and superscription.

"Having done this, he may fairly and honestly circulate the idea. He first bought, and then wrought, and he has a good right to call it his. If the fire was of full heat, and the moulding well done, people will say of such a preacher, How like him that sermon was. Of course, it was like him, for he had stamped upon it his own image.

"Every preacher who is worth the name will be above buying sermons to read from the pulpit, above stealing sermons to recite from the pulpit, and also above compiling sermons, borrowing here a little and there a little, and, by the patchwork pattern, reminding a well-read hearer of Joseph's coat of many colours—whereas a true sermon is like unto the Saviour's vesture, all of a piece, without seam, and woven from the top throughout." (Pp. 18—20.)

LONG SERMONS.

"If you ask yet again, How shall we preach? I answer, Not too long.

"There is a closer connection between a loose style and a long sermon than appears at first sight. Granted, that in two sermons there is an equal amount of thought to be spoken, it is certain that a mere difference of style will make all the difference between a short sermon and a long one. Here is a sermon that has forty minutes of thought in it; now there are three ways in which that sermon may be made to last an hour. Pick long words; use five words where four would better do the work; now and then say the same thing a second time in other words. If this three-fold direction be observed, the sermon may be drawn out to a full hour's length. There can be no doubt but that a man who talks clear, strong, racy English, and is content with saying a thing once, will say as much in forty minutes as another man whose style is loose and feeble and diffuse will say in an hour.

"I give no opinion as to how long a sermon ought to be. Quality is quite independent of length. Short sermons are not always good: long sermons are not uniformly dull. A short sermon may be too long; a long sermon may seem too short. Still, it is a fact that where one preacher errs on the side of brevity, half a dozen err by preaching too long at one time. They would do more if they said less. And this fact ought to serve as a warning to us; and every man who occupies the attention of a congregation for nearly an hour ought to be quite sure that he has a great deal to say that is well worth hearing." (Pp. 37, 38.)

WHERE SHALL WE PREACH?

"In the metropolis, one half of the men could do all the regular work. Taking one circuit with another, if the Superintendent were to select from the Local Preachers on the plan a number amounting to one-half, he could fill up every place, and the brethren would not be overworked. This state of things is not satisfactory to anybody; and on many grounds it is most desirable that every man among you who really can preach, should preach more frequently than is the rule at present.

"To meet the case, various suggestions have been made. Some urge the erection of plain, permanent school-chapels in needy neighbourhoods; others go in for temporary, travelling iron-churches, one or two in every London circuit, and moved from one locality in the circuit to another as from time to time the iron-church is superseded by a chapel of brick or stone. Something will be done; but to carry out these or the like suggestions, time and money are needed. This means delay. And to you, delay means talents rusting, and a call to preach practically unheeded; and to men and women all around you, living in sin, delay means death.

"I wonder how Philip would have met this difficulty. Rather, I do not wonder. He did not wait for chapels to be built for him: but, driven out of Jerusalem, he went down to a city in Samaria, and preached Christ unto the people. After that, he was

found at Azotus, and, passing through, he preached in all the cities till he came to Cæsarea (Acts viii. 5, 40). In both instances, Philip was the first on the ground. No Christian preacher had been that way before. There was no place to preach in; and yet in that city in Samaria, and in the many cities of Philistia and the vale of Sharon, Philip preached Christ. In street or market, "by the walls or in the doors of the houses," he told the people of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

"And in doing this, Philip only did what others had done already. Of the very first preachers of the gospel, we read that they went forth, and preached everywhere (Mark xvi. 20). That is the word we just now need to remember—*everywhere*. An old proverb saith, A praying heart will find a praying place. Is it not equally true that a preaching heart will find a preaching place. In summer months, there is the street corner; and in winter time, cottages and other rooms are to be had if we look for them. I do not say that nothing is to be done by the church in this matter; and I have my own opinion as to what is the best thing to be done. But to you I say, Do something, and do it at once." (Pp. 40—42.)

HOW SHALL WE PREACH?

"If you ask, further, How shall we preach? I answer, When we have fewest hearers, let us preach in our very best style.

"I have no sympathy with those who seem not to think it worth their while to preach to a very small congregation. I do not speak of the man who, when appointed to a cottage, counts it an open question whether or not he should go to his work; who looks at weather, and distance, and the age of the moon, all the time feeling quite free to keep his appointment or not as he may choose. I think the Lord Jesus regards with mingled contempt and indignation the man who, whilst forward to keep what are called good appointments, and missing no chance of preaching to large congregations, is above cottage services, and leaves unfed "those

few sheep in the wilderness. I refer to such as do keep their appointments, but when the congregation is very small, do not preach so well as they might.

"I find that some of the noblest discourses delivered by Christ and His Apostles—the sermons which furnish us with so many of our texts—were preached to a very few persons, sometimes to a solitary individual. I note also that neither the Master nor His servants ever thought it beneath them to preach to very small congregations. But, again, the example most appropriate to this occasion is that of Philip, a deacon and an evangelist—a lay preacher.

"Some men are more useful than popular, and others are more popular than useful; it was Philip's happiness to be both popular and useful. As he preached Christ, the people with one accord gave heed unto the things which he spake. Many were saved; and we read concerning the city where Philip laboured what we read of no other, There was great joy in that city (Acts viii. 6, 8). Philip draws large congregations; he is honoured of God, and beloved by the people; and just at this nick of time, the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert. From the city he must go to 'the way which is desert.' And without raising one objection or asking one question, he arose and went. When, after a long journey on foot, Philip reached the way which is desert, he was told why he was sent there, and what his work was. His congregation consists of one man; and as soon as the evangelist came within earshot of the Ethiopian we read, Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus (Acts viii. 26, 35). He who had been wont to preach to crowds in the city was equally eager to preach Christ unto one man.

"It was nothing to Philip where his lot was cast so long as there were persons to whom he could preach. Driven out of Jerusalem, he went down to Samaria, and there he

preached Christ unto the people. Directed to leave Samaria, he preached to the man of Ethiopia. Caught away by the Spirit, he alights at Ashdod, and from thence he preached his way to Cæsarea. Jews, Samaritans, Ethiopians, Philistines, many or few—it was all one to Philip. It has been said that there are two sorts of preachers; one kind will preach because they have *got to say something*, the other because they have *got something to say*. It was to the latter class that Philip belonged. He had within him a heart that was full of Christ, and longed its glorious matter to declare; and wherever he went, Philip found men in need of Christ, and so he never lacked for listeners." (Pp. 46—48.)

The author, we are sure, will excuse us for giving these lengthened extracts. There are not many addresses come before us from which we could cull with so much pleasure as from this address of Mr. Bush.

The Gospel Church Delineated from the New Testament. In its Constitution, Worship, Order, Ministers, and Ministrations. An Exhibition in detail of the Special Privileges and Authorised Duties of Christian Fellowship. By Henry Webb. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

WHEN a thoughtful Christian carefully examines the New Testament in order to find what is there written respecting the constitution of the Gospel Church, he may not find fully sketched what he has searched for. He will certainly not find even in outline what he sees around him, popes, cardinals, archbishops and bishops, priests, &c. These are after creations, which have sprung up since apostolic days. These persons with their high-sounding titles form no part of the original Gospel Church.

Mr. Webb seeing this, has gone back to the book, and brought out what he considers the Scriptural model after which New Testament churches should be formed. We are perfectly aware that it is quite possible to theorise without being able to reduce theory to practice.

Some years ago, the claims of the Methodist itinerancy were called in question, and a prize of one hundred guineas was offered for the best essay on the subject. The prize was gained by Mr. Hill, a Congregational minister. Without entering at all into the question whether he was right in his conclusions or not, we discovered from the book that Mr. Hill's model is what—for want of a better name—we may call the One Man system. This led us to search the New Testament for ourselves, but we could not find Mr. Hill's model there. The book before us has reminded us of our search, and in several points we agree with the writer.

Mr. Webb's book is an exhaustive treatise—an octavo volume of three hundred pages—divided as follows: Book I. The Gospel Church; its Constitution delineated from the New Testament—fourteen chapters. Book II. The Worship of a Gospel Church, delineated from the New Testament—twelve chapters. Book III. Gospel Church Order of Ministration, delineated from the New Testament—eighteen chapters.

Mr. Webb remarks: "The improper appropriation of duties in the churches was an early departure from the faith. The triple arrangement of the officials of a church into bishop, priests, and deacons, or that of bishop, elders, and deacons, or of minister, elders, and deacons, or pastor, elders, and deacons, has nothing to authorise it in the Scriptures. The functions of a priest do not pertain to the Christian ministry, they are altogether foreign to its purpose.

"Equally unwarranted is the division into pastor and deacons, there being no authority to make the first singular; such an arrangement is of post-apostolic origin." Pages 225, 226.

"It is evident that ministers, teachers, elders, pastors, and bishops, were ordinarily plural in each Gospel Church." Page 234.

"We have already declared that nowhere are the ministers of the New Testament churches limited to one bishop, pastor, elder, teacher, ruler, or minister. In each case there is a plurality, and it is this plurality

which the charges of the apostles regulate." Page 238.

"A possible, but not a desirable position, is that of sole teacher and ruler of a church; and, equally so, that of being the sole teacher or the sole ruler. There is no instance in the Scriptures of any Gospel Church being thus organised. The case of each presents a plurality of teaching and ruling elders; and there appears no authority to alter the numerical position of these offices." Page 246.

"A schism may be made in the church by separating the ministers into a distinct class from the rest. The ministers are the active members of the body, and, because they are such, ought not to be accounted not of the body, or separable therefrom. Hence it is folly to endeavour to separate these members as if pertaining to another body of Christ, and make them a class by themselves, such as ministers and people." Page 258.

Mr. Webb has found just what we found—elders in the church, but not a single church with a single pastor over it. A church thus formed may be an independent society, but as it is not formed after the New Testament model, it cannot be a church of Christ.

Methodism, with all its faults, comes in our judgment nearer in the constitution of its churches and societies to the New Testament model than any other. Whether we see the little company meeting in the cottage or the thousand members assembling in the spacious chapel, it presents a living body, every member performing its part to the edification of the whole. It would be well at the present time when the members of Methodist societies are diminishing, to ask the question, "How is this?" Perhaps some of our readers will answer this question. We have our own views on the subject, but for the present we abstain from giving them.

Sunday School Column.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

AMID the strife of battle in France, and the stirrings of revolt in Ireland, England has gone earnestly into the subject of education.

Englishmen have been of one mind in wishing better instruction for their offspring; but as touching the religious teaching in day-school work, they have not so concurred.

Had the parents performed their duty in bringing their offspring under the gracious influence of religion during the tender plastic period of childhood; or, in case of parental failure, had the church of Christ fulfilled the Saviour's command, by "suffering little children to come unto Him" during their infancy, the "religious difficulty" concerning modern education would scarcely have existed. As it is, the clamour of this controverted question may be regarded as a trumpet call to duty to Sabbath school teachers.

The reasons for giving the earliest attention to the moral training of children have their foundation in the very constitution of human nature. For, from the moulding influences of infancy, the child becomes "father to the man." It is commonly said of the soul's faculties; that the seat of the thinking power is the brain; while the loving faculty has its seat in the heart. To guide these two faculties in earliest youth is to give direction to the whole after-life of the individual. According to the doctrine of physiology, the brain takes seven years to develop its functionary powers; and, according to the doctrine of phrenology, the brain takes its form, more or less, from the training of the thoughts and affections received during the first seven years of life. Let the earliest thoughts of children, therefore, be allured by the pleasures of religion, the love of God, and the happiness of heaven; so that the affections may have something to which they may cheerfully cling, and upon which they may gladly rest; that thus there may be laid a foundation for the happiness and usefulness of the future life. Such early training will be successful, because it is in harmony with Christ's own commands; and because it bears the impress of that wisdom which cometh from above; and as the "nurture of the Lord," it is sure to attract to its aid the influence of His regenerating spirit. Earliest impressions are the most enduring, and they

stamp the affections with an interest for that which excited them, which will be lasting and deep. It is during the infantine period that we can instruct a child with the greatest success; for then it has the spirit of reliance and trust, which may be met by kindness and gentleness, reaching the heart and subduing it by the winsome beauties of the truths we teach. As soon as a child begins to appreciate a mother's smile, it begins to receive impressions. A child is a creature of attachments; and early attachments often determine future purposes. A child needs true ideas to guide its affections. Desires begin to take root even before they can be plainly uttered. Desires for wrong things, like weeds, spring up without culture; hence the necessity for early religious training. We should seek to teach and implant the purest, the highest, and the divinest knowledge in the mind of the child before it has been contracted by prejudice; and to melt the heart in love to Christ before it has been hardened by actual transgression.

Mothers have a great influence, when rightly used, in this all-important work. But parents—even godly parents—are not all fully alive to the importance of religiously training their offspring thus *early* in life. Hence arises the necessity for Sabbath-school operation. And an opportunity is offered to the followers of the Saviour of becoming truly "godfathers" and "godmothers" to the offspring of a faithless race. *Training the infant mind* is the great desideratum for the better advancement of Sabbath school work. The child of two or three years old can be interested, and its affections trained, by the genial fostering of Sabbath school nurture. The aim of the infant class teacher should be, not so much to teach as to interest and please, by the service of song, and by pictorial illustrations. Spiritual instruction may be imparted with greater ease and success where such previous training has been practised. Age improved, will make pictures give way to principles, fables bend to faith and scenes recede to the soul's inner joys. Moreover, the retention

of elder scholars, and the manifold success so much craved in Sabbath schools, very largely depend upon the care and oversight given to the first years of childhood. Where parents are negligent in training their young, Sabbath-school teachers should try and plant the precious seed of Divine truth in the hearts of such moral orphans. Hitherto Sabbath-school teachers have not been fully alive to the importance of having the oversight of children so early in life. This all-important period, in which the best and most lasting influence should prepossess the children's minds, they have allowed to pass without culture. Let our Sabbath schools, therefore, begin a new chapter in their history, by caring for the *little ones*, now that education has commenced a new era. Let the infant class system be established more extensively, and practised more cheerfully and earnestly, that a firmer foundation may be laid for far greater success in the Sabbath schools of the future. JOHN ROSE.

Aylesbury.

LITTLE ALICE.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." (MATT. xix. 14.)

"MOTHER, I do love you, and you won't leave me, will you, mother?" Thus spoke little Alice when with kind friends with whom her mother had been staying for a short time, to see if purer country air would produce any beneficial effect on her. Home duties had pressed upon the mother, and the friends were willing to take charge of the little invalid, so that she might still enjoy the benefit of the country air, if the mother was obliged to return home for a time. But little Alice clung to the mother, and longed for home.

But I must pause here, for my young readers will ask, "And who was little Alice?" Her mother when Alice was born had been for some time a member of a Christian church, and what was even better than having her name registered on the church book, she was a humble and sincere Christian. Just about the time of Alice's birth, her father, who had been for a long time a hearer and

seat-holder at the chapel where his wife was a member, "won by the chaste conversation of his wife," also became a member. Here was now a Christian family; and as soon as Alice was born hymns of praise fell upon her infant ears, and it was specially noticed that before children generally could raise a note, she joined heartily in the family song.

Alice was but a fragile flower; the cold wintry blasts of this world nipped the opening bud, and it was expected when she was about twelve months old that she would wither and die. Death, however, did not finish his work just then, but from his rude touch she did not fully recover. Alice rallied, but she seemed better fitted for heaven than earth. Two, three years passed away, and Alice was now evidently regarded as "The youngling of the flock." From father downwards, we will not say she was petted, but in consequence of her heavenly disposition she was passionately loved. There was a thoughtfulness about her quite beyond her years. Her mother attended class and chapel on the Thursday evening. When her child was suffering, and the little one could see that the mother was hesitating whether she should stop at home or go, she would say, "This is your chapel-night; go, mother. I will be so good, and shall do very well till you come home." At another time when very ill she said, "Mother, I am very ill, but you will pray to Jesus to make me better."

But I did not intend to talk long to my little friends, and therefore I will return to the point from whence we started. The question had been raised, Shall mother and child be separated for a time? That was settled, and the mother determined to take her child home. The journey of ten miles by rail was soon accomplished, but, strange to say, no cabs could be got at the station, so the mother had to carry the child home in her arms. But there is rarely a bitter without its sweet. On the way home they passed the office of the father, and the child was delighted to find herself once more in her father's arms. The father fully reciprocated the feelings of the child.

The parting came. "Soon be home now." Just before the home was reached, the mother felt the little head droop upon her shoulder. She was alarmed. They were just nearing a doctor's surgery. They went in. The doctor said, She is dying. The mother hastened home, but before reaching her door, little Alice was no more. The angels had come down and taken the precious jewel from its frail casket in the mother's arms, and borne it in triumph to Him who had said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." She was only three years and nine months old.

Some verses in Tennyson's "Little Alice" seem so appropriate to our Little Alice, that I cannot do better than conclude by giving them:—

ALICE'S ADDRESS TO HER MOTHER.

"O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,

The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun;

For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—

And what is life that we should moan? why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—

And there await a little while till you and father come—

To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast,—

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting place,

Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;

Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,

And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away."

THE MINISTRY OF CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are often God's ministers. Since that morning when aged Eli heard from the lips of the youthful Samuel a message from God, which made his ears tingle, and his heart faint, how often have children spoken to their elders words of warning, reproof, and counsel. The world would greatly miss the ministry of the young. Do not rays of light often gleam forth from them which seem

like flashes of Eden's glory lighting up, for a moment, the darkness of this sin-beclouded earth? Is there not often a strange spiritual aroma about them which makes us feel that they are like flowers from paradise planted in this sterile wilderness? Their penetrating looks, as the eyes of God, have often checked the head of the wrong-doer; and their artless words, like the arrows of the Almighty have often wounded to the heart the most obdurate of sinners. How often, in the house of the wicked, have they been witnesses for truth and purity. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and avenger."

These thoughts were suggested to me one evening at a band meeting, as two brethren, in relating their religious experiences, stated that they had been arrested in their sinfulness, and raised to a new and better life by the words of their children. One of them said, that before his conversion he was a drunkard, and used to spend a great deal of his time in the public-house. One evening, his wife and his little girl had been there several times to try to persuade him to come home; but he had refused. They went again, and this time he roughly told them to go and leave him. The wife very slowly and sorrowfully turned to go, when the little girl took her hand, and exclaimed, "Come along, mother, never mind him: he's not worth waiting for." These words, coming from the lips of his own child, cut him to the quick. He could find no more pleasure in the company to which he returned. The thought that he had become such a miserable wretch, that his own little girl should speak of him as worthless, was like fire in his blood; and, wretched and ashamed, he soon went home, and that night he resolved that he would give up his evil ways, and turn to the Lord, and by His grace he had done so. As soon as he had sat down, the other to whom I have referred, rose, and related nearly as follows: "Like the previous speaker, I have been very much indebted to one of my little children. I was living a prayerless, irreligious life. But, not-

withstanding this, I wished my children to be religious. I knew I was not what I ought to be, and I wanted them to be better than myself; so I sent them to the Sabbath school, and taught them to say their prayers. One night when bedtime came, I said to my little girl, 'Come, Mary, let me hear you say your prayers before you go to bed.' She did not comply as readily as usual, and when I again told her to do it, she looked up at me very archly and said, 'Father, I never heard you say yours.' You cannot conceive what effect those simple words had upon me. I saw at once my inconsistency. They entered my very soul. I could not sleep that night for thinking about them. And, thank God, they kept their hold upon me until I cried aloud for mercy; and it could indeed be said of me as it was said of Saul of Tarsus, 'Behold, he prayeth.'" These two incidents made a deep impression. Truly there are many ministers of God among the little ones. Out of their mouth he perfects praise.

W. OSBORNE LILLEY.

Phenomena of the Months.

AUGUST.

THE sun rises on the 1st at twenty-four minutes after four, and sets at twelve minutes before eight; on the 15th it rises at fourteen minutes before five and sets at twenty-two minutes after seven; and on the 31st it rises at twelve minutes after five and sets twelve minutes before seven. Daylight decreases forty-eight minutes in the morning, and sixty minutes in the evening. After the 15th the average temperature of the day begins to decline. The rainfall last year slightly exceeded the average.

The moon will be new on the 16th at two minutes after seven in the morning, and full on the 30th at twenty-one minutes after six in the morning. On the first Sunday it will rise a little before half-past ten at night; on the second Sunday it will set more than an hour before the sun; on the third Sunday it will set at twelve minutes after nine in the evening; and on the fourth Sun-

day it will set at fifty-two minutes after midnight.

The moon is near to Jupiter on the 13th, to Uranus on the 14th, to Mercury on the 18th, to Venus on the 19th, to Mars on the 21st, and to Saturn on the 21st.

Mercury is an evening star for a short time all the month, varying from a little less than an hour at the beginning to less than twenty minutes at the end of the month.

Venus, also an evening star, sets an hour and a quarter after sunset on the 4th, and twenty minutes on the 30th. Venus and Mars are near each other on the 29th.

Mars is an evening star also, and on the 4th sets at eight minutes before ten in the evening, or two hours and eleven minutes after sunset. At the end of the month this interval will have decreased to one hour and three quarters. On the 5th Mars is in conjunction with Spica Virginis, the brightest star in Virgo.

Jupiter rises in the early morning and sets in daylight.

Saturn rises in the afternoon and sets after midnight until the 24th.

Uranus rises and sets before the sun.

Choice Selections.

EAST ANGLE LOCAL PREACHER.

WE remember another of East Angle's honorary evangelists. He was an aged man, compactly built, of medium size, with beautiful white hair and a heavenly countenance. His occupation had been that of a besom gatherer, and now, in extreme age, he went from place to place and taught. But how well we remember sharing our pleasant chamber with this old man whilst he paid one of his pastoral visits to the locality! We remember watching his ways. It was obvious to our heart, then unconverted, that religion possessed the power to make its possessors very cheerful and happy. At early day-break this aged Christian was stirring, and we watched him from under a corner of the bed-cover whilst he thought we slumbered. We saw him look so piously up to heaven, and say in a

gentle whisper, "Oh, the riches of Divine grace!" Then he walked noiselessly about the room, and seemed almost in ecstasy. Then he went down on his knees to pray. Little did that old man think how he was being watched, or what impressions that watching was producing in another. He was a man of much spiritual power.—*The Widow of East Angle, by the Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste.*

NORTH CHINA, MANCHURIA, AND EASTERN MONGOLIA.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SECOND VOLUME OF
JOURNEYS BY THE REV. ALEXANDER
WILLIAMS, B.A., AGENT OF THE NATIONAL
BIBLE SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.

HAVING met with no work on China that gives so much of real life and scenery, and so many items of curious and interesting information on many subjects as this work gives, we have made some extracts for insertion in our magazine. In the present paper we link together a number of particulars that are worthy of special attention, but too short for separate insertion.

MOUKDEN.

"Moukden (lat. 41° 40', long. 130° 30'), more commonly called Shin-Yang, is the capital of Manchuria. It lies on the north of the river Shin, an affluent of the Lian-ho, and is very pleasantly situated. It is a large city, with eight gates; the streets are well laid out and full of good shops. It is an emporium of native goods, and the seat of considerable distributing trade. We found many foreign commodities for sale, as Russian cloth, Manchester goods, foreign iron, matches, &c. Furshops, stocked with fine furs, are numerous in the great East and West street. There are also several large book shops, which speak well for the literary taste of the people. There is a bell and a drum-tower, a perfect gradation of mandarin offices, and all the paraphernalia of a provincial capital. The city was full of people, and everything had a well-to-do look about it. Population 150,000 to 200,000. The southern and western suburbs are likewise very extensive." (P. 32.)

FANATICAL DEVOTEES.

"Strange enough that, on the first day, we should meet a devotee on his way to Woo-tai-shan, the famous temple in Shan-si, measuring the road with his body; he wore a leathern apron, and leathern armlets, to prevent his knees and arms being skinned. He laid himself flat upon his face, measured his length upon the road, then rose up and placed his feet where his head had been; thus he had travelled for over a hundred miles." (P. 93.)

DESCRIPTIVE NAMES OF CHINA: THEIR ORIGIN.

"The Celestials call themselves the 'middle kingdom,' 'the flowery kingdom,' and other yet more aspiring names; and one of the gates to the east of Peking (*at the entrance into China on that side the country*), on the borders of Manchuria, has inscribed on its front, 'The Entrance to the Gate of the Southern Heavens.' We now see the reason for these names. Standing on the ridge of the mountains over which the Great Wall passes, and looking down upon China, girt as far as the eye could see by that great chain, and knowing that it is more or less circled by mountains all round the west and north, a Tartar would naturally distinguish it from the rest, and call it the 'Middle Kingdom.' Again, travelling over the plains of Mongolia, we were clad from top to toe in furs, and even then not over warm; but as we descended the temperature fell, until we were obliged to throw aside our furs, and found ourselves in a genial climate, among flowers and pleasant groves. No wonder Mongols and Tartars were struck with the contrast, and called it the 'Flowery Kingdom.' So, in the western plateau of Mongolia, all is uniform, and either in winter cold, bleak, and barren; or in summer, plains of burning sand, heated by a powerful sun, or morass and long, waving grass: whereas when the wanderer comes down into China, every variety of scenery meets the eye: there are smiling villages, fertile plains, broad, flowing rivers, waving willows, and everything that can charm the senses.

Who can wonder that they called it, in their ignorance, 'The Heavenly Country?' (Pp. 124-5.)

GREAT WALL OF CHINA, AND PASS
AND ROAD NEAR IT.

"We rested at this place (Cha-tao-ur), breakfasted, and then, with our 'pilot' and one empty cart, set out. Here at once we came upon the great inner wall, a most gigantic work, very strongly built, having huge blocks of granite, well joined together, for its foundation, and being strongly defended by well-built towers. We mounted the wall and walked along it, and were more than repaid for our trouble; it certainly deserves to be ranked among the 'wonders of the world.' Passing through the gateway of the wall, we entered the pass,—a pass which defies my powers of description. Some parts of it are worse than others; but, on the whole, it is terrific: I cannot conceive of a worse road which could, by any means, be passable. We had to traverse sixteen English miles of a sombre defile, with towering hills on both sides, the way being strewn with big stones at all sorts of angles, every now and then boulders in the centre as large as a cottage. At several places the mules leapt from stone to stone like cats, and the cart bounded hither and thither like an indiarubber ball; it was upset twice, and would have been three or four times had we not walked behind and held on by the sides as it went jerking down the valley. Yet the cart stood it, so strongly made are these Chinese conveyances.

"Some hundreds of years ago this pass was causewayed,—a prodigious undertaking,—and it bears evidence of it yet, for there are patches of causeway standing here and there eight and ten feet *above* the tops of the stones, showing that it had stood at a higher level. There are some famous archways with inscriptions near the entrance." (Pp. 127-8.)

COREAN PONIES.

"At our request they brought some ponies for us to see; I bought a pretty young filly for about eleven shillings; it followed the carts like a

dog, and is now a joy at home, and a curiosity to all. It neither bites nor kicks, goes out and in doors through all the house, lies down on the floor and rolls itself where it pleases, and feeds out of the hand. This race of ponies is peculiar to Corea; they are miniature horses, not like Shetland ponies, and, when well kept, are strong and swift. They are not very well treated in their own country, being kept for carrying burdens across the mountains, and used as asses in China." (P. 183.)

(*To be continued.*)

THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN AND ITS
RITUAL, AT PEKING.

FROM "JOURNEYS IN THE NORTH OF CHINA,
ETC. BY THE REV. ALEX. WILLIAMSON, B.A.
AGENT OF THE NATIONAL BIBLE SOCIETY
OF SCOTLAND."—Vol. II. pp. 352—363.

THE south altar of the Temple of Heaven is called Nan-Tan, "south mound," or Yuen-kien, 'round hillock,'—both names of the greatest antiquity. Here also are offered prayers for rain in the early summer. The altar is a beautiful marble structure, ascended by twenty-seven steps, and ornamented by circular balustrades on each of its three terraces. There is another on the north side, of somewhat smaller dimensions, called the Ch'i-ku-tan, or altar for prayer on behalf of grain. On it is raised a magnificent triple-roofed, circular structure ninety-nine feet in height, which constitutes the most conspicuous object in the *tout ensemble*, and is that which is called by foreigners the temple of heaven. It is the hall of prayer for a propitious year: and here, early in spring, the prayer and sacrifice for that object are presented.

These structures are deeply enshrined in a thick cypress grove—reminding the visitor of the custom which formerly prevailed among the heathen nations of the Old Testament, and of the solemn shade which surrounded some celebrated temples of ancient Greece.

On the day before the sacrifices the emperor proceeds to the Chai-kung, hall of fasting, on the west side of the south altar. Here he spends the night in watching and meditation, after first inspecting the offerings.

The tablets to the Supreme Ruler of Heaven, and to the Emperor's ancestors, are preserved in the chapel at the back of each altar. There are no images. Both these chapels are circular, and tiled with blue-glazed porcelain; and, in this respect, resemble the lofty edifice on the north altar. But they have no upper story. The name of the southern chapel, Hwang-kiung-yü, means "the circular hall of the imperial expanse."

The south altar, the most important of all Chinese religious structures, has the following dimensions. It consists of a triple circular terrace, 210 feet wide at the base, 150 in the middle, and 90 at the top. In these notice the multiples of three: $3 \times 3 = 9$; $3 \times 5 = 15$; $3 \times 7 = 21$. The heights of the three terraces, upper, middle, and lower, are 5.72 feet, 6.23 feet, and 5 feet respectively. At the times of sacrificing, the tablets to Heaven and to the emperor's ancestors are placed on the top; they are 2 feet 5 inches long, and 5 inches wide. The title is in gilt letters; that of Heaven faces the south, and those of the ancestors east and west. The Emperor, with his immediate suite, kneels in front of the tablet of Shang-ti, and faces the north. The platform is laid with marble stones, forming nine concentric circles; the inner circle consists of nine stones, cut so as to fit with close edges round the central stone, which is a perfect circle. Here the Emperor kneels, and is surrounded first by the circles of the terraces and their enclosing walls, and then by the circle of the horizon. He thus seems to himself and his court to be the centre of the universe, and turning to the north, assuming the attitude of a subject, he acknowledges in prayer, and by his position, that he is inferior to heaven, and to heaven alone. Round him on the pavement are the nine circles of as many heavens, consisting of nine stones, then eighteen, then twenty-seven, and so on in successive multiples of nine, till the square of nine, the favourite number of Chinese philosophy, is reached in the outermost circle of eighty-one stones.

The same symbolism is carried throughout the balustrades, the steps,

and the two lower terraces of the altar. Four flights of steps of nine each lead down to the middle terrace, where are placed the tablets to the spirits of the sun, moon, and stars, and the year god, Tai-sui. The sun and stars take the east, and the moon and Tai-sui the west: the stars are the twenty-eight constellations of the Chinese zodiac, borrowed by the Hindoos soon after the Christian era, and called by them the Naksha-tras; the Tai-sui is a deification of the sixty-year cycle. The present year, 1869 (*when this was being written*), is the sixth year of the cycle, and is denoted by the characters ki-si, taken from the denary and duodenary cycles respectively. For this year the tablet is inscribed with these characters. In 1870 the characters keng-wu, next in order, will be taken, and so on.

The balustrades have 9×8 , or 72 pillars, and rails on the upper terrace. On the middle terrace there are 108, and on the lower 180. These amount in all to 360—the number of degrees in a circle.

The pavement of the middle terrace has in its innermost circle 90 stones, and in its outermost 162 stones, thus reaching the double of 81, the outermost circle of the upper terrace.

So again, in the lower terrace the circles increase from 171 stones, the innermost to 243, or three times the square of nine for the outermost.

The pavements, flights of steps, and balustrades, are all of the white marble known by the Chinese as Han-pai-yü,—an excellent stone for architectural purposes, and for the rough sculpture of the Chinese masons, but not fine and hard enough for European sculpture.

It has been an aim to use odd numbers only; Heaven is odd, earth is even; Heaven is round, earth is square; or, to use the ultimate expression of Chinese metaphysical thought, Heaven is Yang, Earth is Yin. The numbers 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, belong to Yang, Heaven; the numbers 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, belong to Yin, Earth. In the official published accounts of the construction of the Temple of Heaven, this is set down as the fundamental principle.

(To be continued.)

Mutual-Aid Association Reporter.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

THE monthly meeting was held at Bro. John Carter's, Esq., The Vale, Chelsea, on Wednesday, July 5th.

Present: Brothers T. Cole, (chair,) J. Carter, Chamberlain, Wade 1st, Sims, Parker, Harding, Durley, Plant, Coman, and Jameson.

The Chairman opened the meeting with prayer.

The minutes read and confirmed, matters arising from the annual meeting were first considered, and it was ordered "That 4,000 copies of the annual report with the usual statistics be printed immediately." Directions were given for the circulation of these, also for sending monthly the magazines to honorary members subscribing not less than one guinea a year.

Letters were read and considered from Penzance, St. Just, and other places, respecting entrance fees and other difficulties in the way of forming new branches.

The monthly statement showed that the receipts had been £238 1s. 4d., including the handsome amount from the annual meeting at Keighley, and the payments, £86 17s. 1d. There had been three deaths, fifty-four sick, and 110 annuitants.

Bills for salary, postage, and printing, £35 8s. 5d., ordered to be paid.

Brother Plant handed in ten shillings, a contribution from Brother Huggins. This brother is the oldest preacher on the Lambeth plan; he is quite blind, and has but a small income; but his heart is warm in the cause, and he is willing and anxious to do all that a blind brother can in its behalf.

There were several applications for entrance from elderly brethren, and their fees were fixed in accordance with general usage.

Letters were read from the President and Ex-President and duly con-

sidered. The former had been very unwell, but was recovering, and was turning his attention to Leeds, where our cause has rather languished of late, although one of the early successful annual meetings was held there.

The death of Brother Josiah Carr having now left a vacancy in committee, Brother J. Burroughs, of 9, Essex Place, Grange Road, N.E., was unanimously elected in his stead.

Another vacancy was left to be filled up at the next meeting.

Brother Sims closed the meeting with prayer.

DEATHS.

July 2, 1871, Mrs. Hillerby, of Pickering, aged 67. Claim £3. A devoted and exemplary Christian, and died in the full triumph of the faith.

May 31, 1871, James Seymour, of East Garston, Hungerford Circuit, aged 69. Claim £6. Had been a consistent member of Society about 40 years, a very acceptable preacher 35 years, and nearly as long a class leader and steward. Lived in the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. Was a blessing in his day and generation, lived the gospel he preached, enjoyed its power, and peace in his life, and died triumphant in its faith.

June 19, 1871, Mr. Jacob Crookes, of Horsley Woodhouse, near Belper, aged 62. Our deceased brother sustained various offices in connection with Methodism for more than thirty years. As a Local Preacher he was earnest, faithful, and successful, and is now no doubt inheriting the reward of them that turn many to righteousness. Brother Crookes, had been a member of the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association from its commencement. The friends make no claim upon its funds.

June 17, 1871, John Walton, of Leeds Branch, aged 62. Claim £6. He died in peace.

June 29, 1871, John Priestly, of Halifax Branch, aged 73. Claim £4. His end was peace.

CASH RECEIVED BY THE GENERAL TREASURER TO JULY 15, 1871.

		Free Sub-	Benefit
		scriptions.	Members.
Marlborough	...		2 16 0
Bristol—Per Bro. Maynard, for the poor Old Hundred,	...		
A. A. L., Esq., 3s ; S. G., Esq., 7s 6d	...	0 10 6	

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>Preston</i> —Mr. Peter Watson, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Watson, 2s 6d; a Friend, 5s	1 8 6	0 9 0
<i>Holwell</i> ...		0 3 0
<i>Wednesbury</i> ...		2 10 6
<i>Skipton</i> ...	1 1 0	2 11 0
<i>Hereford</i> —Thomas Pritchard, Esq., hm.	0 2 6	
<i>Burton-upon-Trent</i> —Mrs. Isaac Dickin, qly.		
<i>Sheffield</i> —Mrs. Cocking, £1 1s; Miss Cocking, 10s; Mr. J. Lockwood, 10s	2 1 0	9 18 6
<i>Cross Hills</i> ...		1 13 6
<i>Pontypool</i> ...		1 7 0
<i>Burnley</i> ...		0 15 0
<i>Andover</i> ...		2 6 6
<i>Cheadle</i> —Mr. Jos. Corbishley, hm.	1 1 0	0 3 0
<i>Kington</i> ...		0 9 0
<i>Huddersfield</i> ...		3 13 0
<i>Evesham</i> ...		1 16 0
<i>Askbourne</i> ...		1 13 0
<i>Thame</i> ...		0 15 0
<i>Sunderland</i> ...		0 15 0
<i>Lynn</i> ...		1 7 0
<i>Kingswood</i> ...		2 2 0
<i>Woolwich</i> ...		0 9 0
<i>Mansfield</i> —Mrs. Tretheway, hm.	2 1 0	2 8 0
<i>Framlingham</i> ...		0 12 0
<i>Peterborough</i> ...		1 7 0
<i>Shepton Mallett</i> —Mr. Henry Butler (Batoombe) 3s; Mrs. W. White, 2s 6d; Miss R. Clifford, 1s; Mr. W. Davis, 5s; Mr. Henry Daws, 1s 6d	0 13 0	1 7 0
<i>Holt</i> —Mrs. Farthing, qly. 3s; Mr. Edw. Taylor, do. 2s 6d; Mr. Thomas Leeder, do. 2s 6d	0 8 0	1 13 0
<i>Congleton</i> ...		1 19 0
<i>Newport (Mon.)</i> —Mr. W. Edwards, hm. qly.	0 5 3	1 4 0
<i>Leighton Buzzard</i> ...		1 16 0
<i>Bridport</i> ...		0 13 0
<i>Guernsey</i> ...		0 12 0
<i>Dursley</i> ...		0 9 0
<i>Widnes</i> ...		1 12 6
<i>Kineton</i> —W. Gardner, Esq. hm., qly. 5s 6d; — Gardner, Esq. (Wroxton) hm. £1	1 5 6	0 6 0
<i>Sleaford</i> ...		1 13 0
<i>Retford</i> ...		0 18 0
<i>Holmfirth</i> ...		0 18 0
<i>Northampton</i> ...		3 4 0
<i>Leigh</i> ...		0 18 0
<i>Exeter</i> ...		0 15 0
<i>Camelford</i> ...		0 18 0
<i>Pateley Bridge</i> —Mr. P. Eakholm	0 2 6	0 18 0
<i>Oundle</i> ...		1 4 0
<i>Leeds</i> —Mr. H. T. Mawson, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Jno. Rayner, do. £1 1s; Mr. Thos. Church, 5s.	2 7 0	1 10 0
<i>Canston</i> ...		1 15 6
<i>Wakefield</i> —Mr. Nield, hm. 2 qrs. 10s. 3d.; Mrs. Nield, hm. £1 1s; Jas. Forth, Esq., don. 10s.; J. Masterman, Esq., don. 10s.; G. E. Smith, Esq., hm. £1 1s; Mr. A. Grace, hm. qly. 5s. 3d.	3 17 6	1 19 0
<i>Lancaster</i> ...		3 10 0
<i>Manchester</i> —Mr. J. J. Howard, don.	0 5 0	2 3 0
<i>St. Columb</i> ...		1 18 0
<i>Tavistock</i> ...		2 0 6
	£ 16 8 9	79 12 6

Original Essays.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT: WILL IT BE ETERNAL?—No. 4.

IN reading the pamphlet of the Cork clergyman, nothing has appeared to us more astonishing than the *boldness* of its statements. We make use of the mildest word we can think of, in saying boldness; for we might warrantably apply to some of those statements other terms that would convey a more condemnatory meaning. The reverend gentleman directs attention to the word *ψυχή* (*psyche*), which he ventures to say, "is constantly translated *life* in the New Testament." What does he intend his readers to understand by the word "constantly?" Did he purpose to mislead them by means of an ambiguous word? Any reader would conclude, if not investigating the point, that, by the word "constantly," was meant *invariably*, or all but invariably. But is that the fact? No; nor anything like it. The fact is, that the word *psyche*, instead of being "constantly translated *life* in the New Testament," is nearly twice as often rendered *soul* as *life*, and in some instances *mind*, and *heart*. It unquestionably bears both meanings, "life," and "soul;" and to say that it "constantly" is rendered by either this or that word, is to make a most unwarrantable assertion. We will quote a few out of about sixty instances, in which the English word *soul* is given by our translators as the representative of the Greek word *psyche*.

"Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." (Matt. x. 28.) "Ye shall find rest unto your souls." (xi. 29.) "Behold my servant . . . in whom my soul is well pleased." (xii. 18.) "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (xvi. 26.) "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul." (Mark xii. 30.) "My soul doth magnify the Lord." (Luke i. 46.) "Now is my soul troubled." (John xii. 27.) "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart, and of one soul." (Acts iv. 32.) "I will gladly be spent for your souls." (2 Cor. xii. 15, margin.) "The word of God is quick, and powerful, . . . piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." (Heb. iv. 12.) "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul." (vi. 19.) "The engrafted word, is able to save your souls." (James i. 21.) "Receiving the end of your faith, the salvation of your souls." (1 Peter i. 9.) Let these examples suffice to set against a bold and unwarrantable statement. We will pass from them to the criticisms and reasoning that follow.

Matt. x. 39, is quoted. "He that findeth his life shall lose it," &c. Upon this text the question is put: "What is this life which the fearful and the unbelieving prolong by their denial of Christ, and which martyrs lost

by their confession of Christ?" The reply given to the question is this: "It is, and can be, nothing but *animal existence*. *It is the life which the good and the bad have in common.*" Now, in reply to this, we also have a question to ask. Is the "life eternal," which believers have in Christ, merely a prolongation of "*animal existence*," continued to eternity? Certainly that is some advance beyond mere *existence* as "a vapour;" but is it indeed what Christ meant? Is that "'the glory and honour' of the future state?" Does the New Testament so teach? Let us hear how President Edwards understood this matter. He says, "Nothing is more manifest than that it is agreeable to a very common acceptation of the word 'life' in Scripture, that it be understood as signifying a state of excellent and happy existence. Now, that which is most opposed to that life and state in which Adam was created, is a state of total, confirmed wickedness, and perfectly hopeless misery, under the divine displeasure and curse; not excluding temporal death, or the destruction of the body, as an introduction to it." Let the reader determine on which side lies the truth; on that of the nobly gifted President Edwards of America, or the prebendal clergyman of Cork.

Moreover, our Lord often used words and phrases for the expression of parallel thoughts and lines of thought, one having a natural, and the other a spiritual meaning. "Let the dead bury their dead," is one instance of this habit; and we have another in John vi. 49, 50. "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die." We adduce one more, found in Matt. xii. 47-50. "One said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee. But he answered, and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." These instances are sufficient, without adding more; and we adduce them as belonging to the same class of utterances as, "He that findeth his life, shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it." He may preserve life in one sense, and thereby lose life in another. He may lose life on the other hand, in one sense, and preserve life in another. Excessive regard for *natural* life and the means of living, may prevent the realising of *spiritual* life, and its results—holy and happy existence here and hereafter. Mere "*animal existence*," say you? God save us from such meagre and miserable theology as that!

The intercession of Moses for the guilty Israelites who had fallen into idolatry during his absence from them, as recorded in Exodus xxxii. 32-3, is brought forward by our polemic as affording some support to his opinion of the future destiny of the unsaved. He assumes a very dogmatic style in reference to the request of "the man of God," that God would either

pardon the offenders, or else blot out his name from the book which He had written. It may safely be understood as a petition for an end to be put to his own life—that is to say, his *natural* life—if the sin of the people might not be forgiven. Many hundred years followed the death of Moses before the phrase, “Book of life,” came into use. It is first found in the writings of St. Paul (Phil. iv. 3); and then occurs in some half-dozen places in St. John’s book of Revelation. In Psalm lxxix. 28, we do meet with the phrase, “the book of the living,” where it is manifestly a periphrasis for *life*. “Let them be blotted out of the book of the living,”—blotted out of life, or cease to be numbered among *living persons*; in allusion to the registers of living persons, kept by all civilised communities. We confess we are astounded by the temerity of a writer who can be so insensible to his literary and theological responsibility as to say, in reference to the language used by Moses, and the metaphor of a book, in which it is clothed, “This book can be no other than the ‘Book of Life’ frequently referred to in Scripture, in which the names of the redeemed are written.” Can it be no other than that? Let us see what is said by one of the strongest minded and erudite of all the sons of Erin that ever she sent forth into the world of theological literature—Dr. Adam Clarke.

“It is probable that one part of Moses’ work, during the forty days of his residence on the mount with God, was his regulating the *muster-roll* of all the tribes and families of Israel, in reference to the parts they were respectively to act in the different transactions in the wilderness, promised land, &c.; and this being done under the immediate direction of God, is termed *God’s book*, which he had written (such muster-rolls or registers, called also genealogies, the Jews have had from the remotest period of their history): and it is probable that God had told him, that those who should break the covenant which he had then made with them, should be *blotted out of that list*, and never enter into the promised land. All this Moses appears to have particularly in view; and, without entering into detail, immediately comes to the point which he knew was fixed when this *list* or *muster-roll* was made, namely, that those who should break the covenant should be *blotted out*, and never have any inheritance in the promised land: therefore, he says, *This people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold*; thus they had *broken the covenant* (see the first and second commandments), and by this had forfeited their right to Canaan. Yet now, he adds, *if thou wilt forgive their sin*, that they may yet attain the promised inheritance—; and *if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written*—if thou wilt blot out their names from this register, and never suffer them to enter Canaan, blot me out also; for I cannot bear the thought of enjoying that blessedness, while my people and their posterity shall be for ever excluded. And God, in kindness to Moses, spared him the mortification of going into Canaan without taking the people with him. They forfeited their lives, and were sentenced to die

in the wilderness; and Moses' prayer was answered in mercy to him, while the people suffered under the hand of justice. But the promise of God did not fail; for although those who sinned were blotted out of the book, yet their posterity enjoyed the inheritance.

"This seems to be the simple and pure light in which this place should be viewed; and in this sense St. Paul is to be understood, Rom. ix. 3, where he says: *For I could wish that myself were ACCURSED from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh; who are ISRAELITES, to whom pertaineth the ADOPTION, and the GLORY, and the COVENANTS.* Moses could not survive the destruction of his people by the neighbouring nations, nor their exclusion from the promised land; and St. Paul, seeing the Jews about to be cut off by the Roman sword for their rejection of the gospel, was willing to be deprived of every earthly blessing, and even to become a *sacrifice* for them, if this might contribute to the preservation and salvation of the Jewish state. Both those eminent men, engaged in the same work, influenced by a spirit of unparalleled patriotism, were willing to forfeit every blessing of a secular kind, and even die for the welfare of the people. But certainly, neither of them could wish to go to eternal perdition, to save their countrymen from being cut off, the one by the sword of the *Philistines*, the other by that of the *Romans*. Even the supposition is monstrous.

"On this mode of interpretation we may at once see what is implied in the *book of life*, and being written in, or blotted out of such book. In the public registers, all that were born of a particular tribe were entered in the list of their respective families under that tribe. This was the *book of life*; but when any of those died, his name might be considered as blotted out from this list. Our *baptismal registers*, which record the *births* of all the inhabitants of a particular *parish* or *district*, and which are properly our *books of life*, and our *bills of mortality*, which are properly our *books of death*, or the lists of those who are thus *blotted out* from our *baptismal registers* or *books of life*; are very significant and illustrative remains of the ancient registers, or *books of life and death*, among the *Jews*, the *Greeks*, the *Romans*, and most ancient nations. In China, the names of the persons who have been tried on criminal processes are written in two distinct books, which are called the *book of life* and the *book of death*; those who have been *acquitted*, or who have not been *capitally* convicted, are written in the *former*; those who have been found *guilty*, in the *latter*. These two books are presented to the emperor by his ministers, who, as sovereign, has a right to *erase* any name from either: to place the *living* among the *dead* that he may die; or the *dead*, that is, the person condemned to death, among the *living*, that he may be preserved. Thus he *blots out* of the *book of life* or the *book of death* according to his sovereign pleasure, on the representation of his ministers, or the intercession of friends," &c. See *Commentary, in loco*.

On the restoration of the captive Jews to their own country, and of the

temple service at Jerusalem, there were certain priests who "sought their register among those that were reckoned by genealogy, but it was not found: therefore were they, as polluted, put from the priesthood." (Neh. vii. 64.) The consequence to them, of the loss of the register, was the same as erasure from the register in any other case. They were no longer regarded as belonging to the priesthood. In that respect, therefore, they were as though naturally dead. These cases throw sufficient light upon the language of Moses in the prayer cited, which evidently had no reference "to that 'Book of Life' in which the names of the redeemed are written," and which is either "frequently" or rarely "referred to in Scripture." Neither, in any case, nor on any supposition, is it likely that Moses desired annihilation, or the loss of his own existence. "He looked for a better country, that is, a heavenly."—(Heb. xi. 16, 24-26.)

(To be continued.)

THE MOTTOES ON THE COVER OF OUR MAGAZINE.

BY GEORGE SIMS.—No. II.

"All ye are brethren."—MATT. xxiii. 8.

IN the former part of this chapter our Lord reproves His hearers for seeking human honours and the applause of men, rather than the honour which cometh from God. Jesus forbade His disciples to seek titles of distinction. The reason assigned was, that He was Himself their Master and Teacher. But, said the Saviour, "*All ye are brethren.*" As such they were neither to covet nor receive a title—which implies a distinction or elevation of one above another. Various are the opinions of different churches in the present day on this subject. The verse at the top of our present paper would clearly intimate that it was not the intention of our Lord that one should have a title to distinguish him from another. Hence, some churches do not give the prefix *Rev.*, or add D.D. to the names of any of those who minister in the word and doctrine. "Such was the case in our own church until the year 1818, when—mainly through the influence of the late Dr. Bunting—the minute forbidding the use of the title *Rev.* was abolished, and the prefix was attached to the names of all the preachers." (Skewes) We will not discuss the question further, having stated the fact. In our text it is implied—

FIRST. *That the disciples of Christ are persons of the same faith.*

The common name by which they are known is that of "*Brethren.*" Sin has not only made man hostile to God, but has also made men hostile to each other. How soon, alas! after the sin of Adam, did Cain rise up in anger and slay his brother Abel. The same spirit prevailed in the servants of Abram and Lot. Hence, "Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren." The same was the case with regard to Esau

and Jacob. The unhallowed spirit which took the place that love should occupy, caused them in deadly hatred to be separated for years. So, too, it was with the sons of Jacob. Envy led the brethren of Joseph to hate him, and in their hatred to sell him for a slave; and from that period to the present, strife and war and revenge have thrown their deep, dark shade, not only over the history of the world, but, to a great extent, over the history of the Church. Sin in its chief element is *discord*. It divides, separates, confuses, and distresses. We have an instance of this in the days of the apostles, when the contention was so sharp between Paul and Barnabas, that it led to their separation. Surely they ought to have remembered the words of the Saviour:—"All ye are brethren." The same spirit is too frequently manifested by the members of different churches in the present day. As brethren, there should be,—

1. *True spiritual affections.* The command is, "Little children, love one another," "Walk in love," "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." "If we love not our brother whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen?" If the Church is the family of God, and if Paul thought it necessary to write to his son Timothy to tell him how he ought to behave himself in this "house of God,"—how affectionate ought our conduct to be toward every member of this family. How careful not to disturb the peace, pollute the sanctity, or impede the progress of this holy brotherhood. We should ever be anxious to walk worthy of our high vocation. Brotherly love will produce an influence on others. It must be shown "to *all* the saints." It must be free from selfishness. Such as will be seen, not merely in word, but in deed and in truth.

2. Among brethren there must be a *spirit of humility*. Pride is the great cause of contention. The man who says, or feels that he would say, "I am holier," or better "than thou," will also add, "Stand by thyself." Oh! what necessity is there to attend to the apostolic injunction, "Be not high minded, but fear." "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted, but he that exalteth himself shall be abased."

3. Among brethren there must be *kindly forbearance*. Love is the very essence of religion; the main feature in the child of God. Surely it is not an indispensable requisite that brethren should in all particulars hold exactly the same sentiments to entitle them to our affections. There are a thousand things in reference to which we may differ, which have nothing to do with our souls. As brethren, we are to bear with one another. Although it was said, "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans;" yet, the good Samaritan displayed kindness and generosity toward the poor Jew who had fallen among thieves. Alas for us! that we should so often show a readiness to excommunicate those who do not pronounce exactly the same "Shibboleth" with ourselves! Love to the universal family of God is essential to the existence of religion in the soul. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one toward another."

4. Among brethren there will be *mutual prayer*. "Pray one for another," is the direction of the Book. This we are to do for "all men," but especially for those who are of the "household of faith." Without prayer there will be darkness, coldness, barrenness, joylessness. Prayer keeps up an intimacy with heaven, opens the gates of glory, holds audience with the Eternal, wraps itself in the garb of a "royal priesthood," breathes the air of paradise, obtains the influence of the Holy Ghost, and transfers to itself "the fulness of God." Let it be manifest then, that we "are brethren," by bearing one another up at the throne of grace. Enoch and Noah "walked with God," doubtless, by communion, and by daily and constant prayer. Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Elijah, David, Daniel, the prophets, apostles, and early Christians, were all eminent for prayer. Especially was this the case with the Saviour himself. He hallowed all His actions, works, miracles, &c. by prayer. How frequently were whole nights spent in prayer. And with His dying breath He said, on behalf of His murderers, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

"Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully His gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life ;
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind,
Tow'rd the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness."

SECONDLY. *In what way can we best maintain this relationship ?*

1. By *cherishing and following the teaching and influence of the Spirit*. His motions in the soul ever tend to this. "When He, the Spirit of truth is come He shall teach you all things, and guide you into all truth." He heals our griefs;—binds up our wounds;—harmonises our differences. As brethren, He makes us to be of one mind in an house. We cannot drink deeply of the pure stream of His love without the spirit of love springing up within us, and being manifested by us.

2. By *following the example of Christ*. Of Him it is said, "He pleased not Himself." Let us remember both His numerous exhortations and example. After washing His disciples' feet, He said unto them, "I have left you an example that ye should do as I have done to you."

3. By *using always purity of speech*. Our "speech should be always with grace, seasoned" as "with salt, ministering grace to those who hear." Perhaps there are not fewer than three hundred (what may be termed) religious dialects in the world at the present time. Many may be known by their prayers, their modes of conversation, &c. In Christ's Church, which is one, there is but one language,—the language of love. All converted, renewed persons are members of Christ's spiritual body ; which in its visible aspect is divided and torn—church against church, sect against sect, &c. The prayer of the Saviour was, "That they all may be one."

And Peter says, "Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another ; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous." Surely nothing can be more important among the members of the Church than this. All of one mind—of the same mind—like-minded ; so as to secure harmony of views and feelings. "Having compassion one of another." So as to *sympathise*,—ever evincing a regard for each other's welfare. We are to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep ;" and "Be of the same mind one toward another." Paul says (1 Cor. xii. 25, 26), "The members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it ; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." We are to enter into the feelings of others as if they were our own. We are to "love as brethren ;" or, be *loving to the brethren*. This is a duty constantly enforced in the New Testament. *Christians*, wherever they are found, are members of the same family of God, and are "the household of faith." "*All ye are brethren.*"

THOUGHTS : HOW TO GET AND HOW TO KEEP THEM.

I HAVE just received a kind note from a Yorkshire brother, who thinks that our magazine is a proper medium through which we may transmit our thoughts to each other. To make a beginning, he proposes two distinct questions, which, as I think, demand distinct answers.

First : "How are we to get thoughts as we travel along the line?"

I would reply,—It is important that we begin our journey with a firm conviction, that what we see with our eyes we have a right to assume to be real ; that the whole framework of being is imbedded in mind, and that matter itself is not more evident than the mind which made it, and moulds it for its present and future use. What amazing skill, contrivance, and adaptation do we behold every where and in every thing ! Mountains, hills, rocks, rivers, landscapes,—in fact, all nature is God's great magazine, which is brimful of richest thoughts. We have no time to explore the deep caverns as we flit along the line ; but, like the lads who may be seen upon some metalliferous hills, picking up the ore which protrudes through the turf, and sparkles in the sunbeams, we may pick up many precious surface-thoughts. The whole physical universe is God's great volume replete with Divine thoughts, and every district through which we pass presents some thing new and startling, if we keep our eyes open and are disposed to read ; for it has been truly said "That nature is anxious to reveal herself and her secrets for our use, while, at the same time, each mental exertion increases our mental powers."

Second : "When we get thoughts, how are we to retain them?"

Massive thought is the rich reward of patient toil.

"Trust soon comes,
 And more than all our trouble pays us—powers ;
 So that we joy we have endured so much ;
 That not for nothing we have slaved, and slain
 Ourselves almost. And more it is to strive
 To bring the mind up to one's own esteem :
 It is to think
 While thought is standing thick upon the brain
 As dew upon the brow—for thought is brain-sweat."
 —Bailey's "*Festus*."

Thoughts which are worth retaining are not easily won. It is true that sometimes thoughts come suddenly, as a flash of lightning, which, if not secured, are as quickly gone, and all the effort of the strongest mind can never overtake and bring the fugitives back. My plan is very simple. I always carry a pencil, and use it freely : by such means, I often secure the passing stranger, and we soon become enduring friends. There can be no question upon this point : the best method to secure thoughts is to write them in a book, and then use them freely.

"Thoughts shut up want air,
 And spoil like bales unopened to the sun."

During my recent tour through the romantic regions of the North, I caged a lot of wild thoughts ; when we get familiar with each other, I bring them out, and use them as circumstances require.

Let me mention one or two.

Certainly there was a multitude of interesting objects which presented themselves. The landscapes were painted with ten thousand forms of living beauty ; broad acres, stretching to the right and left, looked like sheets of gold, compared with which Solomon's glory was but as tinselled drapery. Here and there the ruins of an old feudal castle lifted its hoary head above the forest trees. Their silent eloquence created a burning thirst to know who once lived there, and the times which passed over them ; and now their history is before me, what a mine of wealth it opens ! Now we are passing the Lake district : four miles to the left are the placid waters of Windermere, and the rustic home where one of England's greatest bards wrote his immortal poems. Yonder, in the background, far as the eye can reach, there are bleak, barren mountains, rising pile above pile, and tier upon tier. Now they are painted in beauty with sunbeams ; then comes the sublime dark shadow of a passing cloud, and all is wrapped in chilly gloom. Ah ! such is human life : an incessant alternation of light and shadow from the cradle to the grave. Apply this thought to the aged. What piles of dusty pages you turn over, and the panorama of a whole life starts into being and passes in solemn review. Now it is bright,—anon it is dark ! Oh ! consolatory thought !—clouds never linger long !

Apply this thought to the young. What verdant landscapes open out

before them ; and, far away, the distant hills are bright,—no cloud-shadows rest there ! Looking away from the claims of the all-important present, they flatter themselves that, when they reach yon bright spot, all will be smooth ; then they will give their hearts to God. Alas ! when they arrive at that sunny summit it is all cloud, and the bright spot is still beyond. This delusion is fatal to thousands, who cannot see that the *present* is the most convenient season, and the brightest spot just now.

Let me mention a second thought.

We poor, hard-working local preachers get our thoughts from men as well as from things. While pacing the platform of a neat little station which lies embosomed between two chains of hills, the old clock of a distant spire struck twelve, and immediately there rang out a merry peal. I said to a gentleman, who stood by, evidently in deep thought, "That is a sweet chime ; how it makes the distant valley ring !" "Yes," said he, as the tear trickled down his furrowed cheek, "I was just reflecting that, in the year 1845, those bells saved my life." Now, let it be understood, above yon hills is a broad plateau of waste land, stretching over many miles, where the traveller finds no beaten path, save a few narrow tracks where the sheep walk. This upland waste is called a moor, where there are no human habitations. It is principally made up of bog, morass, yawning precipices, and dangerous pitfalls ; the vegetable produce being a kind of hard, bent grass, green rushes, moss, and desert heath. To cheer this lonely solitude the lark soars high and sings sweetly. There the peewit lays her eggs and fosters her young ; the curlew, with her long beak and broad wings, sends out dismal screams ; and the beautiful grouse, after the 12th of August, hold serious consultations how to evade the murderous breech-loaders ; but still they fall. A few horned black-faced sheep and herds of rugged Shetland ponies, roaming at will, make up the tenantry of this desolate region.

The sequel of my story runs thus :—"One gloomy winter's day in 1845, I had occasion, on my way home, to cross that pathless waste, as I had often done before, and did not think of any danger. But, lo ! the shadows of evening deepened into a dark night, and a dense, hazy fog gathering round me, shut me up in this awful solitude, and there I wandered,—a bewildered, lost man. Drenched with rain, and wearied with hopeless efforts to find a home, tired nature sank down to rest. I wept many bitter tears, and said, in the anguish of my soul, 'O, righteous heaven, is this my grave ? It is my own fault. I ought not to have been here. O, that accursed one glass more !' Strange thoughts of other days rushed in upon my memory. Home, with all its endearing associations,—a loving wife, and six dear babes, wondering at my long delay. They call me by my name, but there is no response. I bowed my distracted head low to the earth, and tried to pray ; but O ! how hard it is when that duty has been long neglected ! A strong shivering sensation crept over my whole

frame, the like of which I had never felt, and I said, 'It's the finger of the last enemy,—the wild paralysis of death!' A conscious shame of guilt overwhelmed me, and my contrite tears moved the heart of God. It may appear strange to some, and, I dare say, incredible to others; but I heard, or thought I heard, a voice distinctly saying, 'Escape for thy life! Flee to the mountains; stay not in all the plain!' Again I moved, but whither I knew not: the heath was high, and I felt it difficult work to walk at all. Suddenly I felt a change: the sod bent beneath my feet, my boots were filling with cold water, and I heard the sound of rushing torrents down a deep ravine. I felt certain this was the edge of the fatal morass, where many a benighted traveller had perished. I paused for a moment, then changed my course; but imagine my surprise when I saw a light gleam through the fog, and a thousand dazzling sparks seemed to arise out of my own footsteps; they flitted on the right hand and on the left, dancing around me. I tried to grasp them, but there was no substance; then I knew they were false, bewildering, fatal. At this moment a terrible thunder-storm swept down upon me, when the *ignes fatui* disappeared, and I felt the blackness of darkness preferable to lights which only mocked my sorrows. Drenched with rain, faint with hunger, and paralysed with cold, death seemed better than life. And is it come to this? Yes! hope's last lingering rays are gone, and I sighed for the repose of the grave, saying, 'Friends and companions, farewell! Beloved wife and dearest children, farewell!' All was given up for lost, and, but for a strange providence, my worst apprehensions must have been realised. The breeze stiffened, and swept away the fog; star after star began to gleam and cheer the midnight solitude. Borne upon the wings of the wind, a strange sound seemed to come from afar,—this gave me the key to my position. With my face windward, I moved on, until I heard distinctly ringing the bells of my native city; and just as the day began to dawn, the lost man fell into the arms of his weeping wife. The fact was soon known; then the bells rang out another peal, 'and there was great joy in that city.'"

The sad condition of this poor man was a correct type of a lost and ruined world. Darkness and inconceivable danger continually crowd our path; phosphorescent lights, false, fleeting, perilous, flit before the benighted traveller; and to many thousands this short, uncertain life is but a merry dance to endless ruin. To explore this desert region, where wild beasts roam at large; to seek out and to save the lost, was the great, grand object of the Divine Master. Our pathway through this inhospitable clime has been distinctly mapped out by the Son of God. Beacons from distant hills relieve the gloom, and cheer the pilgrim as he passes on to rest; and more than that, the chimes of heaven never die! The bells of the celestial city ring out their loudest peals, the sound thereof gathering strength and volume as it sweeps over the hill of Calvary;

and now, from Sabbath dawn to Sabbath close, the valleys and waste places of our desert would ring with the jubilant invitation, "Return, return, poor, guilty wanderer ! to heaven and thy God, return !"

PIMLICO.

Biography.

MEMOIR OF MR. JOHN JONES.

JOHN JONES, the subject of the present sketch, was born at Red Lake, on the 21st of July, 1830. At an early age he was sent to a Sabbath school, and there received those religious impressions which led to his conversion to Christ. On the day of his espousals to the church—the Spirit of God earnestly striving with him—he retired to his own room; and there, whilst pouring out his soul to God, those encouraging words of Isaiah were applied to his heart, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." The light entered his heart, and he rose from his knees a "new creature."

Having become one of God's people, he at once became a member of the Wesleyan Society. Abilities for usefulness were soon manifested by him. He became a local preacher and a class leader, and continued to labour in both capacities till the time of his death—a period of about twenty years. At the time of the Reform movement he separated from the Wesleyan body, and subsequently went with the Wellington Reform circuit in its amalgamation with the United Methodist Free Churches.

Towards the end of June, 1870, his health began somewhat to fail; but it was hoped that rest, with medicine and care, would effectually restore him. However, although all possible means were used, what had appeared to be a strong constitution rapidly broke, and he soon sank into the arms of death. A few weeks previous to his end it became very evident to all that he was drawing near to the gates of the grave. For himself he had no fear; but for those who were called by his name, and were dependent upon him, he had much concern. However, like a true Christian he was enabled to submit to the will of God. When he became conscious that he was going into the eternal world, his look into the awful future was steady and calm. Hearing the voice of the coming Bridegroom, it caused him no alarm; for his "lamp" was "trimmed:" he was ready to welcome Him.

His dying testimony was all that could be desired. Some of his last words were, "Thank God ! I am on the 'Rock:' the truth I have preached to others does not fail me now." On the morning of Dec. 21st, 1870, he "fell asleep." He was a kind husband and father, a faithful friend and a good worker in the cause of Christ. His death was improved in most of the chapels in the circuit from Rev. xiv. 13.

J. B.

Narrative.

STRASBURG AS IT WAS IN 1848.

In the autumn of 1848 that enterprising and successful labourer "in the word and doctrine," the Rev. James Caughey, worn down by the toil of an arduous spiritual campaign, sought a renewal of his physical and mental strength by a tour up the Rhine to Switzerland, and thence through part of France and Belgium, back to England. After visiting some of the renowned cities of Holland and Germany, on his journey out, he spent a little time, including a Sabbath, at the city of Strasburg, which, with all its great historical associations, never was so famed as the Franco-German war of 1870 has caused it to become. Mr. Caughey published his tour, in the *third* of a series of five volumes of letters—a work teeming with most interesting and suggestive details of a great work of God, of which he was the principal instrument, carried on in connection with the Methodist Societies, and some of their ministers in Great Britain and Ireland. His description of Strasburg, as it was when he was there, will be read with greater interest now than at any time during the quarter of a century that has elapsed since the publication of the tour. The date given is the first Monday in October, 1848.

"Yesterday we visited the cathedral. A Romish priest was holding forth in French, most vociferously, on the attributes of a good Catholic. The congregation was very small, and formed a half circle in front of the pulpit. The women, among whom were several nuns, were seated on chairs: but the men were generally standing, and looked as if they were listening to something in which they had very little interest, and would about as soon go as stay, and yet they lingered till the close of the service. The women seemed more interested and devotional. The group, clustered as they were in the centre of an immense and seatless area, capable of containing five or six thousand people, had a lonely and desolate appearance.

"As we proceeded along the side chapels we found many engaged before pictures and images, while numbers were promenading the cathedral at pleasure; some criticising the paintings, and others reading inscriptions; and all this during the sermon! The Roman Catholics appear, in all the churches we have visited, to have no regard for anything like joint worship; each shrine has its own devotees: here they offer their devotions, paying no attention to each other whatever. The priest gave himself no concern about those in other parts of the edifice, whether they should draw near to hear, or amuse themselves at a distance; but seemed as if all intent to finish his task. 'Faith cometh by *hearing*,' saith the word of God; but the papists, it would seem, consider it must come by *seeing*. The pulpit was without Bible, or book of any kind; but the priest was there:—quite an appropriate exhibition this, of popery.

"The astronomical clock in this cathedral is a surprising piece of mechanism. The computations of time, connected with the movements of the heavenly bodies throughout the year, are laid down with curious precision. Our globe, with its proper inclination, occupies a position upon the end of a large cylinder, and performs rigidly its revolutions. Several years were employed in the construction of this clock ; and from an inscription near it, we learned that it was put in motion for the first time when the Scientific Association of France held its sittings in this city a short time ago.

"In one of the side chapels, which, if we may judge by the number of worshippers, is a favourite ; we noticed a picture of the Virgin, seated at the right hand of Christ. Her left arm enfolds the cross, and her right hand is extended for the encouragement of a group of penitents below ; and at the bottom of the painting is the following prayer (*in French*), which I had the curiosity to copy : ' O Mary, powerful Queen of heaven and earth ; immortal praises and thanksgiving be rendered thee ! It is through thy intercession that the Most High has heard our prayers.'

"Upon one of the columns in the nave, over a font of 'holy water,' we read a written advertisement, which concludes thus :—'There is an indulgence of seven years and as many forty days, for all the members of the association, who, having confessed their sins, and communicated, shall visit the said chapel, and shall there pray, according to the intention of his holiness the Pope. This indulgence is also applicable to the souls in purgatory.'

"The cathedral is considered one of the finest specimens of architecture of the middle ages. It consists of a nave and choir, with a transept. The entire length of the interior is three hundred and fifty-five feet, and the breadth of the nave, one hundred and thirty-two feet ; height seventy-two feet. A screen separates the choir from the nave. Two rows of massive pillars, nine on each side, divide the nave from the side aisles. The windows are filled with stained glass. A *rose* window, forty-eight feet in diameter, adorns the east end, and is exquisitely beautiful. The walls of the choir are the most ancient, as they were built about the middle of the eighth century ; the other parts, with the spire, are the workmanship of the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries.

"From the year 1015 to 1028, it is stated, on historical authority, that upwards of one hundred thousand men were employed upon its walls, numbers of whom were foreigners ; and that the wages of many of them, were paid in pardons and indulgences. St. Peter's at Rome, it would seem from hence, was not the only church built by such means, and that the nefarious trade of indulgences had been practised by the popish priests long before Luther was raised up to grapple with the horrible imposition.

"When the Romans subdued this country, tradition says, a tree stood upon the site occupied by this cathedral, under the shade of which, the

Celts worshipped their god, Esus. The Romans cut the tree down, and built a temple to one of their fabled deities. The rapid progress of Christianity in the fifth century resulted in the overthrow of the Roman temple, and hastened the erection of a Christian church upon the same site; but the edifice had scarcely stood a century, when it was destroyed by Attila and his Huns. The entire town was then desolated by these barbarians; and continued so till the sixth century, when Clovis, king of the Franks, renewed the place, re-built the church, and allowed the town to be called Strasburg, which signifies (*in German*) the town of a street. This church, being of wood, perished; and during the eighth century, as I have before remarked, the present edifice was commenced.

"Attractive as is the cathedral for the richness of its sculpture, its crowning ornament is its splendid spire, the elevation of which is, I believe, unsurpassed, as its beauty is unrivalled. It rises in a succession of truncated columns and pinnacles, exhibiting the openness of lace-work, and resting upon arches; tier growing out of tier, and springing and tapering upward with a support so fragile, as to destroy the idea of solidity. *Strength*, however, it must have, or it could not have weathered the storms of so many centuries; but it is so admirably constructed, and yet so combined with a certain airy lightness, that in some points of view, when its open work is distinctly seen, it looks, as one has somewhere expressed it, 'More like a filmy painting upon the sky, than a solid edifice?' When the entire outline of this far-ascending column is embraced by the eye, it has all the charm of a picture of faultless beauty.

"The height of this famous spire has been variously estimated, and by some extravagantly. The measurement allowed to be most accurate makes it four hundred and ninety-four feet high, being thirty feet higher than the largest pyramid of Egypt, fourteen feet beyond that of St. Paul's, London, and exceeding the dome of St. Peter's, Rome, by about seven feet. It is ascended by a stair of six hundred and thirty-five steps.

"After ascending two hundred and fifty feet, we were introduced into a succession of truncated turrets, which rise tier above tier, and were told to '*monter*,' with a significant elevation of the finger. Proceeding upward, it was really alarming to recognise our position; poised between heaven and earth, at such a fearful height, supported by slender stones put together five hundred years ago, and so slight the tracery between us and the thin atmosphere, that the whole appeared little better than 'a bird-cage suspended in the air.' We felt constantly annoyed with the idea, that the spring of our footsteps would deprive the frail fabric of its perpendicular, and then away we should have gone to the pavement, where men appeared as if reduced to the size of children.

"Our courage, however, increased as we mounted, and after ascending a few score of additional feet, and finding a convenient position to look around, we paused. Several foreigners were already there making their observations; and when we were all chattering away in our different

languages, we thought of the tower of Babel, and quite seriously about a descent, not at all agreeing with the Italian proverb: 'It is better one's foot make a slip than one's tongue.'

"The view from the spire was very fine:—the city and its extensive fortifications; the various and far-away windings of the Rhine; together with the extensive sweep of country, embracing parts of Germany, and most of the provinces of Alsatia, with the Vosges mountains.

"Strasburg is a fortified city of France, and the strongest fortress of that country on the German frontiers. Some of the streets are regular and spacious, but, like most walled towns, the streets are generally narrow, and not at all cleanly. The houses are high and massy, and show their German origin in their architecture. They are built principally of a kind of red stone, dug from the quarries along the Rhine. The fortifications of the town are after the manner of a regular pentagon, as a military man would express it, composed of five bastions and as many half moons. The citadel lies towards the east; and, with its outworks covers a vast extent of ground. It is at present garrisoned by six thousand troops. The city contains, we were informed, a population of sixty-two thousand."

Mr. Caughey journeyed by rails from Strasburg to Basle, a journey of ninety miles. After recent events his remarks carry a force they could not have at the time when they were penned, though very forcible even then.

"We had a very pleasant ride up the plains of Alsatia, considered one of the most picturesque provinces of France. Here armies, large as Europe could muster, have met in mortal conflict. These plains are said to have been the scene of thirty great battles, besides many skirmishes and sieges. The railway runs along the east side of the Vosges mountains. Old castles, some of them of considerable magnitude, frown down from many of their craggy peaks, and recall centuries gone by, when those strongholds held these fertile plains in terror; but they are now harmless as the dust of those who once occupied them. They are there as a part of the mountains themselves, and seem as imperishable;—as if preserved by Providence to bear their mournful testimony against bygone ages, when—

'Man's inhumanity to man,
Made countless thousands mourn.'

And, we reflected, if those dark and stormy spirits who built or provoked others to build them, were only permitted to revisit the shattered battlements and towers, and from thence to scan these lovely plains, sprinkled with pretty villages, inhabited by a quiet and contented population, and enlivened with fruitful fields and smiling vineyards; and were they to look out upon the triumphant march of science, displayed upon this long line of road,—an immense train of cars, loaded with passengers and costly merchandise, flying along, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and

drawn by a metal steed, or, as the Indians call it, 'A fire horse,' 'A fleshless steed, whose pulses leap with floods of living fire,'—with what remorse and horror would they reflect upon the infatuation, and acts of infernal cruelty, perpetrated by themselves and their antagonists, when—

'With hail of iron and rain of blood,
They swept and scathed these vales.'

But have they ceased to exist? Is the past to them lost in oblivion? Nay! The death-struggle no more annihilated such mortal remembrances, than it did their immortality. And may not a recollection of the part they performed in such bloody scenes, if they died unforgiven, impart a keener anguish to the affliction of a retributive justice? May they not be more intimately acquainted than we are aware, with the rapid march of the moral and religious improvements of our times? If they do not know anything of what is going on amidst the scenes of their former exploits, and have, with this knowledge, a conviction that, had their conduct been of a different character, similar blessings might have crowned the millions who groaned and bled beneath their oppressions; is it not highly probable that such reflections may now be adding sharper torments to the fires of an enkindled hell?

" 'There is no war among men,' says Plutarch, 'but what arises from some vice; either from immoderate lust, or from covetousness, or from ambition, or immoderate love of glory.' 'And,' says the learned Jortin, 'wars are the desolation of populous and flourishing regions, the loss of trade, the increase of taxes and debt, poverty, both public and private, the destruction of thousands, and the ruin of almost as many families, besides the sicknesses, the famines, the iniquities, and cruelties, which always accompany a state of hostility, and follow the camp.' 'It would have proved a striking part of a vision presented to Adam after the death of Abel,' says a writer, 'to have brought before his eyes half a million of men, crowded together in the space of a square mile. When the first father had exhausted his wonder on the multitude of his offspring, he would naturally inquire of his angelic instructor, for what purpose so vast a multitude had been assembled. What is the common end? *Alas! to murder each other: all Cains, and yet no Abels!*' "

The wars of Europe, America, and Europeans with other peoples, since the publication of "Caughey's Letters," supply a dreadful commentary on these sentiments.

A visitor to Rome, in the month of November, 1869, on the eve of the great council of the Vatican, having travelled thither *via* Strasburg, and published an account of his "Winter Journey," says, "Strasburg is a fine, well-ordered, strongly-fortified city; but, like most continental towns, its chief attraction centres in the cathedral, which is one of the finest specimens of the Gothic style in Europe. A part of it is very old, being attributed to the time of Charlemagne. Two lofty steeples were

included in its original design ; but only one has been completed. This is a stupendous structure, consisting of a massive square tower, rising far above the roof of the cathedral, and carrying four lighter towers, which enclose an open, winding staircase, and are surmounted by a fairy-like spire of most delicate fretwork. On the summit of the unfinished tower a considerable house is built, and you there meet with quite a town life ; for on the leads of the roof you see benches and tables for refreshments, and a garden with trees and flowers growing in it—an aerial retreat much resorted to in the summer by Strasburgians.

“ The interior of the cathedral, with its long aisles, massive towering pillars, and superb rose window, glowing with the richest colours, is very imposing. As an illustration of the vastness of the structure, I may mention that this window is forty-eight feet in diameter : and such is its height from the floor, that beneath its crown, our York minster, towers and all, might stand !

“ The great attraction of the theatre, however, is its clock ; and I took care to be there at noon, the time at which it goes through its performances. It is certainly a marvellous piece of mechanism, as it ought to be, seeing that it took an ingenious man nearly his whole lifetime to design and construct. It tells you every thing you don't want to know—all about the equinoxes, and when the next spring-tides are due, and the changes in the moon, and something very important about Jupiter's satellites. I believe it does also tell you the time of day, but you had better make sure of that by your own watch. However, its chief feature is the mid-day procession. As twelve o'clock strikes, the twelve apostles, one after another, sally out of a little door, and pass before a figure, supposed to represent our Lord, before whom they all turn short round with a jerk, and give a most comical bow. When St. Peter appears, a cock at the top of the clock flaps its wings and crows three times—the oddity of the thing, however, is that the bird stretching its neck at the top of the clock doesn't seem to have the least connection with the crow that comes from a long way down. There is always a crowd to see the performance, as, besides travellers, the market-people and shopkeepers come in scores to witness it, the clock being the great pride of the city.”
To Rome and Back, Pp. 8-5.

Bradshaw gave the population of the city in 1869, as 82,000 ; and the garrison as 6,000. The number of cannon turned out by the foundry is stated to be 800 per annum. The Lycée is on the spot where Gutenberg, to whom is attributed the invention of the art of printing, made his first attempts in that art, in 1486. It had a large commerce in various commodities, interchanging those of France and Germany between the two countries.

Literary Notices.

An Appeal to Christian Testimony on the Doctrine and Experience of Christian Holiness, or Entire Sanctification. London: E. Stock. Price One Penny.

THIS tract has been prepared by two brethren who have made the doctrine of Christian Holiness their particular study. In addition to this, they have urged its attainment on individuals and societies, with considerable success. The tract before us had been preceded by one entitled, "Holiness recoverable in this life through faith." It is proposed also to issue another, addressed especially to perfect believers.

That such efforts as these must have a beneficial effect, no one can doubt. The Churches of Christ are in great danger of sinking into a self-satisfied state, and such tracts are calculated to stir us up. But we have often thought there is great danger of undervaluing the gradual work of God in the soul. "Grow in grace," is the injunction of the unerring One; therefore, every degree of Christian growth is important. Too much should not be made of any one degree of progress. Conviction of sin, sorrow for it, turning from it, are as important as faith in Christ. The fact is, the impenitent cannot believe to salvation; but conviction, sorrow, amendment involve faith. There is great danger in hurrying persons over the first stages in order to get them to believe, as it is called, for justification, and then for sanctification, or perfection.

There was an old error which many years ago crept into some of the Methodist churches: "Believe that you have the blessing, and you have it." This error thoughtful men very justly condemned. It sprang up beside a great scripture truth, "Now is the accepted time." If any one, however, looks to that text as quoted by the Apostle, 2 Cor. vi. 2, and looks back to the original, Isaiah xlix. 8, he will see that, to be interpreted rightly, it must be taken with its context. Our friends, we think, have reproduced the error in this tract. They say, "They who seek holiness should

deeply persuade themselves that God is faithful in performing His promises. If such seekers believe that God wills their entire sanctification, and that He is faithful to perform what He wills, in His own time, that is to say, at the present moment, let them solemnly believe that now He DOES IT for Christ's sake. They shall have a conviction and consciousness that it *is done*."

We take exception, also, to the way in which holiness is spoken of in this tract. It is described as something which may be received and lost. We always thought that holiness was more a state of the soul than anything given to us which we might lose. For instance: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." It is true, this state of purity may be sullied by sin. This, we are sorry to say, in too many instances is the case. Well may the poet say—

"Lest this my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my heart to thee."

We agree with the writers of this tract, that the low views which most professing Christians take of the Christian's privilege, are unworthy of God, and contrary to the teachings of the scriptures of truth. But Christians who hold the doctrine of full salvation, must be careful not to impose their Shibboleth on their fellow Christians, and to our minds it is incomparably more important that our lives, rather than our lips, should show forth "That the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Choice Selections.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY NEGATIVED BY CHURCH HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

For thirteen centuries an incomprehensible silence on this fundamental article reigned throughout the whole Church and her literature. None of the ancient confessions of faith, no catechism, none of the patristic writings composed for the instruction of the people, contain a syllable about the Pope, still less any hint that all

certainty of faith and doctrine depends on him. For the first thousand years of Church history, not a question of doctrine was finally decided by the Pope. The Roman bishops took no part in the commotions which the numerous Gnostic sects, the Montanists and Chiliasts, produced in the early Church, nor can a single dogmatic decree issued by one of them be found during the first four centuries, nor a trace of the existence of any. Even the controversy about Christ kindled by Paul of Samosata, which occupied the whole Eastern Church for a long time, and necessitated the assembling of several Councils, was terminated without the Pope taking any part in it; so again in the chain of controversies and discussions connected with the names of Theodotus, Artemon, Noetus, Sabellius, Beryllus, and Lucian of Antioch, which troubled the whole Church, and extended over nearly 150 years, there is no proof that the Roman bishops acted beyond the limits of their own local Church, or accomplished any dogmatic result. The only exception is the dogmatic treatise of the Roman bishop Dionysius, following a synod held at Rome in 262, denouncing and rejecting Sabellianism and the opposite method of expression of Dionysius of Alexandria. This document, if any authority had been ascribed to it, was well fitted in itself to cut short, or rather strangle at its birth, the long Arian disturbance; but it was not known out of Alexandria, and exercised no influence whatever on the later course of the controversy. It is only known from the fragments quoted afterwards by Athanasius.

In three controversies the Popes were unable to carry out their own will and view and practice, and the other Churches maintained their different usage without its leading to any permanent division.

. . . . The opposition of Pope Stephen to the doctrine, confirmed at several African and Asiatic Synods, against the validity of schismatical baptism, remained wholly inoperative. Stephen went so far as to exclude those Churches from his communion,

but he only drew down sharp censures on his unlawful arrogance. Both St. Cyprian and Firmilian of Cæsarea denied his having any right to dictate a doctrine to other bishops and churches.

In the Arian disputes, . . . the Roman See for a long time remained passive. . . . Julius pronounced Marcellus of Ancyra, an avowed Sabellian, orthodox at his Roman Synod; and Liberius purchased his return from exile from the Emperor by condemning Athanasius, and subscribing an Arian creed. "Anathema to thee, Liberius!" was then the cry of zealous Catholic bishops like Hilary of Poitiers. This apostasy of Liberius sufficed, through the whole of the middle ages, for a proof that Popes could fall into heresy as well as other people.

Later on, and especially after the unfortunate issue of the Synods of Milan, Sirmium, Rimini, and Seleucia, when men's confidence in this method of securing sound definitions was greatly shaken, and St. Jerome wrote that the world was amazed to find itself Arian—then, if ever, we might expect that Christians and Churches would resort in this perplexity from all parts of the empire to the Roman See for aid and counsel, as the one anchor of salvation and rock of orthodoxy; but nothing of the kind took place; so far from it, that in all the treatises and discussions consequent on the Synods of Rimini and Seleucia in 359, the Pope's name is never once mentioned. The first sign of life he gave was some years afterwards, when he adopted the procedure of the Synod of Alexandria against the bishops who fell at Rimini.

During all the fourth century Councils alone decided dogmatic questions. If ever the bishop of Rome was appealed to for a decision, it was understood that he was desired to call a Synod to decide the point at issue.

Pope Siricius (384-398) declined to pronounce on the false doctrine of a bishop (Bonosus), when requested to do so, on the ground that he had no right, and must await the sentence of the bishops of the province, "to make

it the rule of his own." He condemned the teaching of Jovinian, which originated in Rome itself, but only through the means of a Synod.

Often and earnestly as the Popes exhorted separated bishops and churches to return to communion with Rome, they never appealed to any peculiar authority or exemption from error in the Roman See.

Up to the time of the Isidorian decretals, no serious attempt was made anywhere to introduce the neo-Roman theory of Infallibility.

The Popes did not dream of laying claim to such a privilege. Their relation to the Church had to be fundamentally revolutionised, and the idea of the primacy altered, before there could be any room for this doctrine to grow up; after that it developed itself by a sort of logical sequence, but very slowly, being at issue with notorious historical facts. —*The Pope and the Council*. By Janus. Pp. 64-77.

NORTH CHINA, MANCHURIA, AND EASTERN MONGOLIA.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SECOND VOLUME OF JOURNEYS BY THE REV. ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, B.A., AGENT OF THE NATIONAL BIBLE SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.

A PECULIAR KIND OF LARK IN CENTRAL MANCHURIA.

"One bird deserves special notice, inasmuch as I have not found it described even in recent works on natural history; it is a species of lark, having the long, straight hind-spur peculiar to that genus, and possessing the faculties peculiar to the mocking-bird. It is peculiar to Manchuria, and is exported in great numbers to the northern provinces of China, where it is highly prized; there are few families in the north that do not possess one or more; it may be seen in a cage, hanging over the door, and frequently youths carry the bird about in their walks for amusement. It imitates birds to perfection, and it is amusing to hear them trill out their songs and cries in rapid succession: it readily learns to mew like a cat, or bark like a dog, and picks up all

sorts of noises in its neighbourhood. The bird is somewhat longer than the common lark, has a thick, short bill, slightly hooked upper mandible, is characterised by a white collar round its neck, black patch underneath on the right and left of the breast, whitish belly, earthy-brown back, with some white feathers in the wings, while the long outer feathers of tail and wings are black. It builds on the ground among the long grass, sings in spring and early summer, and possesses the other peculiarities of the true lark." (Pp. 28-9.)

INCIDENTS AT MOUKDEN.

"We were fortunate to find the literary examinations going on. We spent the remainder of that day, and the whole of the next, in the sale of Scriptures and books, and preaching the Gospel.

"On the second day we visited the eastern and western suburbs, and traversed the greater part of the city, and did a splendid day's work. There was a great stir in the city; literati were walking about in all directions. Many gay carts, escorted by seven, eight, or ten horsemen, rushed hither and thither in all the pomp of stupid pride; whilst other 'swells' were on their feet, swaggering along with bows and arrows, having been trying their skill in archery. Amid the bustle, tumult, and gaiety, a cart-load of criminals appeared, poor, starved, unclean creatures in chains, and threw a shade of gloom over the scene—at least, in our minds; they passed through the main street into the prison, forming a sad contrast to the scene around. While outside the west gate, selling books, the people began to push and jostle each other, in order to buy: those pushed retaliated; they were commencing to fight, and the matter was becoming somewhat serious, when a policeman mysteriously appeared, as if he had sprung out of the earth, and with a large whip soon quelled the commotion." (Pp. 192-3.)

FISHING IN FRESH WATER.

"After leaving Nan-Yang, the country, on both sides, was very

marshy; in some places entirely covered with water. Fishermen were engaged in all directions, and it was most interesting to observe their proceedings; every conceivable method was adopted for catching fish: i.e. with line, net, trawl, hands, and cormorants; some were wading up to the chest, clothed to the neck in raw buffalo hides, dragging their nets after them,—a most extraordinary sight. But the most novel to us was the way they had of frightening the fish into stations where they had fixed their nets, and which were so arranged that when the fish entered, they could not get out. Two men occupied a small flat-bottomed boat; one pulled and the other stood at the stern, beating the water with a flat pole, and making a great noise; thus they traversed the lakes from morning to night. Such fishermen were in thousands: to give an idea of their number, I may say that we first thought it was the roaring of the distant sea; but as this was out of the question, we inquired of the natives, and then discerned that the noise was caused by thousands of fishermen on the lake beating the waters. The cormorants interested us, as they are not common in Shantung; they are melancholy birds, with white strips of colour round their necks, like white neck-cloths, and extremely tame; sitting on the sides of the boat till a given signal, they then plunged in and dived, and very soon one or more reappeared with a fish, which they delivered up to their guardian. There were scores of herds of cranes feeding in every direction; they are very pretty, but very shy." (Pp. 270-1.)

A BOATMAN'S DINNER.

"Returning to our boat, we found the master sitting down to dinner; and as his repast often amused us, it merits description. The first course was sam-shoo (native whisky) and raw onions; second course, raw onions and sam-shoo; third, rice and fish; fourth, pork and bread; fifth, tea; sixth, nuts or fruit; seventh, down below to his opium. Altogether the scene was worthy of the pencil of Hogarth." (P. 277.)

THE ARSENAL OF NANKIN.

"The arsenal is a very formidable establishment; we found them making rifled cannon of all sizes—some very large—artillery carriages, shot, and shell, and everything pertaining to war, down even to a machine for making percussion caps,—I know not how many thousand *per diem*. Were the Chinese government an intelligent body, amenable to reason and the obligations of civilised nations, we might hail these manufactories as a pledge of peace and prosperity, and deliverance from rebels; but it is impossible to look upon them otherwise than with grave apprehension." (P. 290-1.)

SHANGHAI.

"Shanghai has greatly improved since my last visit; the fine paved streets, gas, telegraph-wires, and velocipedes giving it quite the air of a European city." (P. 294.)

THE DEAD-CART.

"The dead-cart, which traverses the streets at early morning, receives the bodies of poor children dying by ordinary causes, and whose parents are not able to bury them. The mothers would rather, if not willing to keep their infants, carry them to the foundling hospitals, which are established in the inner and outer cities, than take their lives. At present the people are not aware of the existence of infanticide; nor is this atrocious custom known in the surrounding country; indeed it exists only in some provinces, four or five in number. The dead-cart is in connection with the foundling hospitals." (Pp. 363-4.)

CHINESE CLEPSYDRA.

"Five copper cisterns are arranged one over another beside a staircase. At eclipses the time is taken by an arrow held in the hand of a copperman looking to the south; the arrow is three feet one inch in length; it is marked with hours from twelve noon to eleven a.m. The arrow rests on a boat which floats in the fourth cistern, and ascends as the water rises. The quantity of water and size of the cisterns are so adjusted that the time

marked on the arrow agrees with the time of day as known by astronomical observation. A new supply of water is needed for each day." (P. 375.)

ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS AT PEKING.

"They consist of instruments for taking latitude and longitude, altitude and azimuth, with declination and right ascension, a large celestial globe, sextant, quadrant, a sun-dial, &c. Among them is a large azimuth instrument, sent as a present to Kang-hi by the King of France." (*Ibid.*)

LAMA TEMPLE AND ITS SERVICES IN MONGOLIA.

"The temple is a huge oblong building, flanked by villages, where the lamas live. On each side of the main door stood a great machine, like some large barrel for crockery-ware, and two lesser ones of the same description, six in all. Entering, we found the inside of the temple not unlike a Gothic building in its plan; one long wide aisle ran up the centre; parallel with it, and on either side, were rows of pillars, which were draped with silk and hung with pictures of various devices. Right in front stood the chief idol, with lesser idols on the right and left, and before them was a long table on which was spread a great variety of grain, cups of cold water, and several kinds of food. By the time we reached the temple the priests were all in their places in parallel rows; the elderly priests sat facing each other on each side of the aisle, the junior priests in rows behind them, and rows of boy-priests behind all. Those who sat in the aisle had instruments, and they played and chanted in a way that I had never dreamed of. The instruments were of the most extraordinary kind; they had buffalo horns, bugles, and drums of all sizes—some so big that a man might live in them; cymbals, bells, flutes, whistles, and I know not what else. But the crowning wonder to me was two trumpets, each of which was about twelve feet long, with a mouth two feet in diameter; they were mounted on small wheeled carriages like guns, and the players

reclined upon the ground when blowing. Notwithstanding the heterogeneous mixture of instruments, the music was capital, though sometimes almost overpowering.

"There were two chief priests standing at the main door a few feet from me, who alternately took the position of leader, and by the waving of their hands and gestures of their bodies led the ceremonies. They were dressed in beautiful yellow robes, with a gorgeous helmet of the same shape as the old Greek helmet. They conducted the music most creditably, and it was no mean performance; the chanting was beautiful, and done *con amore*. While we stood at the door, coolies, with large pails of weak tea, gradually assembled; when, at a signal, the performance ceased, the coolies entered with their pails, each to his appointed row, and the priests, taking a small cup from their bosoms, drank their allowance. Thus refreshed, they recommenced, and the performance was grander than ever; at the close they all rose and marched in solemn procession before the chief idol, bowed themselves, and then retired. The instruments at the door were praying machines; the worshippers as they entered turned them round, and thus performed their devotions. Prayers are pasted both on the inside and outside of the barrels, which being turned round, the prayers are presented, as they suppose, to their god; and the oftener they turn their praying machines, the more devout they esteem themselves." (Pp. 109-11.)

[Is not that *Ritualism* in perfection?]

THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN AND ITS RITUAL, AT PEKING.

FROM "JOURNEYS IN THE NORTH OF CHINA, ETC. BY THE REV. ALEX. WILLIAMSON, B.A. AGENT OF THE NATIONAL BIBLE SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND."—Vol. II. pp. 352-363.

It may be remarked here, how well this accords with the opinion that the Persian religion and system of thought agreed in ancient times with the Chinese. The city of Ecbatana was so built that the Emperor lived in the centre, surrounded by concentric rings, representing the celestial

spheres. Each ring was a wall painted with its appropriate colour, according to the astronomical notions of the time. The old Persian religion, with its worship of the elements, and its dual philosophy, before the introduction of Ormuzd and Ahriman, and the worship of fire, bears a most striking resemblance to the old Chinese religion as exemplified in the modern Temple of Heaven.

As might be expected, careful distinctions are made in the sacrifices. The animals ordinarily used for food by the ancient Chinese, and the fruits of the earth known to them, are almost all included. But productions recently introduced into the country are not offered. To Heaven alone is offered a piece of bluejade, cylindrical in shape, and a foot long, formerly used as a symbol of sovereignty. But the great distinguishing sign of superiority is the offering of a whole-burnt offering to Heaven. Heaven receives also twelve bundles of cloth, while the Emperors, and the sun and moon, have offered to them but one. Various shaped vessels, filled with different kinds of corn, are offered to Heaven, to the Emperors, and to the sun and moon; but in greater number to the former. The spirits of the atmosphere, winds, clouds, rain, and thunder, have their tablets placed below the altar on the east and west sides, between the inner and outer enclosures. They also receive a share of the offerings, consisting of four bundles of cloth, a bullock, a sheep, and a pig, with the productions of the soil.

On the south-east of the altar stands, at the distance of an arrow-flight, the large furnace for the whole-burnt offering. It is faced with green porcelain, and is nine feet high. It is ascended on three sides—east, south, and west—by a green porcelain staircase. The bullock is placed inside, upon a substantial iron grating, underneath which the fire is kindled. Outside there is a pit for the blood and hair. The visitor, ascending by one of the staircases to the top of the furnace, sees within it the remaining charred bones of the last sacrifice.

Some native scholars attempt to explain the burnt sacrifice, as in-

tended to call the attention of the Supreme Spirit of Heaven, by the smoke, odour, and flame, to the circumstance that the time for the sacrifice has come. This agrees with the common Buddhist notion that the wooden fish, and the bell, the musical stone, and various instruments of music, need to be struck in order to announce to the god worshipped that his presence is desired. Another native explanation is that the odour is agreeable. This is very ancient, and agrees with many passages in the Old and New Testaments, which speak of the sweet-smelling savour of a burnt-offering; as well as with the ideas of the ancient Greeks in their burnt sacrifices. It has never occurred to the Chinese that the original idea connected with burnt-sacrifices was propitiatory in the sense of substitutionary. The Book of Genesis, while recording the fact of burnt sacrifices in the primitive patriarchal religion, does not give this explanation, except in the offering up by Abraham of his son Isaac. It first occurs in complete form in the revelation made to Moses. The Chinese sacrifices must be compared with those of the patriarchal, rather than the Mosaic age; and we cannot wonder that even if the doctrine of substitution was at first taught with the original institution of these sacrifices, that after the lapse of so many centuries the knowledge of it should be lost.

Whether, in the primeval institution of sacrifices, the substitutionary idea of life for life, and punishment for sin, transferred from offerer to victim, was at first plainly taught, or darkly hinted, is a question not easy to decide. The symbol may first have been given and afterwards its significance revealed; or the significance of sacrifices may have been made known to the earliest men, but not recorded till a later age in the early portions of the Bible.

The bullocks are selected with great care: they must be males of two years old, the best of their kind, and without blemish; they are fed in the park which surrounds the altar. These circumstances together constitute another point of resemblance to

the Jewish sacrifices, which should not be lost sight of.

The name of the furnace, Liau-lu, means the furnace of the fire sacrifice. Here the word Liau, for fire-sacrifice, alludes in its etymology to "light-giving," thus favouring the first of the two native explanations.

On the south-west of the altar stand three high poles for hanging lanterns. The sacrifice is performed before dawn. The illumination will fall from these lofty lanterns upon the Emperor and his suite, while they all kneel in worship on the upper terrace, the altar-steps, and on the south pavement beyond the altar.

On December 21st the Emperor goes in a sedan chair to the gate called Tai-ho-men in the palace: here he mounts the elephant carriage, and proceeds to the Temple of Heaven. There he goes first to the tablet chapel, where he offers incense to Shang-ti and to his (*own*) ancestors, with three kneelings and nine prostrations. Then, going to the great altar, he inspects the offerings, proceeds to the south gate, and taking his seat in the elephant carriage is conveyed to the hall of penitential fasting. Next morning, seven quarters before sunrise, or about 5.45 a.m., he puts on his sacrificial robes, and goes to the south gate of the outer enclosure, dismounts from the *nien*, as his carriage is called, and walks to the imperial yellow tent on the second terrace. At the moment he arrives at the spot where he kneels, the fire of the burnt-sacrifice is kindled to meet the spirit of Shang-ti, and music is heard playing an air called Shī-ping-chī-chang. The Emperor then goes to the upper terrace of the altar, kneels and burns incense before Shang-ti, and then presents incense to his ancestors, whose shrines, with their tablets, are arranged in wooden huts on the north-east, and north-west portions of the altar. While he makes three kneelings and nine prostrations and offers bundles of silk, jade cups, and other gifts, the tune called King-ping-chī-chang is heard played by the musicians.

He then proceeds to the point on the altar where the prayer is read.

The prayer is presented by an officer, the music stops, the Emperor kneels, the officer reads the prayer aloud, the Emperor bows to the ground three times, offers a cup to his ancestors on each side, and music and dancing commence.

At this point, certain officers bring forward what is called "the flesh of happiness" to the front of the tablet of Shang-ti and hold it up. The Emperor then goes to the spot for drinking "the cup of happiness" and receiving "the flesh of happiness," and prostrates himself three times, receiving the cup and flesh kneeling.

(*To be continued.*)

TWO NOBLE MECHANICS.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, two brothers named Clark, carriage makers, went from Newark, N. J. (United States), and settled in George Town, Kentucky. They were Episcopalians, but found no one to worship with them in the place. In the course of ten years a handful of churchmen gathered, and bought a site for a church. This done, about five years ago the brothers Clark designed an edifice. With their own hands they quarried the stone for the building, at times when the carriage business was slack; and when a sufficient quantity of stone was ready, they set to work at the foundation upon which to rear the fabric. When the stonework was finally completed by their own exertions, they began to operate upon the woodwork, all of which was planned, made, and fitted by them; the work being done between twelve and six o'clock, p.m. In like manner the entire church, from basement to belfry, has been carried to completion by these enterprising brothers. The church is Gothic in style, and, if built in Louisville, would cost 15,000 dollars. The Messrs. Clark are now buying old brass and copper from children, which they will use, when they have a sufficient quantity, in casting a bell. The church was consecrated on June 23, by Bishop Cummins, in the presence of a crowded audience.—*Evangelical Christendom*, Feb. 1871, p. 51.

Phenomena of the Months.

SEPTEMBER.

THE sun rises on the 1st at fourteen minutes after five, and sets at fourteen minutes before seven; on the 15th it rises at twenty-three minutes before six, and sets at fourteen minutes after six; and on the 30th it rises at one minute after six, and sets at twenty-one minutes before six. The sun enters Libra on the 23rd, about which time our day and night are of equal length. The autumn quarter begins on that day, and temperature continues to decline, the averages of fifty years showing a decrease of about the sixth of a degree per day during the month of September. Last September rain fell during nine days, and the total quantity was about one-eighth less than the average.

The moon is new on the 14th at ten minutes after seven in the evening, and full on the 28th at forty-five minutes after five in the afternoon. On the first Sunday it rises at sixteen minutes before nine at night; on the

second Sunday it rises after midnight; on the third Sunday it sets at twenty-three minutes before eight in the evening; and on the fourth Sunday it rises before five in the afternoon, and shines till after midnight.

The moon is near to Jupiter and Uranus on the 10th, to Mercury on the 14th, to Venus on the 15th, to Mars on the 19th, and to Saturn on the 21st.

Mercury sets with the sun on the 9th, becomes a morning star on the 12th, and rises an hour and a half before the sun on the 28th.

We lose Venus from our evening sky after the 7th. It becomes a morning star on the 29th.

Mars sets an hour and three quarters after the sun all the month.

Jupiter rises after midnight until the 17th, and from that day rises before midnight—a few minutes earlier every night,

Saturn is in Sagittarius, and low down in our southern sky at present, setting between four and five hours after the sun.

Mutual-Aid Association Reporter.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT.

BELoved BRETHREN,—At the Annual Meeting held at Keighley, the delegates pledged themselves individually, to do all in their power to promote the extension of the Association, and to increase its funds. No doubt this pledge will be honoured, and the result of persevering, individual effort, will be the continued prosperity of our beloved Association.

That love of the brotherhood which feels the blessed privilege of helping to comfort each other in affliction and trial, and especially so in the case of our aged veterans who have laboured long in the service of our Divine Master, and our love to Him who gave His life for us, will nerve us to do our duty.

Then come the questions: What shall we do? and what can we do? We would humbly and affectionately say, in answer to the first: Let every branch, and each member in every branch, resolve to gather in all the local preachers, who are not as yet members of our Association; at the same time, let our friends be appealed to for help, in public meetings and otherwise; but as much as possible in public meetings.

Then there is a large number of circuits where we are unrepresented. Let men who know and love us, ask the ministers and friends to help in bringing our Association before our brethren the local preachers, and the Methodist public throughout the length and breadth of the land. We have been delighted to note the loving

sympathy of our ministers, in various places where meetings have been held. May we not say, the same sympathy awaits us in every place where meetings may be held? Our ministers know something about our trials, and will be pleased to help us; for, "Have we not all one Father?" and is it not the great aim of our lives to do His will?

When we ask ourselves the second question, "What can we do?" the field of labour spreads before our mental vision.

There are thousands of local preachers who would be benefited by joining us, and hundreds of old fathers who ought to be amongst our annuitants.

This year, we ought to have two thousand additional members; and one hundred of the number as annuitants. We also ought to have five thousand pounds extra added to our funds.

How could all this be done? We would suggest that one hundred of our branches raise ten pounds each extra; fifty branches, twenty pounds each; thirty branches, thirty-three pounds each; and that one hundred new branches be formed, giving us an average of twenty pounds each.

A public meeting in each of our one hundred and eighty branches, and one in each of the new branches to be formed, would surely, we think, produce the above named results.

As to the speakers for each of these meetings, there could be no difficulty. Ministers, local preachers, and others on the spot, would attend to this, and if necessary, a delegate or two from other branches could attend.

The vigorous efforts of last year, as our zealous ex-president has truly said, "are in their nature progressive in their influence." Let us then follow them up, and "in due time we

shall reap, if we faint not." Let the hearts of the fathers and brethren who have laboured for the good of this Association for many years, be cheered with its prosperity; and let the old local preachers feel there are thousands of Methodists whose hearts warm with love to them. Let us, one and all, do our duty, losing no time, and aiming at great results; so that those brethren who may be spared to attend the next annual meeting at Louth may then be able to say, "It has been a glorious year, not only in temporal things, but a year of great spiritual prosperity."

Yours very truly,

N. A. ALDERSLEY.

WESLEYAN METHODIST LOCAL PREACHERS' MUTUAL-AID ASSOCIATION, NORTHAMPTON.

ON Sunday, July 31st, the annual sermons on behalf of this Association were preached morning and evening by Mr. J. Wade, of Mitcham, and Mr. Thos. Cuthbertson, of Chelsea, alternately, in Gold Street and Grafton Street, Wesleyan Chapels. A tea meeting was held on Monday afternoon at Grafton Street, at which about 100 persons sat down, including a considerable number of visitors from the country. A well-attended public meeting was afterwards held in the chapel. Mr. Richard Groom presided. There were also upon the platform Mr. J. Wade and Mr. T. Cuthbertson (the deputation), Mr. W. E. Vernon (Towcester), Mr. Lenton, the local secretary, Mr. Vincent Matthews, Mr. Thomas Rowledge, Mr. George Pinney, and Mr. Henry Randall.

The meeting was opened with singing and prayer.

The CHAIRMAN, in opening the business of the meeting, remarked that it had been said that old wood was the best to burn, old books were the best to read, and old friends the best to trust. Many of their old friends had gone on a pilgrimage, and it was uncertain when they would return. He was,

however, happy to see so many friends present, especially from a distance, who had come to testify by their presence their sympathetic feelings and their regards for the object they had met to promote. (Applause.) That institution was established to provide for the temporal wants and necessities of good men, many of whom had spent the best part of their lives in serving the cause of God. If it were not for this fund many of them would be in such a condition that they would have to spend the evening of their life in painful anxiety and distressing solicitude. Whenever our Lord sent out His disciples to preach, He commanded them to take neither purse nor scrip, and their wants were always provided for. So also the fowls of the air received their meat, although they had neither storehouse nor barn; and if He sent meat to the fowls of the air, should they not believe that He would supply all the real wants and needs of His people, especially those who depended upon Him for even the necessities of life? When the disciples returned from their journeys, the inquiry was—"Lacked ye anything?" and the answer was, "Nothing, Lord." Many of their local preachers had to travel a long distance along rugged roads, in inclement weather, and on dark nights, but the Lord gave them strength equal to their day. The work in which they were engaged was a source of comfort and encouragement, and enabled them to press forward. The institution whose interests they had met to advance was a good thing. He was pleased to see so many present, and he hoped the meeting would be profitable to them all. (Applause.) He then called upon

Mr. LENTON, the local secretary, who stated that the report for the year 1871 was not yet published, but would be ready in a few days. The secretary stated that 82 benefit members joined last year, in which year there were also 258 claims on account of sickness, which were satisfied at an average cost of £3 4s. 6d. each claimant, being the largest amount paid since 1864. After giving

a summary of some of the leading cases, from the LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE, the secretary said he attended the aggregate meeting which was held this year at Keighley, Yorkshire. There he met the various delegates, who expressed themselves highly gratified at the reception they met with when the aggregate meeting was held at Northampton, in 1870. On that occasion the collections at Gold Street were:—After sermons, £16 19s. 1d.; love feast, £2 7s. 1d.; sacramental service, £2 1s. 11d.; public meeting, £9 9s.; tea meeting, £9 5s.; Grafton Street, £4 18s. 10d.; the total sum collected last year in the Northampton district being £82 11s. 6d. The amount expended in the district for sickness and superannuation was £29 6s. 6d., and for deaths £16, three of the members of the circuit having died.

Mr. J. WADE was then called upon to address the meeting. He said the idea of forming a fund for assisting local preachers dated from the Centenary movement. Certain rich men connected with Methodism were willing to subscribe on condition that out of the money subscribed on the occasion of the centenary of Wesley, a sum should be set apart similar to what they would give. But that did not meet with favour. He had the privilege of attending a meeting held in 1849, at Bristol. The Rev. J. McLean took the chair on the occasion, and the meeting was very successful. After that meeting, God put it into the hearts of their local brethren to write letters in the newspapers; and the result was that, after some preliminary meetings, an aggregate meeting was held in Freemason's Hall, Great Queen Street. A few of those who were present were still alive; and with them the feeling would not be forgotten so long as memory held its seat. Dr. Melson preached to a crowded congregation. It was the cholera year; the cholera was raging in London to a fearful extent; but not a brother was afflicted with it. God gave journeying mercies to them all—those who came from the country, as well as those who lived in the metropolis. From that time till 1871 they had been year by year to dif-

ferent parts of the country, and in each place they had done better and better. (Applause.) Should their lives be spared, they would go to Louth next year. As regarded the constitution of the society, they had a president, a treasurer, and an honorary secretary; the business was carried on by a committee of fifty members, chosen from different parts of the connexion, ten of whom went out every year, so that the committee was continually receiving fresh blood. They had only one paid officer. It had been said in reference to this Association that the members had ulterior objects, and that they might prove mischievous. God forbid that they should have any other object than that of the support of their aged local brethren, when they had gone, like him who stood before them, through their three score years and ten. (Applause.) Some of those ministers who mistook their object at the first were now amongst their warmest friends and supporters, showing that by patient continuance in well doing, "in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." (Applause.)

The speaker then answered the objection that had been raised by young men against joining the Association, that the old men would eat up all the funds, leaving nothing for the young men when they became dependent, by pointing out that there was a balance in favour of the old men of £3,944. It was said, too, that their basis was unsound, because, according to the calculation of an actuary, 3s. a quarter would not secure 8s. a week. That was true; but the secret was that many of the members did not declare on the funds for short illnesses; and something must be put to the account of the orderly conduct and sobriety which characterised their lives. The speaker then appealed to the young men to join the society, especially those in Northampton. Northampton had drawn tolerably heavily in former years; and they felt that the balance should now be on the other side. The need for the institution had been shown, and it would be a painful thing if many of them who had now passed the seventieth milestone had no bet-

ter prospect than the poor-house and a pauper's grave. He had been for forty-two years a local preacher in a country circuit, and the average distance of the places to which he travelled each Sunday was eight miles; the work comprising a sermon in the morning; a hasty dinner at a friend's, distant perhaps a mile or a mile and a half; a walk back to the school-room to address the children; then, after tea, he would be expected to say something; in the evening, a sermon in a crowded chapel, and the preacher would be afterwards expected to lead the prayer-meeting; and, at the close of the day, a walk home, in the winter, with the snow knee-deep, would leave them thoroughly exhausted. But yet that did not kill them. Many of those places where Methodism was most successful were where the work had been begun and carried on by local preachers. The speaker concluded by appealing for the support of those present, both by pecuniary donations and also as subscribers for the LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE. (Applause.)

Mr. W. E. VERNON next addressed the meeting in an animated speech. He explained that the origin of the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association was first discussed between Edw. Corderoy, Benj. Gough, and himself, and the first article ever written upon the subject was penned in the room where the conversation he had referred to took place. He urged the importance of a good understanding between local preachers, travelling preachers, and class leaders as essential to their working together in the connexion; and asserted that, as the Christian religion had raised England to her place among the nations, so she would, after the storms had passed which shook the nations, enjoy a peaceful repose, and become the lighthouse of the world. The speaker then adverted to the indignation he some years since felt and expressed on learning that one of the most esteemed local preachers in the Towcester circuit had applied to the Board of Guardians for relief, and stated that he resolved from that moment to support the Mutual-Aid Association as long as he lived. (Applause.) After

touching upon the difficulties from lack of education, books, and other means of usefulness in their work, under which Wesleyan local preachers laboured—a deficiency which would have been supplied had they been members of the Church of England—he strongly advocated the existence of greater spirituality and earnestness in their work, and a more assiduous attention to prayer as a means of revival, to replace the intellectuality of service now so common. He concluded by an earnest appeal on behalf of the society.

Mr. T. CUTHBERTSON, adverting to the decrease in the numbers of Methodists during the past year, notwithstanding that they had finer chapels and larger collections, attributed it to the want of the Spirit of God amongst them. He then adverted to some of the causes which led to this decline, due, as some said, to the spirit of the age. This he characterised as the spirit of worldliness—the church having gone out into the world and the world come into the church, the result being a merging of the one into the other in a way which was not at all profitable to professing Christians. He also spoke at length on the need for special preparation in the performance of all religious duties, and remarking that the balance at Northampton was still on the wrong side, he asked for further assistance in aid of the cause which had been commended to them. (Applause.)

A collection was then made, and the hymn of Christian brotherhood was sung.

Mr. Randall, Mr. Pinney, and Mr. Matthews afterwards addressed the meeting. Votes of thanks were given to the ladies for providing and arranging the tea; to the trustees of the two chapels; to the deputation, Messrs. Wade, Cuthbertson, and Vernon; and to the Chairman.

The singing of the Doxology brought the meeting to a close.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

THE monthly meeting was held at Brother W. Jameson's, Guelder House, West Hill, Wandsworth, on Monday, July 7th.

Present: Brothers Jameson (chair),

J. Carter, Chamberlain, Wade, Coman, and Sims.

After prayer by Brother Wade, the minutes were read and confirmed.

The monthly statement showed 12 new members, 8 deaths, 62 sick, and 110 annuitants. Receipts from branches, £466 16s. 10d.; payments to them, £418 5s. 4d. Dividends received, £74 11s. 9d. General expenses paid away, £35 8s. 5d. The total balances in hand were £215 1s. 5d.

The case of a brother who applied last month for entrance was reconsidered, and as he was two years older than was then stated, his entrance fee was fixed at £8.

Brother T. A. of D., aged 71, a preacher for thirty-six years, one of the first members of our Association, and one of the originators of his local branch, applied for an annuity. He has been a schoolmaster, and still writes a nice hand; but through his continued ill health, has lost all his scholars. He now earns only about three shillings a week by collecting the rents of some cottages for a solicitor. He has a wife, but no family. His wife keeps a little shop. The brethren of his branch recommend his case as one worthy of sympathy.

It was ordered: "That Brother T. A. have 4s. per week."

Brother Jameson handed in £8 5s. 6d. from Penzance; also a guinea from Mr. Ash, and 10s. from Mr. Greatbatch.

On the motion of the Honorary Secretary, one thousand more copies of the Annual Report were ordered to be printed.

A letter was read from the President; also one from Bro. J. Burroughs.

Brother George J. Williamson, of Lower Thames Street, City, was elected upon the Committee to supply a vacancy.

Brother Wade reported that he and Brother Cuthbertson had been as a deputation to Northampton. They preached in Gold Street and Grafton Street Chapels on the Sunday, and had attended a tea and public meeting at Grafton Street, on the Monday. It was a capital meeting, and the collections were liberal.

Brother Jameson undertook to correspond further with the new branches in Cornwall, and to report to the next meeting.

The order of the monthly meetings was arranged as follows, viz. :—

Wednesday, 13th Sept. — Brother Bowron's, 14, Churton Street, Pimlico.

Monday, 9th Oct. — Brother D. Plant's, Upper Portland Place, Wandsworth Road, S.W.

Wednesday, 8th Nov. — Brother J. B. Ingle's, Blackheath, S.E.

Monday, 11th Dec. — Brother E. Pearse's, 17, Tavistock Square, W.C.

Some minor matters being settled,

the meeting was closed by the chairman with prayer.

DEATHS.

July 27, 1871. Moses Popplewell, of Pontefract Branch, aged 67. Claim £6. In a most happy frame of mind.

July 28, 1871. William Quaife, of Rochester Branch, aged 74. Claim £6. Happy and peaceful.

July 29, 1871. Benjamin Budsey, of Norwich Branch, aged 76. Claim £3.

August 8, 1871. James Edmonds, of Monmouth, aged 82. Claim £3. Calmly and peacefully he committed his soul to the Father of spirits.

August 8, 1871. Mrs. Kezia Walker, of Sheffield, aged 47. Claim £3. Her memory is blessed.

CASH RECEIVED BY THE GENERAL TREASURER TO AUG. 16, 1871.

	Free Subscriptions.	Benefit Members.
Lancaster		3 10 0
Wantage		1 1 0
Hayle		0 6 0
Northampton 2nd — Collected at Northampton, 18s 8d; Brafield, 1s 3d; Wootton, 14s 6d; Gayton, 6s; Piddington, 15s; Chapel Brampton, 13s 6d; per Brother Old, as Penny Preacher, 2s 3d	2 10 3	2 6 6
Downham — Mrs. T. Bennett, hm. £1 1s; Mr. J. L. Bennett, hm. qrlly. 5s 3d; Mr. J. Hutson, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Thos. Wenn, hm. £1 1s	3 8 3	2 17 0
Louth — Mr. Morton, qrlly. 3s; Mr. H. D. Simpson, do. 2s 6d	0 5 6	4 15 6
Faversham		8 0 0
Queen Street, &c. — Mr. A. R. Johnson, hm.	1 1 0	
Briston Hill		0 15 0
Lambeth — Mr. Huggins, don.	0 10 0	
Towcester — A Widow, in affectionate remembrance of the departed, £2 — "He being dead yet speaketh;" Mr. W. Claydon, don. 2s 6d	2 2 6	2 2 3
Oldham		1 16 0
Wellington (Salop)		3 18 0
Driffield		1 4 0
Launceston — J. Dingley, Esq. qrlly. 7s 6d; E. Pethybridge, Esq. qrlly. 7s 6d	0 15 0	1 1 0
Halifax		3 7 0
Sherburne		1 1 0
Wisbeach — Collection after a Meeting at Brimstone Hill	1 7 0	1 10 0
Sheerness		0 18 0
Garstang		1 10 0
Stourbridge		1 10 0
Hinckley		1 4 0
Penrith — Bro. T. Westmoreland, hm.	1 1 0	1 4 0
Oxford		3 10 0
Huddersfield 2nd		0 15 0
Stafford		1 1 0
Barnstaple		1 10 0
Southport		0 9 0
Runcorn		0 18 0
Windsor — R. Walker, Esq. hm. Maidenhead, per Hon. Sec. Bromsgrove — Mr. C. Field, don. 5s; Collected by Brother Davis, 4s; Mr. Gardner, don. 2s 6d	1 1 0	1 1 0
Bakewell	0 11 6	1 18 0

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>Devizes</i>		1 10 0
<i>Diss</i>		0 18 0
<i>Shipley</i>		1 13 0
<i>York</i> —Mr. John Hill, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Sherwood, hm. £1 1s; Mr. B. Wales, hm. £1 1s; Collected by Mr. Sales, of Howden, from Bro. W. Bland, 10s	3 13 0	3 3 0
<i>Aylesbury</i>		0 18 0
<i>St. Agnes</i>		1 11 0
<i>Melton Mowbray</i>		0 12 0
<i>Ripon</i> —Mr. Mawson, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Plummer, don. 5s ...	1 6 0	2 2 0
<i>Uttoweter</i>		0 6 0
<i>Sowerby Bridge</i>		1 1 0
<i>Stroud</i> —Bro. Cumley, a thank offering... ..	0 2 6	0 3 0
<i>Frome</i> —Miss Tuck	0 5 0	1 7 0
<i>Derby</i>		2 16 6
<i>Fblekstone</i> —Mr. Tucker, 2s 6d; Mrs. Turner, 2s; Mr. S. R. Green, 10s; per Bro. Fryer	0 14 6	0 18 0
<i>Tadcaster</i>		1 4 0
<i>Ashton-under-Lyne</i> —Mrs. G. Thompson, hm. £1 1s; J. Arundale, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mr. J. Taylor, ann. 4s 4d ...	2 6 4	1 16 0
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Original Essays.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT: WILL IT BE ETERNAL?—No. 5.

THE next argument in opposition to the doctrine of eternally perpetuated punishment, and in favour of that of annihilation, or the depriving of the wicked of their existence, is based upon the meaning of certain Greek words, translated by the words “destroy,” “perish,” and “destruction.” The following instances are indicated:—“Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction.” (Matt. vii. 13.) “Vessels of wrath, fitted to destruction.” (Rom. ix. 22.) “Able to destroy both soul and body in hell.” (Matt. x. 28.) “They who have sinned without law shall perish without law.” (Rom. ii. 12.) “Them that perish.” (2 Cor. ii. 15.) We are told that, in Matt. x. 28, the word “‘destroy’ is used as the equivalent of to ‘kill.’” To this we must say, not necessarily and precisely so. Man might kill the *body*, but could not touch the *soul*; God can not only kill the body, but also destroy both soul and body: where?—“in hell.” So saith the Lord Jesus. What need of the terrific visitation in hell, if only the termination of existence were intended?

Paul’s quotation of a *Hebrew* quotation, in the sermon he delivered before a congregation of Jews at Antioch, in Pisidia, is quoted from Acts xiii. 41: “Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and *perish*.” The word here emphasised is ἀφανίζω (*aphanizo*), *vanish*, *disappear*. “Vanish out of existence,” says our polemic. But on what authority does he say so? Despisers may wonder, be astounded and confounded, and may shrink from confronting either God or His messengers; and so disappear. Ay, they may tremble and give up the ghost. They may be smitten with death. In any of these respects they may disappear, pass away from human view, without going out of existence; and we challenge the production of an instance in which any writer, either inspired or pagan, has used the word in the sense of extinction of being. It is our polemic’s own assertion. Simply that, and nothing more; and just as unwarrantable as many other assertions in his adventurous pamphlet.

Another Greek word, φθελω (*phtheiro*), is thought to bear a meaning that is against the orthodox doctrine of future punishment. It “has, when applied to man, two main senses. One is to deprave and corrupt, the other to destroy by depriving of existence.” So says our polemic, simply assuming the point requiring proof, or begging the question. Let us look at its use in the New Testament. We find it rendered in our authorised version by the verb *to corrupt*, in either its active or its passive form, in the following texts:—1 Cor. xv. 33; 2 Cor. vii. 2; xi. 3; Eph. iv. 22; Jude 10; Rev. xix. 2. In one text (1 Cor. iii. 17) it is used twice, and in each case is rendered differently,—*defile* and *destroy*. “If any man *defile* the temple of God, (*or corrupt the living*

Church of God, the temple composed of holy persons,) him shall God destroy." This is one of the texts in which it is alleged that we have the meaning "to destroy by depriving of existence." But does the apostle mean that in his use of the word here? Is it not rather this: If any man corrupt or defile the temple (*or Church*) of God, him will God corrupt or defile? That is, by cutting him off from His Church. The former part of the eighteenth chapter of Jeremiah may be taken to reflect light upon this text. The potter made a vessel of clay, and it was marred in his hand. So he made out of it another vessel of a different form from the marred one, and to be used for a different purpose. God put the question, "O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter?" And, answering the question, He proceeded, "Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand." Here is a vessel destroyed in the process of its formation, and its material is then used in the formation of a different vessel. So is it with mankind. Those whom God would fashion into vessels of honour, if marred in His hands by their own wilful perverseness, are made into vessels of dishonour; not annihilated.

There is another text in which the word occurs with a preposition (*kara, cata*) that intensifies the meaning, and where it is rendered by the words "*shall utterly perish*." It is 2 Peter ii. 12. "But these, as natural brute beasts (*irrational animals*), made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not; and *shall utterly perish* in their own corruption." The noun *φθορά*, derived from the verb, is used twice in this text, and is represented in the authorised version by the two words *destroyed* and *corruption*. Our clerical instructor says this Greek noun has "the two senses of moral corruption and destruction by death, and is frequently applied to future punishment." He then directs special attention to its use in the foregoing text, and remarks, "Here the same Greek word is used of the end of beasts and of the end of the ungodly. We know what is the end of beasts taken and destroyed: even such Peter declares will be the end of the ungodly in the future life: *they shall perish there as beasts perish here*." They shall perish *there*; where? "In the future life." Is that a *place*, or is it a *state*? which of the two? If a state, what sense can be assigned to the dictum, "They shall perish *there*?" Whether it be a place or a state, what congruity is there between *perishing* and a future *life*? The ungodly, dying in their ungodliness, have not a future life, but future misery, a state of death, "the *second death*." And if they are to perish as do irrational animals, must not that apply to the irrational part of their nature, and *not* to the spiritual part? They irrationally "speak evil of the things that they understand not;" and they shall reap the fruit of their sowing. They corrupt themselves; therefore they are doomed to inevitable and total corruption. It is cause and consequence linked indissolubly together. Wilful self-corruption entailing *totality* of corruption; but not annihilation.

The noun occurs in the following texts, in which it is invariably rendered *corruption*:—Rom. viii. 21; 1 Cor. xv. 42, 50; Gal. vi. 8; 2 Peter i. 4; ii. 19.—In Col. ii. 22, our translators have given the word a verbal rendering, in the sense of *to perish*; the reference being to ordinances in religion instituted by man. These tend to corruption. In whatever sense the word be understood in that text, it has nothing to do with the nature of the doom that awaits the wicked. As for its being “*frequently applied to future punishment*,” there are but eight texts in which it is found; and of these not more than *two* relate to future punishment. These are Gal. vi. 8, and 2 Peter ii. 12. Here are the words, “He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap *corruption*,” and “shall utterly perish in their own *corruption*.” We have said enough to prove with what slender reason the clergyman of Cork makes the most positive assertions, and to show the groundlessness of the assertion that the verb and noun adduced bear any such meaning, as “applied to man,” as that assigned by him: “to destroy by depriving of existence.”

In Acts iii. 23, a word occurs which is not found anywhere else in the New Testament: ἐξολοθρεύω. The text reads, “Every soul, which will not hear that prophet, *shall be destroyed* from among the people.” The apostle is quoting from Deut. xviii. 18, 19. Our version of the latter verse is, “And it shall come to pass that whosoever will not hearken unto my words which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him.” Comparing the two texts, and recollecting that the quotation by St. Peter is a free rendering of the original, it is clear that the clause, “shall be destroyed from among the people,” is equivalent to *shall be cut off from the people*, or be excommunicated.

The noun *δλεθρος* occurs in 1 Cor. v. 5; 1 Thess. v. 8; 2 Thess. i. 9; and 1 Tim. vi. 9. The rendering in each is “destruction.” We will quote only one,—2 Thess. i. 9: “Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord.” Pray observe that this is not a destruction at once completed and done with; but such a destruction as is continuous,—an “*everlasting destruction*.” (δλεθρον αἰώνιον.) What can be meant but banishment, and all its consequences, “from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power?” and not extinction of being.

We have seen what this gentleman's criticisms are worth: is it worth while to meddle with the cluster of assertions which follow? He pits Plato and other philosophers of antiquity, and the writers of the New Testament, one side against the other, on the question of the soul's immortality. He asserts that what the philosophers of all schools affirm on that question, the inspired writers deny; and he thinks he has proved what he asserts. All that we can say for his assertions is, that they are expressed in elegant periods. The language is beautiful enough; but, as we have swept away so many previous assertions upon which these are built, they lack a sufficient foundation. Pagan writers, no doubt, did

reason in favour of the soul's immortality. Let that be admitted. But the labour spent for the purpose of showing that the New Testament writers denied it, is but labour in vain. Our polemic does not allege that such denial is to be found in reference to the godly, but only in reference to the ungodly; and his allegation is made in reference to them because he is at war with the doctrine of eternal pain.

He thinks, however, that Paul's strong expression in Rom. ix. 3, affords some countenance to his opinion. "I could wish that myself were accursed (*ἀνάθεμα*, *anathema*) from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." He says, "There can be no doubt that, whatever Paul here means by being 'accursed from Christ,' is that condition in which the ungodly will really be." And then he proceeds to argue that Paul could not desire the condition which Christians generally attribute to the damned, and therefore that Christians are mistaken in believing that there is any such condition. Now, we admit that Paul cannot be supposed to have desired to be in such a condition as that; but we have already shown that he had no such meaning as this writer declares "there can be no doubt that he had." No text of Scripture has perplexed men more than this; but some writers—and Dr. Adam Clarke among the rest—have shown that what the apostle meant was, that he would gladly sacrifice his own life—not accept the doom of the lost—if by so doing he might be the means of leading the Jews to accept of Christ as their Saviour.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GOSPEL DESCRIBED AND THE PREACHER DIRECTED:

[The substance of several parts of the ensuing discourse, was delivered in the form of an address, to the representatives of "The Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association," at the close of the Sacramental Service, in the Wesleyan-Methodist Chapel, Keighley, on Tuesday morning, June 6th, 1871. It has since been thrown into its present shape, and will not, I hope, be the less acceptable to the beloved brethren who requested its publication. EDWARD WATSON.]

"Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life."

ACTS v. 20.

It was the observation of our Saviour to His disciples, when describing the portentous circumstances which were to accompany the destruction of Jerusalem: "But before all these, they shall lay their hands on you, and persecute you, delivering you up to the synagogues, and into prisons, being brought before kings and rulers for My Name's sake." (Luke xxi. 12.)

The narrative, from which our text is taken, contains a partial fulfilment of this prediction. It furnishes us with an account of the imprisonment

and the deliverance of the apostles. Ananias and his wife Sapphira having been smitten with death for their perjury, and "many signs and wonders wrought by the hands of the apostles," we are told, that "Then the High Priest rose up, and all they that were with him (which is the sect of the Sadducees), and were filled with indignation, and laid their hands on the apostles, and put them in the common prison. But the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth, and said, Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life."

The passage, which we have selected, as the basis of our remarks, contains a *description of the gospel*, and a *direction to preachers*.

I. A DESCRIPTION OF THE GOSPEL. "The words of this life."

1. *The gospel reveals life.* It reveals the doctrine of the soul's immortality; and to this, in the present section, we shall confine our attention. The opinions of ancient philosophers on this important subject were exceedingly obscure, uncertain, and unsatisfactory. Sometimes they seem to approach the light; but are driven back like men smitten with blindness. They attempted to soar on waxen wings, which melted before they reached the sun. Socrates,

. whom, well inspired,
The oracle pronounced wisest of men,—

just before he drank the cup of poison, said to his friends, "I am going out of the world, and you are to continue in it; but which of us has the better part is a secret to every one but God." Cicero, after having adduced several arguments, both *pro* and *con*, on this momentous theme, concludes by saying, "Which of these is true, God alone knows; and which is the most probable a very great question." All which, led Seneca to observe, that, "Immortality, however desirable, was rather *promised* than *proved* by those great men." Many of us have read in our school books the soliloquy which dying Adrian addressed to his soul,—

"Poor, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together!
And dost thou plume thy trembling wing
To take thy flight, thou know'st not whither?
Thy pleasing vein, thy humorous folly
Lie all neglected, all forgot!
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou hop'st and fear'st thou know'st not what!"

There are several distinct intimations of a future state of being in the Old Testament Scriptures; but it is more clearly enunciated in the New. The twilight gradually melted into day. "Life and immortality" have been emphatically "brought to light through the gospel." All its glorious promises and its awful threatenings are founded on this assumption. "Fear not them," said our Saviour to His disciples, "which kill the body: but *are not able to kill the soul*: but rather fear him which is able to

destroy both soul and body in hell." "I saw," says the rapt seer of Patmos, "under the altar *the souls of them that were slain* for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held." O, my beloved brethren, what a prerogative it is to be a man! Every one of us carries in his bosom the precious gem of a deathless soul; the dagger of the assassin cannot pierce it, the burning fever cannot melt it, the waters of ocean cannot drown it, the fires of the last day cannot consume it. We shall see yon heavens a sheet of flame, and this earth a globe of fire; and amid fading suns, and falling stars, and burning worlds, we hope to swell the second chorus of "the morning stars," as He that sitteth upon the throne exclaims, "Behold, I make all things new!"

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky,
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die."

2. *The gospel begets life.* The moral renovation which is effected by the preaching of the gospel, is beautifully symbolised in one of the visions of Ezekiel. The prophet was led forth by "the hand of the Lord" into an open valley,—a battle, it would seem, had been fought there in days of yore,—a thousand skeleton hands still grasped the rusty swords by which they had formerly done deeds of valour; a thousand human skulls, the deserted palaces of regal spirits, rattled in their helmets as the wind swept through the valley. The man of God was commanded to prophesy, and as he did so, bone came to its bone, the skeletons were covered with sinews, flesh, and skin; the breath of God entered them, and they "stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." The gospel finds us *legally dead*. Dead, as a condemned murderer is dead. Dead by the law of God which we have violated, and liable to "the bitter pains of eternal death." "For the wages of sin is death." It proclaims a free and full forgiveness of our manifold offences; and on our acceptance of its overtures, it instantly adjudges us to life. It finds us *spiritually dead*. Dead to God, dead to good, dead to happiness. It takes us by the cold and pulseless hand, and whispers, "I say unto thee, Arise." It finds us, as the Saviour found Lazarus in his grave; it heaves the stone from the door of our sepulchre; utters the omnific mandate, "Come forth!" strips off the cerements of death, and leaves us wondering at our liberty and our life. Anon the tide of spiritual life courses through our veins; the renewed heart palpitates with unutterable joy, and the countenance becomes radiant with the hope of heaven. "I am the resurrection and the life," saith the Lord; "he that believeth in Me though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." "And you," my dear brethren, "hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." Thank God, every one of us, I trust, can sing with grateful hearts, "the jubilant words of the bard of Methodism:—

"Me in my blood, Thy love passed by
 And stopped my ruin to retrieve ;
 Wept o'er my soul Thy pitying eye ;
 Thy bowels yearned, and sounded 'Live !'
 Dying,"—

dying the death that never dies,—

"DYING, I heard the welcome sound,
 And pardon in Thy mercy found."

3. *The gospel promises life.* It promises to the Christian believer an admittance into bliss immediately after death. The popish dogma of purgatory is utterly without foundation in the sacred Scriptures. It is an invention of "the Man of Sin," designed to swindle hoodwinked devotees out of their property; a damnable traffic in the souls of men. The idea that the soul sleeps between death and the resurrection is equally unsupported by the testimony of Scripture. It is the body that sleeps, the soul awakes. "To-day," said Christ to the dying malefactor, "shalt thou be with me in Paradise." The saint of God, when "absent from the body, is present with the Lord."

"Oh, wondrous change !
 Burst are the prison bars ;
 This moment *there*—so low,
 So agonised—and now
 Beyond the stars !

Oh, glorious change !
 There lies the soulless clod :
 The sun eternal breaks ;
 The new immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God !"

A glorious resurrection is also promised in the gospel. The Saviour, at His second coming, will change this vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body. "It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory." "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." The innumerable orbs in that eternal firmament, as the deepest crystal is transpierced by beams of light, will receive into their inmost substance, the bright effulgence of the unsetting "Sun of Righteousness." And, finally, on this part of our theme, "life everlasting" is held out to us in the gospel. This is the promise which "God hath promised us, even eternal life."

"Life beginning still, where computation ends."

A life of exemption from toil, and pain, and death. A life inclusive of "fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore."

"Joy behind joy, in endless perspective."

In the final day, all "the ransomed of the Lord shall come to" the

heavenly "Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

"Then shall they see, and hear, and know
All they desired and wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy."

The Lord, in His infinite mercy, grant that we, my beloved brethren,
may be amongst that happy multitude ! E. W.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE MOTTOES ON THE COVER OF OUR MAGAZINE.

BY GEORGE SIMS. No. III.

"Bear ye one another's burdens." GAL. vi. 2.

True religion is heavenly in its origin, and equally heavenly in its tendency. Its purport is, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men." As vapour gathered from the ocean, then borne on the wings of the wind to some distant part of the world, having descended in showers upon the earth, runs in streams, and, finding its way into the channel of the river, flows back to its native ocean, having first fertilised the thirsty land, and thus been rendered a blessing to both man and beast, so is it with true religion; it comes *from* heaven, and leads *to* heaven, and it makes the Christian a blessing wherever he goes. One design of God in blessing a man is that he should be made a blessing. "No man liveth to himself." "Let us consider one another." There may be a thousand duties to the performance of which the Christian is called, all of them important; but in our motto we are called to *Christian sympathy*. "Bear ye one another's burdens."

The burdens our Christian friends may be called to bear, and how we may assist them, are the points presented for our consideration.

1. *Many are called to bear the burden of poverty.* Such we are to help. Every age and country has had its poor. Under the law God made express provision for them. The vast majority of those who are the children of God are poor. These, said the Saviour, "ye have always with you, and whosoever ye will ye may do them good." We have sometimes been asked how it is that the people of God are in want. Is it not said, "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly?" We reply by asking, Have all those who have enough and to spare proved themselves faithful stewards, in alleviating the distress which has come upon their brethren? How then, can we, in this respect, "bear one another's burden?" As far as our Local Preachers are concerned we say, Let every one, from the oldest to the youngest, become a member of the "*Mutual-Aid Association*." Affliction need not prevent! Then let

the direction of Paul be carried out: see 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2: "Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye," &c. If this could be done once in each year in all our Methodist Chapels, whether belonging to the *Conference*, or the *Free Churches*, our requirements would be met. The Committee is thankful that in many places this has been, and is being done. We have no wish for more than a collection,—free, voluntary, and cheerful, in all our churches. The earlier "Rules of the Society of the People called Methodists" contain the following: "It is his (the leader's business), 1. To see each person in his class once a week, at least, in order to inquire how their souls prosper; to advise, reprove, comfort, or exhort, as occasion may require; to receive what they are willing to give *to the poor*." It is the duty, then, of the Church to provide for its poor.

The same thing is taught 1 John iii. 17. "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of *compassion* from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" We make our appeal, then, to all who bear the name of Methodist, on behalf, especially, of those who have served the Church in time of health, but on whom the infirmities of old age have come, and who are "in need."

2. *Many are called to bear the burden of sickness.* We are well aware that we cannot "bear one another's burden" so as to take away the pain; but true sympathy will lighten the load. Friendly countenances bring light into darkness, and inspire fresh courage and hope. We remember on one occasion being called upon to visit a widow who had been recently bereaved of her husband, when she said, "I do not want any one to tell me of the duty of submission, and that it is the doing of an all-wise and unerring Providence; I know all that; but come and sympathise with me; there is more relief in TEARS that are mingled with mine than in all the preaching on the subject to which I can listen." Then, again, to feel that while we are at the throne of grace, our Christian friends are there pouring out their souls before God on our behalf. St. James says, chap. v. ver. 16, "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and, "the prayer of faith shall save the sick," verse 15. O! what comfort to the suffering servant of God to know that here are friends praying for him on earth, and a faithful and merciful High Priest interceding for him in heaven.

We are not to regard affliction as a mark of the Divine displeasure. How often has it to be said, "Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick;" "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." David said, "My bones waxed old;" "I am full of tossings to the dawning of the day;" "My sore ran in the night;" "There is no soundness in my flesh;" "I am feeble and sore broken;" "I water my couch with my tears." Jeremiah exclaimed, "I am the man that hath seen affliction." These may be said to be "*old cries*" belonging to the Hebrew times; but they have been "written for our learning," and are profitable. He whō "putteth our

tears into His bottle " has recorded them in His book, in order to show us that when prostrate with disease, and tortured with pain, no " strange thing has happened unto us," and that He who has written all this in His book of remembrance, is " touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

" He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same."

then " Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." He has " left us an example that we should follow His steps."

8. *Many are called to bear the burden of reproach. These we are to assist by our countenance and support.* The best of men, at times, suffer in reputation. All bold spirits in public life who are endeavouring to battle with the evils of society, and are seeking to accomplish real reforms, are more or less tried in this way. If they are faithful, they can scarcely fail, however discreet, to make enemies. Paul has declared, that " if any man will live godly in Christ Jesus, he must suffer persecution." (2 Tim. iii. 12.) These may not always be of the same kind, or inflicted in the same way. Even harmless, inoffensive people, are not always safe from suspicious misjudgings, and even open reproaches. " It must needs be that offences come." But now, as in days of old, " Woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh." The Master's good was evil spoken of. He was called a " gluttonous man and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." He was reviled, accused of sedition, spoken of as a deceiver; even charged with being in league with " Beelzebub, the prince of the devils," and condemned as a blasphemer against God.

The psalmist exclaimed, " Reproach hath broken my heart." An ungodly world will speak all manner of evil against " the servant of the Lord." We say, then, we are bound to be jealous for the Christian reputation of every brother. Silence, when they are maligned, is criminal, and the heart that is wounded with the poisoned arrows of slander, ought to be by us bound up and comforted. By Christian sympathy and support, then, let us bear the burden of those who are reproached, lifting up the " hands that hang down."

The summary of the second table of the law, as laid down by Christ, is, " Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." If this law were universally obeyed, what misery would be prevented, what pain would be relieved, what needs would be supplied! We should be ever breathing a spirit of tender good-will towards every one; acting towards them with courtesy and respect, especially towards the *aged*, being always ready to serve them in love, and abstaining from whatever would injure their reputation or feelings. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to provide shelter for the houseless, and warmth for those that are ready to perish, is to do what is pleasing to God; and to have benedictions and prayers of those whom we relieved are far richer blessings than the greatest possible amount of hoarded wealth.

We will close our present paper with a few of the numerous passages of Holy Scriptures which relate to the Christian duty we are endeavouring to recommend. "Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." (Phil. iv. 8.) "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God." (Lev. xix. 32.) "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." (Phil. ii. 4.) "Give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God: even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many." (1 Cor. x. 32, 33.) "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." (Gal. vi. 10.) "To do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." (Heb. xiii. 16.)

"Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

"Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love."

Biography.

MEMOIR OF MR. GEORGE TITE.

MR. GEORGE TITE was born at Northampton, 8th October, 1800, and was the oldest of a family of six children. He was favoured with that blessed heritage, a pious mother, by whom he was carefully trained, and who endeavoured to bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." George was always regarded as "his mother's boy;" and in many very severe trials through which she passed, he was a source of very great comfort to her, sharing, as far as he was capable at that early age, her troubles and sorrows.

In the year 1818 he removed to Wavendon, in the Newport Pagnell circuit, to reside with his grandfather. About that time the Spirit of God strove very powerfully with him, and he was brought to a full conviction of his guilt and danger as a sinner; so that he sought the Lord by earnest prayer, and found redemption through the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of sins. He connected himself with the Methodist Society, and joined the class of a true mother in Israel, when about six-

teen years of age. This godly woman watched over him with jealous care ; and to her godly counsel, seasonable advice, and faithful admonition he was much indebted. From that time to the day of his death he never lost his sense of sins forgiven. As a teacher in the Sabbath school he laboured hard, with a great measure of success. In this work he took special delight, and to the end of his days he was characterised by his love for children, and the deep interest he took in this department of the church's work. He was the founder of many of the principal schools in the circuit. He took a very active part in tract distribution, and the formation of tract societies. As a local preacher he was eminently successful. Favoured with good health, a robust constitution, a strong physical frame, a powerful voice, and a vigorous mind, he was well fitted for the work of preaching, which in those early days entailed a great amount of physical labour.

Often he walked twenty-eight miles and preached three and even four times on the Sabbath, sometimes in-doors and sometimes out. As a preacher he was energetic, instructive, and practical ; "a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." And many in the day of the Lord's coming will be the crown of his rejoicing. He entertained a great respect for his fellow labourers, which was manifested in the lively interest he took in the formation of a Local Preachers' Friendly Society for the Newport Circuit ; and afterwards in the Mutual-Aid Association, with which it was amalgamated, he being an honorary member to the day of his death.

One of his brethren, who had been very intimate with him for many years, writes of him : "He was remarkable for gentleness to the weak, and patience with the erring. He was faithful in admonishing, and bold in reproving sin, unswerving in his fidelity to the cause of truth, very catholic in his principles, charitable to the poor and needy—in a word, the friend of all, and enemy of none."

In the beginning of 1869 his health began to fail, and it became evident to all that his more active labours in the church were drawing to a close : and from that time he became gradually weaker ; and hopes which were entertained that he might recover his strength were all destined to disappointment. On Saturday, May 13th, 1871, he became much worse, and on the following Monday his spirit sweetly passed away, and "he was not, for God took him." During the whole of his illness he was graciously supported by Divine grace, and was enabled to maintain his calm trust in God. He spoke much of the preciousness of Christ, and contemplated his change in the "full assurance of hope." Among his last expressions were, "I am on the Rock ;" "Christ is precious."

Thus ended the life of one who had been "in labours more abundant," an "ensample to the flock," and emphatically a "good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." "The memory of the just is blessed."

JOSEPH LITTLE, Wesleyan Minister.

Narrative.

THE BATTLE GROUND OF LAST SUMMER, AND THE DEVASTATION OF THE WAR.

No. II.

THE country through which the line of rails is laid between Mohon and Montmedy, and for some distance forwards, is open and expansive, with gradually sloping elevations, not very high ; therefore favourable for the manœuvring of large armies. The heights command an extensive sweep of country. Passing Donchery, we crossed the river by a very fragile-looking extemporised bridge of rough timber. We went slowly over, watched with interest by a number of people.

Approaching the station of *Sedan*, we had in full view upon our right the chateau, now become historically famous, at which Napoleon III., on the 3rd of September, probably terminated his singular and astonishing career as sovereign of France, by the surrender of himself and an army of 83,000 men, together with 10,000 horses, 400 field guns, 70 mitrailleuses, and an immense quantity of war material, to the Germans, one month only after the commencement of hostilities. The place is conspicuous, being seated upon an elevation, and commanding a goodly prospect, as well as overlooking the town. It justifies its name, therefore, *Belle Vue*, and is sure to attract the attention of travellers as long as it may remain. We would have visited it for a closer inspection ; but our companion could not spare the time for that and the village of *Bazeille* too : so, as we all wished to see the latter, we gave up the former.

We were not allowed to leave our luggage at the station, because of the present throng of military, and the abundance of arms and baggage ; so we were obliged to take it with us to the town, and, consequently, to go up by omnibus. We looked about the little town of *Sedan*, and then made inquiry about a conveyance to *Bazeille*. The distance is but about three, or from that to four miles, and a man had the conscience to ask fifteen francs for a car and one horse thither and back, himself being the driver, and requiring a driver's fee additional. We were not able to walk the distance, and had not time for it either, so had to choose between relinquishing the visit or complying with the demand. Bent upon seeing what we could of the work of war, we submitted to what we could not but deem an exorbitant demand, and went. We made allowance in our minds for the losses sustained by the people of all classes during the progress of the war, as making them more keen now upon visitors whom they might think to be able to pay more than they would under ordinary circumstances.

Bazeille is in most awful plight. The desolation is complete. It was a large village, with its church and superior houses. Only three or four tenements remain, and those of a lowly class. All besides is wreck and

ruin. Not a room of any other building did we find entire. The whole place, church and all, looks as though it were one mass of ruins. Stones and brick, wood and mortar, glass and metal, in confused mass,—there they are, where once were the cosy hearth, the busy shop, the dairy, the fold, the snug parlour, the stored pantry and cellar, the sleeping room, the court, the garden,—all destroyed, and all the people gone! Oh, it is a heart-sickening scene! In a field just beyond are many mounds—the grave-pits of the dead. A few peasants were tilling the ground near them. All relics of the conflict had been collected and taken away, excepting a few tattered garments, or rather fragments of garments, and bits of leather. I picked up the skeletons of two leaves from under a tree, and brought them away, as the most appropriate memento of our visit. We observed, near a gateway, fixed to the wall, a box, and one in another place at some distance from it, bearing inscriptions in French, *For the victims of Bazeille*. The case is too affecting for an appeal like that to be disregarded. We had contributed to War Relief Funds at home; but we felt it right, notwithstanding the heavy demand made upon us for our conveyance, to drop some pieces of silver into one of these boxes, towards mitigating the sufferings of the poor outcasts.

When we got back to our hotel at Sedan, we found many military officers at dinner,—the *salle à manger* crowded. After waiting awhile, we dined with some of the company at a second or continuous course, and then resumed our journey. Three officers were in the same compartment of a carriage with us, all decorated with honours; one of them with three different crosses. He was a fierce-looking young fellow, likely to be active and daring, such as the world would call a “*dare devil*” in battle. Among the crosses worn by this gentleman was the iron one, denoting the highest order of military merit.

Approaching *Carignan*, we saw a number of artillery waggons in a field. The line runs through a part of the town. We next past *Montmedy*, with its fortress on a hill to our right. Three young fellows returning to Germany were so full of fun and frolic that they could hardly restrain themselves. They played with each other in a way that seemed to us excessively rough, but altogether in good humour. Their strokes upon each other would have almost broken my bones and mutilated the muscles; and yet it seemed to cause them no pain. They were of the right stuff for the battle-field, in regard to bone, muscle, and fibre. After awhile their exercises upon each other exhausted their superfluous energy, and they went quietly to sleep.

As there is only a single line of rails in this corner of France, the trains going in opposite directions have to wait for each other at the different stations; and as the line was at this time under military supervision, and used mainly for military purposes, we had to submit to a protracted detention wherever our train made a pause; a vexatious annoyance to travellers wanting to make progress. Personally, however, we met with no annoy-

ance,—no discourtesy or incivility. The manliness of the Germans, especially the officers, and their gentlemanly behaviour to each other, as well as to the strangers from England, greatly pleased us. We saw no *hauteur* on the part of any; but the French, poor fellows, looked like men whose manliness had left them. We felt not a little sorry for them, although they were suffering the consequences of national conceit and presumption.

Our route for the day cut through the principal part of the battleground of the last week in August of 1870 and the three following days. Night had fallen, and darkness had covered the earth before we reached the station for *Thionville*. There was neither 'bus nor voiture in attendance; so we left our portmanteaus at the station for the night, and, taking our lighter articles only, walked up to the town. We found a broad stream flowing near us on our right. We knew not the way, but followed a man who was going up to *Thionville*, the distance being some five or six furlongs. Calling at the first hotel, which is the best in the place, we could not obtain accommodation. One room was at liberty, but not more. That would have done for me and our travelling companion, as it had two beds; but I would not be in one hotel, and my daughter in another, if I could possibly do better. The *Hotel du Commerce* was near, and to that we were conducted by a female servant. There we succeeded in obtaining two chambers, one for my daughter on the best side of the house, and the other, with two beds, in a wing of the building. Our friend and I concluded to accept of that, although it was very inferior to what we would have chosen, if choice there had been. We had to go out of the dwelling-house, which makes the base line with the angle of two sides of the building, and to ascend, by very rude and not very clean stairs, to the second story above the ground-story. The room is large, long, quadrangular,—but not lofty. Two narrow windows open into the court at the near end. The beds were at the far end of the room, one in each corner. The furniture comprised three very common chairs, one small dressing-table, about two feet wide and one and a half long, a small mirror—but of good plate glass, one bottle of water, and two diminutive basins that would not hold a quart each, for washing. There was no carpet, except a small strip, very old and worn, by the side of each bed. The floor—of wood—was newly laid. The beds felt very cold, and mine seemed, as I thought, damp. I slept, therefore, in my woollen vest, drawers, and stockings. The landlady told our friend that the room had been burnt, with all, or nearly all, the furniture it contained, as had the floor too. When we knew this we felt content with our quarters, and glad to have come where our custom would be a benefit. My daughter's room and bed, with the furniture, were quite satisfactory. She enjoyed a luxurious night's rest.

It had not occurred to us that our arrival was on the night of Good Friday. Hungry, as well as weary, when we had engaged the bed rooms, we asked for mutton chops to be cooked for our supper; but the good woman was startled by such heathenish depravity. She had not a morsel

of animal food in the house, unless eggs are to be so classed. Glad were we to obtain two eggs each, with bread and butter and common wine. The eggs were boiled just to our mind, not too hard,—and thoroughly did we enjoy our orthodox supper. It was well for us that the good woman would harbour such heretics as we. I recollect that when travelling many years ago in Ireland, and taking a journey by coach on an *ordinary* Friday, not the great fast day called *Good Friday*. I amazed the waiter by asking for roast mutton, after I had partook of boiled fish. The other passengers were enjoying the mutton and fine mealy potatoes without remark ; but when I wished to do so, the man exclaimed in bewilderment, “ *Mutton, sir !* ” “ Yes, mutton ; why not ? ” “ It’s *Friday, sir.* ” “ Well, and if it is, what of that ? ” “ I thought you were a *priest, sir.* ” A roar of laughter from the other passengers put an end to the colloquy, and I obtained an enjoyable serving of mutton.—We respected the religious scruples of the good old lady—a matron’s person—at Thionville, and carefully avoided saying or doing anything that might wound her feelings.

We turned out early on the Saturday morning, and took a walk about the town before breakfast, as well as after. It was market day. There were many people in from the country with vegetables, roots, eggs, butter, and other commodities in considerable variety. There are a few moderately good shops ; but not many. Nearly all are of an inferior class. We found many ruined buildings, chiefly houses ; but others as well. The handsome gateways, also, are damaged, the walls struck in different places, and much of the devastation of war apparent. On our way to the station, too, when we were leaving, we observed that a very large number of trees had been cut down, to clear away whatever might serve for cover for an attacking force, and, perhaps, to utilise the trees for purposes of defence. Many hundreds—perhaps some thousands—of stumps remaining, gave evidence of the arboreal destruction. There is beautiful river scenery from a handsome bridge that spans the *Moselle*, near to one of the battered gates. The masonry of the river bank next the town is much defaced by the force of shot and shell.

MARRYING RICH.—CHAPTER I.

At the end of a pretty lane, along the sides of which thrifty maple trees furnished a graceful shade during the warm summer months, stood the cottage of Farmer Bromwell. A beautiful lawn, skirted by shrubbery and dotted over with pyramid evergreens, tastefully arranged, spread in front of the cottage. An open porch afforded an agreeable place to pass away a twilight hour. The doors and windows were decorated with the queen of the prairie, intermingled with jasmine and honeysuckle, which climbed together the trellis, and hung in graceful tresses in the air.

Altogether, it was a lovely place,—quiet and inviting. Within, the same taste that was evinced in the surrounding grounds, was displayed in the order and neatness that prevailed in every department. The farmer's good wife was a model of excellence, in her own proper sphere. If you could have inspected the barns and yards, and the fields beyond, you would have found everything indicative of the same care, and order, and thrift.

The farm was not large, and the farmer had performed most of the work himself. It was wonderful, the neighbours said, that he could accomplish so much. He never seemed in a hurry, yet he always was up with his work. Now the secret of this was, that he had learned how to practise the rule, "Everything in its time, and everything in its place." In the cold days of winter you might have found him in his little shop, mending rakes, and ploughs, and grain cradles, and other utensils of the farm. And then you might have observed that each article was put away carefully, where it was safe from all exposure. It was not so strange, after all, that the farm was productive, that Farmer Bromwell was never harassed in the summer time with breaking tools, that his cattle did not die as other farmers' did, as the spring came on. It was not so strange; yet the people wondered at it all, and said that he was always "in luck;" and so they went on in their own way. There was another thing they wondered at. Farmer Bromwell had a choice collection of books. Some of the best agricultural works were on his shelves, and he found time, not only to read them, but to study them. And then he had managed to produce the best fruits. The trees were carefully trimmed, and when the cold winter came on they were mulched, and thus they escaped the fate of other men's trees, and grew in beautiful productiveness and tasteful forms. Many persons, it must be confessed, could not understand why his trees always lived through the hard winters, and why they always bent under a burden of delicious fruit. But so it was; they could not deny it, and so they reasoned that he was a "lucky fellow." Thus the years went on, one after another, and Farmer Bromwell was a man of forty-five at the time our story commences, and everybody said he was "well-to-do" in the world. He had not bought other lands, because he had enough; and he thought it was better to till the soil well and get grateful returns, than to skim its surface for scant products.

Farmer Bromwell had one son. He was now a man. The father's thrift had enabled him to give him the advantages of a thorough education. He had just returned from college, where he had graduated with honour.

Charles Bromwell was a modest boy. His whole soul had been engrossed in the earnest toil after knowledge. He had studied as many do not study, because he loved the truth of science for its own sake. The facts and principles of a sound education he imbibed, as a thirsty

man would drink water, to satisfy the cravings of his mind. He had graduated, but he thought not once that his education was completed. He had in view no profession.

The old homestead was associated with his most hallowed memories, and he had resolved to devote himself to the cultivation of the soil. He loved its rural quiet, its health-giving labour, and its invigorating exposure. He assured himself that he should here have an enlarged sphere for inquiry after scientific truth. He thought the vocation of the husbandman more independent and noble than any other. The intricacies and perplexities of a professional life he never could endure. He was an enthusiast in farming, as much as an artist could be in his art.

We have thus introduced to our readers the worthy family of Bromwell, and the beautiful place they called their home. If intelligence, industry, refined taste in rural embellishments, and thrift, constitute elements of happiness, the Bromwells were a happy family. And so they were; for to these elements we must add that they were a truly pious family. The old family Bible was well read. The altar of prayer was ever held sacred; and the library was well stored with excellent religious books.

But the best of people have their weaknesses; and good Mrs. Bromwell would have been a singular lady, if she had not any weak point. It was her misfortune to think too much of money. She had always been industrious, and prudent, and economical. All that was needed to educate her son she had most cheerfully appropriated for that purpose. In fact, she did not so much desire wealth for her own personal enjoyment, as that she might bestow it upon him. She doted upon him as mothers only can dote, and with better reason than most mothers have; for he was truly noble and worthy. Perhaps, too, that rigid economy, which was necessary when they were poor, and which had become a habit while saving the means to educate Charles, had contributed to give her a higher notion of the value of wealth than she would otherwise have had. Now, whatever may have been the origin of that feeling, it was, at the time embraced in our narrative, her greatest failing. The exhibition of it will be seen in the following chapter.

(To be continued.)

Sunday School Column.

WESLEY ON SINGING.

THE Methodists seldom fail to get all their children to sing their simple music. The following is from the pen of Wesley: "About three o'clock in the afternoon of the Lord's day, 1788, I met between nine hundred

and a thousand of the children belonging to our Sunday schools in Bolton. I never saw such a sight before. They were all exactly clean, as well as plain in their apparel. All were serious and well-behaved; many, both boys and girls, had as beautiful faces as, I believe, England or Europe can afford. When they all sung together, and none of them

out of tune, the melody was beyond that of any theatre. And what is best of all, many of them truly fear God, and some rejoice in His salvation. These are a pattern to all the town. And this I must avow, there is not such a set of singers in any of the Methodist congregations in the three kingdoms as in this town. There cannot be; for we have near a hundred such trebles, boys and girls, selected out of our Sunday schools, and accurately taught, as are not to be found together in any chapel, cathedral, or music-room, within the four seas. Besides the spirit with which they sing, and the beauty of many of them, so suits the melody, that I defy any to exceed it, except the singing of angels in our Father's house."—*Sunday School World*.

A CONVERTED LAWYER.

ALL faithful teachers see their dark days, I do not doubt; days when their work seems all thrown away on careless boys and girls, who are more intent on play or in looking at each other's apparel, than on the Word of God. But if you are faithful, if your heart is really in your work, and you do desire to do good, you will surely reap your reward. You may rest from your labours long before the harvest, but your works will follow you. A Sunday-school missionary, on his annual visit to one of our large western towns, went into a Sunday-school on the Sabbath. While there, a distinguished lawyer of the place, who had recently been converted, arose and made a most impressive address. It was twenty-five years since he had been in a Sunday-school, but now that his heart was humbled at his Saviour's feet, that was the place he first sought out. The proud man, who had so lately been an unbeliever in the truth of the Bible, now rejoiced to sit down with the little children and learn of Him who is meek and lowly in heart. He mentioned that his mind was first seriously impressed in the Sunday-school so many years before, and that his sceptical views began when he forsook the Sunday school, but that truths impressed on his heart

by his early teacher had followed him all through those years of wandering, until they had, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit, brought him in this far-off land to cast himself on the mercy and love of Jesus. Doubtless that teacher never knew in this world the result of that seed-sowing. But God and the angels knew it, and one day teacher and scholars shall doubtless rejoice together around the throne of God. Oh, teacher, will you not labour from this time forth as you never have before for the conversion of your scholars? If you are in earnest they will be impressed. The sympathies of childhood are quick and powerful. If they witness the starting tear in your eye, as you tell them of their great danger, they will be made to feel it themselves. If you improve all opportunities to say privately an affectionate word to them about their own salvation, the result will be such as to fill your soul with wonder and gladness. Direct personal appeals, given from a heart glowing with love, have more power than years of mere general instruction.

—J. E. L.

SIXTY-TWO YEARS A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

In the year 1804, a young man entered upon the office of superintendent of Kent Street Sunday school, situated in one of the lowest, and at that time one of the most dangerous parts of the Borough of Southwark. On the 28th of January, 1866, a grey-headed man, in his eighty-fourth year, was borne by the teachers of the same school, to the coach that was to carry him home, stricken with sickness from which he was not to recover. The youthful superintendent of 1804, and the dying veteran of 1866, were one and the same individual. Having put his hand to the plough, he had never looked back, but through a period of *sixty-two years*, with scarcely the intermission of a single Sabbath, and with the addition of several nights every week devoted to the moral or spiritual welfare of his scholars, he had laboured on, till like a warrior he had fallen on the battle field, and only

put off his armour when the irresistible conqueror had struck that fatal blow, before which all will ultimately have to yield. Sunday, the 4th of February, was the only Sabbath he was absent from the school, for, on the following Saturday he went to be with Jesus. On the 17th of February, he was carried to the grave amid the lamentations of former scholars and friends, and with such funereal honours as are rarely witnessed, for the long line of procession consisted not of complimentary carriages, but of costermongers' carts, conveying real mourners. Rare, yet noble example of "patient continuance in well doing!" Who does not envy, or rather who does not desire to emulate such a character? Who does not feel what increased efficiency and power would accrue to the Sunday-school cause if we had more such veterans? May it not be a profitable employment to look at some of the causes which too often lead our teachers to become "weary in well-doing," and abandon their work?—*W. Culverwell.*

Jottings.

SELF HELP.

THE above is the title of a very useful book written by SMILES. "*Self Help*" suggests several important matters. It is a good maxim not to depend upon another to do for us what we can do for ourselves. We have all read the fable of the lark and her young ones; it was not until the farmer and his sons determined to cut the corn themselves, that the old lark thought it necessary to shift her brood. When the Irish lad was questioned by the priest why he did not come to confession, he turned round upon his questioner, and asked, "Do you confess?" "Yes," was the answer. "To whom?" said the lad. "To the bishop." "Do you pay?" "Yes." So the boy ran the priest through the various ecclesiastical orders; they all confessed, and they all paid; and the higher orders paid smartly too, the priest said. When they reached the Pope, "And does the Pope confess?" inquired the lad.

"Yes, he confesses to God." "Does the Pope pay anything?" "No." "Then I will confess to God, and save my money."

There has been a great outcry among the Methodists about the neglect of pastoral visitation. Itinerant preachers neglect, and leaders neglect, to attend to this; so it has been said. But what do people want visiting for, especially when they are in good health, and are able to attend the means of grace, and can help themselves? "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." When persons are sick, they are to send for the elders of the church.

As it is with individuals, so it is sometimes with churches. They become flat and dull. "What is to be done?" Sober leaders, and grave stewards talk over the matter; some one suggests that "*John Fire*" or "*Phæbe Flame*" be sent for to come and revive them. These churches cannot go direct to God as Elijah did. If they read the New Testament at all, they overlook the teaching of the Lord: "Enter into thy closet, and if two of you shall agree together to ask anything touching my kingdom, I will do it for you." What renders this matter the more humiliating is this: there are at this time professional revivalists, who let out their services at so much a week. The churches which resort to such find their parallel in the poor ignorant African, who sends for his professional rain-maker to bring down showers upon his parched fields.

"*Self Help.*" To my mind, the churches which resort to these professional revivalists, ignore the teaching of the good old book. Its utterances are plain. "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man." Methodism is declining. How is this? Have we not been trusting on something else than on the arm of the omnipotent God?

It is high time that individuals and churches should read for themselves, think for themselves, judge for themselves, and act for themselves. We have now an open Bible, we can read and judge for ourselves. It would be well for us if we did this

at all times, and say with John Wesley, "I sit down alone; only God is here. In his presence I open, I read his book; for this end, to find the way to heaven. Is there a doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? Does anything appear dark and intricate? I lift up my heart to the Father of lights." The way upwards is always open. The stream of truth is always accessible, and every one that thirsteth may come to these waters and drink, without money, and without price. Brethren, let us *help ourselves*.

Choice Selections.

THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN AND ITS RITUAL, AT PEKING.

FROM "JOURNEYS IN THE NORTH OF CHINA, ETC. BY THE REV. ALEX. WILLIAMSON, B.A. AGENT OF THE NATIONAL BIBLE SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND."—Vol. II. pp. 352—363.

(Concluded.)

THE north altar is a little smaller than the southern, but has erected upon it a lofty temple, ninety-nine feet in height. Before last century it was roofed with blue, yellow, and green tiles; but by Kien-loong these colours were changed to blue. The elaborately carved and richly painted eaves are protected from birds and insects by iron wire net. In the interior, the large shrines of carved wood for the tablets are all seen in their places, corresponding to the movable blue wooden huts which, on the days of sacrifice, enclose the tablets on the southern altar. The windows are shaded by Venetians, made of thin blue glass rods strung together; they are produced at the glass factories in Shang-tung. Here also, as at the south altar, are seen, on the south-east, the green furnace for the bullock, and the eight open-work iron urns in which the offerings of silk are burnt, and which are arranged, as at the southern altar, on an arc of a circle, from the furnace round to the eastward; an urn is added when an Emperor dies. From the remnants of silk found in the urns it may be judged, that a plain, uncoloured, and coarsely woven silk cloth is preferred, such as is produced in the northern provinces, and that

the rich satins of Nankin, or the figured silks of Hu-chow, would be unsuitable for these solemn sacrifices.

On the east is a winding passage or cloister, of seventy-two compartments of ten feet each = 720 feet in length, leading to the slaughter-house. Here, in ancient times, the monarch himself used to kill the animal; but now an officer is deputed to discharge this duty, under the superintendence of the Emperor's deputies. One of the buildings, passed while proceeding along this cloister of the seventy-two compartments, was burnt by lightning in the year 1862; it contained part of the sacrificial vessels. Such a catastrophe was regarded as very ominous at the time, but as the dynasty has since gained strength by the successes of the army in dispersing several powerful bodies of rebels, and as the building was rebuilt without further disaster, the court has taken heart again. Near the long passage are to be seen, on the south, seven large stones lying in the open park; they are called the seven stars. They are supposed to have fallen from heaven, and to secure prosperity to the empire.

The sacrifice at the north altar takes place at the beginning of spring. At this time it is thought right for the emperor to go out from his home in the city to the altar, for the fruits of the year in the country, to meet there the new come spring, and offer prayer to Shang-ti for a blessing on the labours of the husbandmen; the word "new," in Chinese *sin*, agrees in sound with the eighth symbol of the denary cycle. The names of the denary and duodenary cycles have, from the most ancient times, been assigned to days. A day, therefore, is chosen for sacrifice, which is marked *sin*; for this there is no other reason than similarity of sound and ancient custom. It must be after the 6th of February, in the solar calendar, because then, in Chinese phraseology, spring begins, *Li-chun*. The temple is called *Chi-kien-tien*, "temple of prayer for the year." The name is inscribed in Manchu and Chinese on the upper roof.

Prayer for rain is offered at the south altar in the summer. On oc-

occasions of drought the Emperor sometimes goes on foot to the "Hall of penitent fasting." This is to indicate that his anxiety of mind forbids him to seek bodily ease while his subjects are suffering. That heaven should be angry with the people is a sign that there is a fault in the prince. He, therefore, appears as a criminal, and lays aside his state for the time. The distance to be walked is three English miles, and it may be at a time of year when the heat is great. He may, however, return on horseback.

This is a special ceremony. There is also a regular prayer and sacrifice for rain offered about the time of the summer solstice at the south altar. The emperor proceeds there with a numerous array of officers, who range themselves behind him on the twenty-nine steps and lower terraces on the south side of the altar. When the emperor kneels, they do so too. While all are thus kneeling upon and below the altar, the prayer is presented and read. It is then placed before Shang-ti on the offering of silk. The prayer, which is written on silk, is then taken to the iron urns, and there burnt. The order followed in worship is that of court ceremonial. First come the nine orders of nobility, and then the nine ranks of officers. The distinctions indicated by different coloured balls on their caps, and by other insignia, are scrupulously observed. An isosceles triangle, whose vertex was on the top of the altar, and base on the south pavement, would represent the appearance of the worshipping suite, the emperor being at the vertex.

Early, in the Ming dynasty, the temple was called Altar of Heaven and Earth. Such, also, was the name of the Peking altar, till a new park on the north side of the city was set apart for an altar to earth. After this the sacrifices to the older altar were presented to the supreme spirit of heaven alone.

Some have imagined that they detected in the worship of earth, as distinguished from that of heaven, a duality entirely fatal to the monotheism which others represent as the real faith of the Chinese. It should be remembered that the ancestors

of this people had both a nature-worship and a belief in the personality of Shang-ti. In the popular songs of the Chow dynasty, God is represented as having the attributes of a personal ruler, a deity to be prayed to, and as addressing verbal revelations to royal sages. Besides this belief, there was a graduated nature-worship, which was regarded as of the highest importance. The sun, moon, and stars, the earth, the mountains and rivers, were all worshipped. The feudal barons offered sacrifices to the nature-gods of their own jurisdiction, while the lord paramount alone worshipped Shang-ti. At present, in Peking, the ancient customs are followed as closely as possible. The emperor addresses himself as a humble servant only to Shang-ti. In prayer to the others—those that are simply nature-gods, the spirit of the earth, the spirit of the sun, of the moon, of the grain and land—he speaks as a superior, praising them for their beneficial acts and influences; but viewing them all as subordinate beings, each ruling over his own province in a position of subjection to Shang-ti. Such, for example, is the relation of the spirit of earth, or Heu-tu, to the supreme ruler. Hence, this divinity is not female, nor is he ever personified by the Chinese, except so far as the title Heu-tu, "ruling earth," and Ti-chi-shen, "spirit of earth," deserve to be regarded as personification.

The objects of worship in the imperial temples in Peking may be spoken of as gods in the sense of nature-worship without idols. But this does not disagree with the statement that the Chinese are monotheists, inasmuch as Shang-ti is, and has always been, regarded as the one supreme ruler.

On the west of the Temple of Heaven is that of Agriculture. It is dedicated to the fabulous originator of agriculture, Shin-nung. While the park of the Temple of Heaven has trees growing only in parallel rows, on the grass surrounding which are pastured the sacrificial cattle, that of the Shin-nung-tan is planted with trees irregularly throughout. Here the Emperor ploughs in the spring,

as does also some one of the city magistrates, to give thereby an example of industry. Several long plots of grounds are shown. This one is the emperor's, that one is the *chî-hien's* (city magistrate), that is the *chî-fu's* (prefect), and so on. Five grains are sown, called: 1, *shu-tsî*, a panicked millet; 2, *tau*, rice; 3, *raei*, a kind of millet, grinding into yellow-meal like maize and small millet; 4, *ku*, small millet; and 5, *pai*, also a millet. In the Three Character classic there are six kinds of grain mentioned: 1, *tau*, rice; 2, *liang*, Barbadoes millet, sorghum, &c.; 3, *shu*, beans; 4, *meh*, wheat, barley; 5, *shu*, a panicked millet; 6, *tsi*, a small millet. The grain sown by the emperor is rice; when he is not able to come, his part is left barren; no inferior person can plough and sow it.

North of this ground is a square terrace, five feet high and fifty feet on each side, for watching the ploughing and other operations.

There are four large altars with appropriate buildings: 1, the altar of the spirits of heaven, *tien-tin-shan*; 2, of the spirit of earth, *ti-ki*; 3, of the spirit of the year, *tai-sui*; 4, of the ancestral husbandman, or *Shin-nung* himself.

The first two altars are together, and both rectangular. That of the spirits of heaven is on the east, and that of the spirits of earth on the west. On the north side of the eastern, which is fifty feet square and four feet five inches high, are placed four blue marble shrines for tablets. They are carved with clouds and dragons, and are more than nine feet high. The tablets are inscribed with the titles of the Spirits of the clouds, rain, wind, and thunder. The western is one hundred feet long by sixty wide and four feet high. On the south side are placed five shrines of marble, of which three are carved with waving lines to represent mountains, and two with another design to denote water. In the first three are placed tablets to three sets of five mountains,—viz., the five *yo*, the five *chen*, and the five *shan*. In the remaining shrine tablets are placed to the four seas and four lakes. On

the east side of the altar there is an additional shrine to the celebrated mountains and rivers of the metropolitan province, and on the west another to those of the entire empire. The religious ceremonies connected with agriculture would not be considered complete without the worship of the year-god and of the traditional father of Chinese agriculture. In ancient times the planet Jupiter was considered the year god, because he goes through the heavens in twelve years. At present, the officers who advise the emperor in these matters, are content with the canonisation of the cyclic characters. They quietly act on the assumption that the government of the year depends on their chancery arrangements. In the Tang and Sung periods—comprising five centuries—no year-god was worshipped at all. The same defect lies underneath all official worship days for nations, and saints' calendars for churches; they are liable to be changed by a new generation, their authority being only temporary and not acknowledged by posterity. Religious observances must rest on the ground of divine revelation, or be exposed to the risk of being altered or of falling into disuse. Gods that are made so by a state paper one day, may be deposited by another the day after, and are never anything more than seal and parchment divinities.

The two parks enclosing the altars of heaven and those just described, are each two miles round, and are an ornament to the capital, which the foreign residents, when they emerge from the dust of Peking streets into these grassy glades, delight to walk in.

CHINESE INNS: ACCOMMODATIONS FOR TRAVELLERS.

We reached *Woo-tai* just after the sun had gone down. Unfortunately it began to rain in the afternoon, and as we had but little protection, we all got a thorough drenching. Fortunately I was able to keep my bedding dry, for had it got wet, I should have been in a miserable plight. We had some difficulty in finding an inn, every place being shut

up owing to the rain, and no one on the roads or streets. This route not being one of great traffic, the inns and accommodation were worse than ever. We could get no means of drying our clothes; for it must be recollected that Chinese never think of drying clothes by the fire, it being too expensive, but always by the sun, and when there is no sun, woe to the poor traveller. The place allotted to us, the grand room kept for great travellers, was worse than our most common barns; the floor was mud, there was no bed whatever, not even a "kang." Straw was spread on the floor, and a matting laid over it, and here we were expected to lie down. The furniture consisted of two stools, and a table about one foot two inches high, to accommodate savages who eat on their haunches, or others who are obliged to be savages for the time being; and then in the corner was a huge coffin. In the middle of this cold, damp, dreary room we kindled a fire of straw and brushwood, and did what we could to warm ourselves and dry our clothing, but in vain. My assistant was worse than I, for his bedding had got wet, and the servant and muleteers were worse than all. I could not provide them with dry coverings, and believing that the servant and muleteers would suffer least, I gave what I could spare to my assistant. Having got ourselves a little warm, we expected something to eat; but, alas! misfortunes never come single. There was nothing but the very coarsest food, and so I had to content myself with tea, and stuff I cannot find an English name for. Afterwards, finding the floor not one of the most inviting, I tried how it would do to sleep on the empty coffin; but I was disappointed even in this bit of comfort, for the rain and wind kept pouring in at a hole towards the head of the coffin. There was no help for it; my book boxes were of no avail here, for the greater part of my stock having been sold, they were too few to make a bed; and so ordering more straw from our surly host, I lay down, and am thankful to say, slept soundly, with the teapot at our feet for a warming-pan. I am the more minute in

describing this place, as for six days among the hills our accommodation was of a similar kind.—*Journeys in North China, &c.* By the Rev. Alex. Williamson, B.A., Agent of the National Bible Society of Scotland. Vol. i. pp. 237-9.

THE BLESSING OF PURITY.

To another friend, who had been misinformed respecting the higher blessing of purity, Mr. Clarke observed, "As to the words which you quote as mine, I totally disclaim them. I never said, I never intended to say them. I believe justification and sanctification to be widely distinct works. I have been twenty-three years a travelling preacher, and have been acquainted with some thousands of Christians during that time, who were in different states of grace; and I never, to my knowledge, met with a single instance where God both justified and sanctified at the same time. I have heard of such, but I never saw them, and doubt whether any such ever existed. I have known multitudes who were justified according to the definition which you give of that sacred work; and I have known many who were sanctified in the sense in which you use that word, which I believe to be quite correct; but all these I found were brought into these different states at separate times; having previously received a deep conviction of the need of pardon, and afterwards of the need of holiness of heart. If sanctification be taken in the sense in which it is frequently used in the Old Testament, *to separate or set apart for sacred use*, then it implies a state *lower* than that of justification—such a state as that of a thorough penitent who, when he is convinced of sin, *separates himself* from all unrighteousness, and *consecrates* himself to God. But when I speak of the purification of the heart, or doctrine of Christian perfection, I use sanctification in the sense in which it has generally been understood among the Methodists."

No wonder, that while thus forcibly, simply, and perspicuously, stating and illustrating the truths

of the gospel, Mr. Clarke was everywhere greeted with acceptance. The method of salvation thus opened up and made plain to the mourning penitent, was sure to fall upon his ear as a note of comfort and encouragement.—*Everett's Life of Dr. Clarke*, pages 152-3.

DR. CLARKE ON JUSTIFICATION.

IN his statements of any revealed truth, Mr. Clarke was ever clear, and very strenuous in the enforcement. To a friend, he remarked, "You ask me, 'In the justification of a sinner, is faith itself imputed, instead of his own obedience to the divine law, as his justifying righteousness, or the obedience and sufferings of Jesus Christ?' I never use either of these forms of speech in preaching on this subject, because I consider them puzzling and incorrect. The Scripture speaks of faith being imputed for righteousness (or justification, which is the proper import of the term), but does not say that this faith is imputed in the place of personal obedience. It is what this faith receives, that which is its object, that is imputed to us, &c. Now, what is a penitent sinner commanded to believe in order to his justification? Answer—'That Jesus Christ died for him;' for Christ died for our offences, and rose again for our justification: therefore, it is not the faith that justifies, but the death of Christ, considered as an atonement for sin. In other words, Christ, by his sufferings and death, has purchased pardon for you. Believe this. Believe this is a sufficient ransom price, satisfaction, and oblation for your sins, and as such take and present it to God, and on this account, for this sake, or through the merit or worth of this sacrifice, God will blot out all your sins. The following illustration will help to explain this: I am perishing for lack of food: no person will give me any, and I have no money to purchase what I need. At length, a compassionate man says, 'Here is a piece of money; there is food, plenty to be sold; go to those who sell, and buy.' Receiving the piece of money, duly appreciating its value, and knowing the quantum of

meat it will purchase, I go with perfect confidence to the market, and order so much provision to be weighed or measured out for me, as I know I have a price in my hand to pay for. The business is done: I give the money and get the food: I eat, and my soul is preserved alive. Without, therefore, puzzling a poor, simple, ignorant, broken-hearted sinner, with distinctions, differences, and the theological quibbles of casuistic divines, who have obscured the light of the gospel, I would simply say, 'You feel yourself a sinner; you know, you feel, that you cannot redeem your own soul, and that there is no help under heaven for you.' Very well; but Christ has died for sinners, for all sinners, for the worst of sinners, and consequently for you. God commands you to believe this; namely, that he died in your stead, 'the just for the unjust, that he might bring you to God.' The infinite merit of his passion and death, is a price which is put into our hands, by which you may procure salvation. Take up this price with as much confidence as you would the sum of money, which you know will purchase such a quantum of provisions in the market, and bring it before God. 'Lord, behold a sinner perishing in his iniquity; I am undone and lost in myself; but the word of eternal truth assures me that thou didst give thy Son to die for me. Behold, Lord, his agony and bloody sweat, his cross and passion, his death and burial, his resurrection and ascension!' For the sake, the worth of this great and glorious sacrifice, which I solemnly and unequivocally believe is a sufficient ransom price for my soul, blot out all that is past.' It is done. God accepts this price, and immediately communicates the pardon. This is the whole mystery of faith. How simple is it! how plain! how easy! May it be better preached, more credited, and more honoured!"—*Dr. Adam Clarke's Life, by the Rev. J. Everett*, vol. ii. pages 150-2.

THE RAVEN.

SCALIGER relates that Louis XII. had a raven which was employed in the

capture of partridges, and could so far check his natural appetite as to secure the prey for its owner; and Aulus Gellius mentions an instance of a raven assisting its master in battle. A Gaul of gigantic stature having challenged the bravest of the Romans to single combat, must inevitably have overcome the Roman but for the aid rendered to the latter by his raven, which continually harassed the Gaul, sometimes pecking at his hands, sometimes flying up in his face just as he was about to inflict a blow, and so embarrassed him that he was obliged to yield to Valerius, who, in commemoration of the bird's bravery and fidelity, from that time bore the name of Corvinus.—*Adams's Birds of Prey.*

LABORIOUS MINISTERS.

PRESIDENT DWIGHT wrote one thousand sermons in ten years. Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, preaching his fortieth anniversary discourse, stated that he had written four thousand sermons at full length. Rev. Joseph Lathorp, D.D., of West Springfield, Mass., besides six octavo volumes of printed sermons, left five thousand in manuscript—the latter estimated to be equal to two hundred and fifty octavo volumes of ordinary size. These, it is true, are among the extreme cases of the amount of authorship by individual ministers; but the average extent of such authorship, if stated, would excite astonishment at the immense radiating power for interest which can be found dwelling in a single subject.—*Weekly Review, of August 19, 1865, pp. 441, col. ii.*

Books Received.

The Proverbs of Solomon, translated from the Hebrew Text, with Notes Critical and Explanatory. By A. ELZAS, Head Master of the Leeds Hebrew School. Leeds: C. Goodall. London: Trübner and Co.

Those persons who cannot read the Holy Scriptures in the original languages in which they were written, do well to read the various translations which may come in their way. They will obtain by this means a

more intimate acquaintance with the oracles of truth, and be more likely to understand their meaning. There is a very considerable difference between this new translation of the book of Proverbs and the authorised version, but we cannot say that we prefer it to that. Nevertheless, taken with the very erudite notes, it will be a valuable aid to the young preacher.

The Biblical Museum. Part IX.

Old Jonathan. September.

Phenomena of the Months.

OCTOBER.

THE diminution of temperature this month, on an average, is greater than in any other month, being about eight degrees, ranging from 54 to 47 degrees Fahrenheit; the actual variation in 1869 having been from 74 to 28 degrees. The average rainfall is about two and a half inches; in October, 1869, it was nearly one-third less. The winds in October are occasionally very cold and trying to delicate constitutions; but on the whole it is a healthy month, the clear bracing air being very enjoyable to persons accustomed to active pursuits.

The sun rises on the 1st at two minutes after six, and sets at forty minutes after five; on the 15th it rises at twenty-five minutes after six, and sets at six minutes after five; and on the 31st it rises at seven minutes before seven, and sets at twenty-five minutes before five. Thus the mornings decrease fifty-one minutes, and the afternoons sixty-three minutes. The sun enters the sign Scorpio on the 23rd.

The moon is new on the 14th at nineteen minutes after six in the morning, and full on the 28th at fourteen minutes after eight in the morning. On the first Sunday it rises at six minutes after seven in the evening, and shines all night; on the second Sunday it rises only six minutes before midnight; on the third Sunday it sets as a slender crescent at one minute after six in the evening; on the fourth Sunday it rises between three and four in the afternoon, and sets after midnight; and on the fifth

Sunday it rises at thirty-one minutes before six in the evening, and sets at twenty minutes before eight next morning.

The moon is near to Jupiter on the 7th, to Uranus on the 8th, to Venus on the 12th, to Mercury on the 13th, to Mars on the 17th and 18th, and to Saturn on the 19th.

Mercury is a morning star, and favourably situated for observation, rising an hour and three-quarters before the sun on the 3rd, and being in conjunction with Venus on the morning of the 5th.

Venus, as a morning star, shines very brilliantly all the month.

Mars sets early in the evenings all the month.

Jupiter rises after eleven at night at the beginning of the month, and about half-past nine at the end.

Saturn sets between three and four hours after the sun all the month,—nearly two hours before Jupiter rises.

Uranus rises between ten and eleven at night the greater part of the month, and sets in the afternoon.

Neptune rises within a few minutes of sunset all the month.

The astronomical world is preparing for the observation of another eclipse of the sun which will occur in December, and be visible in India and Northern Australia, and the islands that lie between. As several years will elapse before another will occur, great efforts are being made to secure the effectual examination and record of all the phenomena attending the event.

Poetry.

THE FATHERLESS.

SPEAK softly to the fatherless !
And check the harsh reply
That sends the crimson to the cheek,
The tear-drop to the eye ;
They have sad weight of loneliness
In this rude world to bear ;
Then gently raise the fallen bud—
The drooping flow'et spare.
Speak kindly to the fatherless !
The lowliest of their band
God keepeth, as the waters,
In the hollow of his hand.
'Tis sad to see Life's evening sun
Go down in Sorrow's shroud ;
But sadder still when Morning's dawn
Is darken'd by the cloud.

Look mildly on the fatherless !
You may have power to wile
Their hearts from sudden'd memory,
By the magic of a smile.
Deal gently with these little ones—
Be pitiful, and He,
The Friend and Father of us all,
Shall gently deal with thee !

TWILIGHT DEWS.

The twilight dews are gently falling,
Sweet balmy zephyrs round us float ;
The nightingale's sweet voice is calling
To its mate, with melodious note ;
The sons of toil seek sweet repose,
As evening shades around them close.

Twilight dews are gently falling,
Whilst sweetest flowers their petals close ;
The song birds each to each are calling,
Ere they seek their night's repose ;
The cattle softly breathe their lowing,
By murmuring brooks so gently flowing.

Twilight dews are gently falling,
Whilst softly tolls the vesper bell ;
Its note a favoured people calling
Their Heavenly Father's praise to tell,
When to His house their way they wend,
Their grateful songs of praise ascend.
—*Montreal Witness.*

Miscellaneous.

THE DECREASE IN METHODISM AND ITS LESSONS.

THE decrease in the Methodist Bodies should be looked at attentively. I pass over the sections, and confine my attention to the old body exclusively.

If I have cast the numbers rightly, there are in the thirty-four districts belonging to the British Conference : 1,341 travelling preachers, and 12,000 local preachers.

The average of local to travelling preachers, is about 9 to 1. The highest average in the different circuits is 15, and the lowest 3. The Lincoln District, and the Whitby District, show an average of 15 local preachers to 1 travelling preacher. The Edinburgh District shows only 8 local to 1 travelling preacher. The Lincoln District shows a decrease of 23, while, on the other hand, the Whitby shows an increase of 90. The Edinburgh District, with its low proportion of 3 local to 1 travelling preacher, shows a decrease of 183.

Take again, all those districts (19) which show a decrease ; and we find

that the average of local preachers is as 10 to 1 of the travelling preachers. I will be candid enough to admit that when I sat down to this analysis, I expected to have found another result.

It has been said that our societies suffer through the want of a larger proportion of travelling preachers. The lessons of these district returns seem certainly to point in that direction.

Let us look at the districts again ; 15 show an increase ; 7 of these districts show the local preachers to be below the average, while 8 of them show that the local preachers have the average, and go above it.

However, the great lesson of the decrease is, "Let no man glory in man ; but let him that glories, glory in the Lord.

WIBSEY, AND THE WESLEYAN REFORM UNION DELEGATE MEETING.

INDEPENDENCY and Connexionalism, it has been said, are irreconcilable ; but every commotion in Methodism has brought out more of the independent element. The last commotion, especially, did that. The leaders in that movement were, at first, decidedly opposed to forming any new body ; hence, one of their watch-words was "No Secession." A secession, however, was inevitable. This secession was followed by a union of the greater number of the secessionists with the "*Methodist Association* ;" thereby forming what is now designated "The United Methodist Free Churches." This body is truly a connexion, having its connexional bond in its connexional ministry, which must of necessity be under connexional control.

It was very natural that there should be many who would not be prepared to accept of connexionalism upon the above terms, but who would choose rather to remain as they were—independent and free, and such a body the Wesleyan Reform Union professes to be. This body, while it has nothing to do with stationing its travelling ministry, — this matter being arranged between the churches

and the men,—yet has its connexionalism in certain regulations, its Exeter Hall Office, its use of the same quarterly ticket, its Chapel Fund, its Missionary Society, its General Committee, and last, its "ANNUAL MEETING," in which its connexional work is done, and its officers and committee appointed for the year.

Wibsey, near Bradford, undertook, at a very short notice, to entertain the committee and delegates this year ; and generously and effectually did the Wibsey friends perform their task. Mind and heart were carried into all their arrangements. The Wesleyan Chapel and the Independent Chapel at Wibsey were thrown open to the delegates, and so also were fifteen other places for the Sunday services.

Wibsey Reform Chapel is a beautiful and commodious house of God. There is a large school-room adjoining the chapel ; it can be used, not only as a school-room, but also for a tea or public meeting. In fact, in its erection and fitting, every thing appears to have been thought of to provide for use and comfort. To have accomplished what they have done, the Wibsey friends, who have not many rich among them, must have had the same spirit which possessed the Israelites of old, when "the people had a mind to work." It must be borne in mind also, that there are other good chapels in the circuit, thus showing that in Yorkshire, as well as in Cornwall, when the people set to it in earnest, it is "*one and all*."

The religious services of the annual session were opened by a love-feast, on the Sunday morning, at half-past six o'clock :—the first time in our lives that we had an opportunity of attending a lovefeast at this early hour. Two of our local preachers conducted it. There were twenty-one testimonies borne that "The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins." There was a good feeling from first to last, and the meeting did not extend much over the hour. We heard a travelling preacher in the morning, and a local at night, and attended a stirring camp meeting in the afternoon.

Monday morning, at half-past six.

we heard a good discourse from our old friend Hereman. The committee met at ten. The secretary's box, containing the minute books, letters, and other documents, which had been sent off on the previous Friday, had not reached its destination, neither did it appear till the evening. It was found afterwards that the train with which it had been travelling had broken down on the road, and that the box had been safely resting with other things over the Sabbath day. "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip."

Monday evening, at half-past seven, we heard a good sermon from a local, Bro. Chamberlain; after the sermon, the Lord's Supper was celebrated; a good company stayed and partook of this ordinance. It was a time of solemn waiting on God, and a season of refreshing from His presence.

Tuesday morning, at half-past six, the preacher who had been appointed failing, our good friend Hereman, who, like the apostle Paul, is always ready to preach the gospel, had again to take the pulpit; and we all could say, "Master, it is good to be here!" The delegates assembled at ten, Bro. T. H. Richard being voted to the chair. The reports were read, and the day's work done as satisfactorily as could be expected where men meet with independent minds and various views. The evening closed with a capital missionary meeting, with speeches above par.

Wednesday morning, at half-past six, brought a good sermon from Bro. Bromage, a travelling preacher. The delegate meeting was at ten. The committee, which had been nominated the day before, was balloted for: three travelling preachers were elected; the other seventeen, with one or two exceptions, were local preachers. The business of the delegate meeting came to an end about four o'clock, when the brethren separated, as it regards some of us, to meet again, it may be, in that world where congregations never break up. Differences of opinion there always are at these meetings, and a good many words used which were not like the apostles' letters, "weighty and powerful." The fact is, that

some are everlasting talkers, and, in spite of regulations to the contrary, speak two or three times. There are the set-speech makers also, who very generally overlay their resolutions with a superabundance of words. The speakers are few who can say what they have to say and no more, and speak to the point, and speak at the right time. There are a great many who are quiet voters, whose voices are rarely heard. Carlyle speaks of the virtue of silence. Would that this virtue were more frequently manifested by some of our talking brethren!

The evening closed with a good Temperance Meeting. Here, again, it would have been as well if some of the brethren had compressed their speeches into a smaller compass.

The chairman of the delegate meeting, who is an old Reformer, conducted the business very satisfactorily, and was congratulated as being the first layman who had ever occupied that position. For in this body, it would seem, all the preachers, whether travelling or local, are not classed with the laity. But if we read you rightly, Messrs. Editors, you go farther than this; for you say, "To us it is clear as light that the laity of the church of Christ is the whole body of those who do not bear office; and that those who do bear office in the church are thereby distinct from the laity."—LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE, April, 1871, page 108.

The Wibsey friends not only did their best to meet the wants of the delegates, but their best was well done; every want seems to have been anticipated and provided for. Dinner and tea each day were served up in first-rate order; several persons we have in our eye who were engaged in this service, but we must not name any when all did so cheerfully and well. The homes which the delegates found during the time they were there, from all that we heard, were rendered pleasant and agreeable. Some persons had to put themselves to great inconvenience to entertain their guests.

The town or village of Wibsey, or whatever it may be called, contains a number of houses, some ancient

and others modern. New houses are also being built. The plan of building their houses certainly might be improved. Most of them have only one entrance, and no back yard or back door. A town, too, with such a number of inhabitants, and not to be a post-town, astonished us. That the inhabitants should have to go upwards of two miles for postage stamps, or to get a post-office order, is a disgrace to St. Martin's-le-Grand. Mr. Monsell should look to this. It would not be amiss to send him this magazine, that his attention might be called to it.

Wibsey contains several mills, which furnish employment for both sexes, and of various ages. The tramp, tramp, tramp of feet with the

wooden clogs, in the early morning, reminded us of our own experience, when our residence was on the pathway of tanners going to their work. The females at these mills ignore the bonnet six days in the week; but they have a method of disposing the shawl so as to form, we thought, not an ungraceful covering to the head. We watched them from our chamber window as they passed to their daily toil, before six o'clock in the morning; some had little tin cans, others small baskets, containing, as we supposed, something for their bodily wants.

Farewell, Wibsey! and may you prosper; may your inhabitants grow, not only in wealth, but in intelligence and true piety.

Mutual-Aid Association Reporter.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

THE monthly meeting was held at Brother Sims's, 29, George-street, Langham-place, on Monday, 11th September (it not being convenient to Brother Bowron to have the meeting, as previously arranged, at his house).

Present: Brothers Sims (chair), J. Carter, Chamberlain, Burroughs, Jameson, Wade, Williamson, Parker, and Coman.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Brother Burroughs.

The minutes were read and confirmed.

The monthly abstract was read and showed receipts from branches, £604 16s. 4d.; payments to them, £550 8s. 11d.; other payments, £35 8s. 5d.; balances in hand, £220 16s. 4d. New members, 10; deaths, 3 members and 3 wives; annuitants, 110; sick, 57.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:—Nelson and Co., for 4000 Annual Reports (20 pages), £16 1s.; Honorary Members' Magazines (half-year), £24 8s.; printing, engraving, &c., £7 5s. 8d.

Letters from Liverpool were read, and settled.

Brother R. W., of S., aged 74, a

preacher for thirty-seven years, and a member with us for nineteen years, applied for help. He was described as a worthy man, who had only once received help from our funds in sickness. His wife has for some time suffered from a cancer in the mouth. He has only about four shillings a week to live upon, and would be very thankful for a little help, if only two shillings and sixpence a week.

Ordered—That the brother have three shillings a week for the present.

Brother Jameson reported progress in Cornwall, and handed in £1 from Redruth. It appeared that but little progress had been made, chiefly on account of the backwardness of the local preachers themselves.

A letter was read from the president, asking if "Exhorters" of long standing are eligible as members.

The meeting resolved—"That in the opinion of this Committee, the rules do not allow of such admissions."

A letter from the ex-president, and several other letters were read, referring to a bequest of £150 by the late Mrs. Cole, of Emscote, near Leamington.

The Honorary Secretary was requested to write to the trustees under the will, claiming the legacy, and giving the treasurer's address.

The consideration of the meetings to be held in the south of London was deferred to the next meeting.

The Secretary was requested to send a revised list of the Honorary Members to the publisher.

Some minor matters were settled, and the meeting was closed with prayer by Brother Parker.

The next meeting will be held at Brother D. Plant's Esq., 136, Wandsworth Road, Vauxhall, on Monday, 9th October, at half past five p.m.

DEATHS.

Aug. 10, 1871. Mrs. Hannah Sellars, of Glossop, aged 56. Claim £8.

Aug. 13, 1871. Mrs. Ann Smith, of Ilkeston Branch, aged 64. Claim £8. Her end was peace.

Aug. 12, 1871. Henry Jenkinson, Sheffield Branch, aged 78. Claim £2. He died in peace, having a good hope through Jesus. Fixed on the Rock.

Aug. 14, 1871. George Wagstaff, Sheffield Branch, aged 47. Claim £3. He was a very great sufferer for many months, but bore all with true Christian resignation. His end was peace.

Sept. 8, 1871. Benjamin Dawson, of Huddersfield 2nd Branch, aged 72. Claim £4. Calmly resting in Jesus.

CASH RECEIVED BY THE GENERAL TREASURER TO SEPT. 16TH, 1871.

	Free Subscriptions.	Benefit Members
<i>Northampton 1st</i> —Annual Meeting of the Branch, July 30th and 31st. Collections as under: Gold Street, £5 8 11d; Grafton Street, £3 1s; Tea and Public Meeting, £6 4s 4d; Billing Chapel, 8s 11d; Collingtree, 3s 1d; Exton, 14s 2d; Harpole, 7s 4d; Roade, 13s 3d; Quinton, 4s 6d; Pitsford, 10s 7d; Weston, 4s 2d—£18 0s 8d. Mr. Joseph Sheffield, hm. £1 1s; Mr. John Wilson, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Thomas Perkins, hm. £1 1s; Mr. William Jones, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Francis Jeyes, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Edward Rush, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Yonil, hm. £1; Mr. Rabbits (London), £1. Mr. Jno. Perkins, don 5s; Mr. Rand E. Greenhough, do. 5s; Mr. Rowland Hill, do. 5s; Mr. Henry Harday, do. 5s; Mr. Samuel Perkins, do. 5s; Mrs. Samuel Perkins, do. 5s; Mr. Rigby, do. 5s; Mr. Henry Spencer, do. 2s 6d; Mrs. Home, do. 5s; less expenses, £6	22 13 9	
<i>Leicester</i>		2 10 6
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne</i>		2 5 0
<i>Bristol</i> —Mrs. Hewitt, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Mark Whitwell, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. J. R. Brown, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Phos. Pethick, hm. £1; Mrs. Ann Stephens, 10s; less expenses	4 8 6	5 1 0
<i>Rugby</i> —Mrs. M. Smith, hm. £1; Mrs. H. Symes and Son, hm. £1 1s; per Mr. Symes	2 1 0	
<i>Coventry</i> —Mr. J. Francois, don.	0 10 0	1 13 0
<i>Birmingham</i> —Mr. E. Benson, hm. £1 1s; Mr. W. Butcher, hm. £1 1s... ..	2 2 0	2 17 8
<i>Marlborough</i>		1 7 0
<i>Newport Pagnell</i> —A Friend, don.	0 10 0	5 11 0
<i>Deptford and Greenwich</i> —Mr. Cockle's contribution to March, 10s; per Mrs. Coxon, Friends, 5s	0 15 0	
<i>Salisbury</i> —Donation from the Society at Wesleyan Chapel at Fordingbridge, in this Circuit	0 10 0	2 5 0
<i>Stourport</i> —Miss Quin, 1s; Mr. J. Thomas, 1s; Mrs. Griffiths, 1s; Mrs. Garlick, 1s; Mr. Jenkins, 1s	0 5 0	1 16 0
<i>City Road</i>		0 15 0
<i>Bristol</i> —E. F. Esq. 8s 6d; C. J. W. Esq. 2s 6d; per Brother Maynard, for the poor Old Hundred	0 11 0	
<i>Ilkestone</i>		2 17 0
<i>Bingley</i>		1 1 0
<i>Lincoln</i> —Mr. Chas. Duckring, don. 2s 6d; Mr. John Norton, don. 10s	0 12 6	1 1 0

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>Keighley</i> —Edmund Laycock, Esq., £5; Collected at Exley Head, per Bro. Alderley, 10s 9d ...	5 10 9	
<i>Gloucester</i> —Mr. R. C. Stephens, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Samuel Friday, hm. £1 1s; Mr. James Coleman, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Henry Allen, hm. £1 1s; Mr. W. F. Chapman, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. R. C. Stephens, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Reuben Stephens, hm. £1 1s; Legacy from the late Brother Thurston, £5	12 7 0	1 19 6
<i>Southmark</i> —Mr. G. M. Hammer, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Keough, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Hey, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Taylor, 2s 6d—per Brother Parker ...	8 5 6	
<i>Hinde Street</i> —Mr and Mrs. Bowles, qrlly. 2s; S. A. 5s; F. Sims, Esq. 5s; Mr. Roach, hm, £1 1s; Mrs. Scott, 10s—per Brother Sims ...	2 8 0	3 0 0 1 4 0
<i>Settle</i> ...		
<i>Congleton</i> — <i>Special Effort</i> —Mr. T. Robinson, £1; Mr. G. Pedley, 10s; Mr. J. Steele, 10s; Miss Andrew, 5s; Mr. W. Bloor, 5s; Mr. J. T. Buckley, 5s; Mr. T. J. W. Buckley, 5s; Mr. G. Carter, 5s; Rev. A. Edman, 5s; Mr. H. Kermode, 5s; Mr. T. G. Sheldon, 5s; Mr. W. Staton, 5s; Mr. J. Ward, 5s; Mr. Jos. Ward, 5s; Mr. J. Webb, 5s; Mr. W. Turner, Jun., 8s; Mr. P. O. Baxendale, 2s 6d; Mr. Bayley, 2s 6d. Rev. C. Beecroft, 2s 6d; Mr J. Broad, 2s 6d; Miss Bull, 2s 6d; Mr. F. Cotterill, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Davenport, 2s 6d; Mr. G. Forster, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Garside, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Hill, 2s 6d; Mr. Jos. Howard, 2s 6d; Mr. S. Harrison, 2s 6d; Messrs. Key & Bloor, 2s 6d; Mr. Martin, 2s 6d; Rev. S. Merrill, 2s 6d; Mr. Mounaden, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Powell, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Sheldon, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Sherritt, 2s 6d; Mr. C. Stringer, 2s 6d; Mr. W. Thornicroft, 2s 6d; Mrs. Warham, 2s 6d; Dr. Warrington, M.D., 2s 6d; Mr. Jos. Duncalf, 2s; Mr. James Duncalf, 2s; Mr. J. Heamen, 2s; Mr. B. Jackson, 2s; Mr. J. Norris, 2s; Mrs. Roylance, 2s; Mr. S. Shaw, 2s; Mr. T. Smallwood, 2s; Mr. J. Dishley, 1s 6d; Mr. J. Kennerley, 1s 6d; Mrs. Hancock, 1s; Mr. W. Poole, 1s; Mr. J. Lucas, 1s—£9 5s. <i>Sandbach</i> —Mr. F. Boston, 10s; Mr. T. Evans, 10s; Mr. Bourne, 5s; Mrs. Bygott, 5s; Mrs. Lea, 5s; Messrs. G. & J. Holland, 5s; Mr. J. Summerfield, 5s; Mr. G. Gee, 3s 6d; Mr. M. Podmore, 3s; Mr. Jas. Platts, 2s 7d; Mr. Bracegirdle, 2s 6d; Mr. Careless, 2s 6d; Rev. J. Cooke, 2s 6d; Mr. Crewe, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Dale, 2s 6d; Mr. W. Hodgson, 2s 6d; Mr. W. P. Holland, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Turner, 2s; Mr. T. W. Allen, 1s; Mr. W. Bebbington, 1s; Mr. H. S. Harding, 1s; Mr. A. Taylor, 1s—£3 17s 7d. <i>Withington & Siddington</i> —Mr. R. Bloor, 10s; Mr. J. Chapman, 10s; Mr. J. Slater, 10s; Mr. R. Goodwin, 5s; Mr. Hughes, 5s; Mr. O. Slater, 5s; Mr. Worth, 8s; Mr. J. Cliffe, 2s 6d; Mr. T. Goodwin, 2s 6d; Mr. Massey, 2s 6d; Mr. T. Goodier, 1s—£2 16s 6d. <i>Davenport</i> —Mr. T. Venables, £1 1s; Mr. J. Venables, 10s; Mr. P. Cliffe, 2s 6d; A Friend, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Peak, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Moss, 2s 6d; Mrs. Venables, 2s 6d; A Friend, 1s—£2 4s 6d. <i>Bosley</i> —Mr. R. Brindley, 5s; Mr. T. Lowndes, 5s; Mr. G. Lowndes, 5s; Mr. Thompson, 2s 6d; Mr. Wright, 2s 6d—£1. <i>Key Green</i> —Mr. A. Machin, 5s; Mr. Thos. Brown, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Johnson, 2s 6d; Mrs. Bowler, 2s; Mr. Slack, 1s—13s. <i>Gillowshaw Brook</i> —Mr. J. Burrows, 5s; Mr. S. F. Gosling, 5s; Mr. R. Ash, 2s 6d; Mr. Chaddock, Jun., 2s 6d; Mr. W. Garside, 2s 6d; Mr. Sherrett, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Walley, 2s 6d—£1 2s 6d; less expenses, 14s 8d ...	20 4 5	
<i>Burton-upon-Trent</i> —Collected chiefly in Pennies for the worn out Local Preachers, by Bro. Channell, of Moira, Ashby-de-la-Zouch ...	9 10 0	

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Original Essays.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT: WILL IT BE ETERNAL?—No. 6.

"THE illustrations of Scripture" come next under consideration in the argument against the old doctrine upon the future punishment of the wicked. There is a long enumeration of these illustrations, and there is a long list of texts that contain them. The learned Prebendary thinks that "they overthrow alike the system of eternal misery and of universal restoration." From the Old Testament he adduces as "illustrations of future punishment"—meaning punishment in the future state—"the following:" "The wicked shall be dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel; they shall be like the beasts that perish; like the untimely fruit of a woman; like a whirlwind that passeth away; like a waterless garden scorched by an eastern sun; like garments consumed by the moth. They shall consume like the fat of lambs in the fire; consume like smoke; melt like wax; burn like tow; consume like thorns; vanish away like exhausted waters." Then in the New Testament, he says, "The end of the wicked is compared to fish cast away to corruption; to a house thrown down to its foundations; to the destruction of the old world by water, and that of the Sodomites by fire; to the death and destruction of natural brute beasts. They shall be like wood cast into quenchless flame; like chaff burnt up; like tares consumed; like a dry branch reduced to ashes." The texts in which these figurative terms occur are given in footnotes. Let us carefully examine them.

Psalm ii. 9. "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." Break and dash in pieces whom? Nations, with their kings, judges, and rulers, who oppose Messiah's kingdom. What is it that is threatened? Their political existence and power. What has that to do with the world to come?

Psalm xxxvii. 20. "But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the LORD shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume: into smoke shall they consume away." The meaning of this verse may readily be ascertained from verses 9, 10, and 22. They shall be swept from the face of the earth. That is clearly what the psalmist meant. The imagery employed has nothing to do with their condition afterwards.

Psalm lxi. 20. "Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish." That is to say, he is brutish, lacking understanding. There is nothing there about future punishment.

Psalm lviii. 7, 8. "Let them melt away as waters which run continually: when he bendeth his bow to shoot his arrows, let them be as cut in pieces. As a snail which melteth, let every one of them pass away; like the untimely birth of a woman, that they may not see the sun." The first verse of the psalm shows that all this applies to unrighteous judges.

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The last verse shows that what is said of their doom relates to the present world. "Verily He is a God that judgeth in the earth."

Ps. lxxiii. 2. "As smoke is driven away, so drive them away: as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish in the presence of God," or *from the face of God*. Now read the *first* verse. "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him flee before him." Refer to verses 12, 14, 23, and 30, and in the light they shed, read the second verse. Its similes evidently apply to the heathen enemies of Israel, bearing the general sense of—Let them be cut off from the earth, and thy people be saved from their martial power.

Prov. x. 25. "As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more: but the righteous is an everlasting foundation." That is a striking representation of the brevity of the career of the wicked in contrast with the stability of the righteous. Often is the wicked "driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death." (*Prov. xiv. 32.*)

Isaiah i. 30. "For ye shall be as an oak whose leaf fadeth, and as a garden that hath no water." What is here threatened is the destruction of idolatry and idolaters in this world.

Isaiah xxxiii. 12. "And the people shall be as the burnings of lime; as thorns cut up shall they be burnt in the fire." Of whom is this spoken? Of the peoples (עַמִּים). The word is plural, and is equivalent to *nations*. The learned polemic must know this. If he does not, he ought to have let Hebrew alone. If he does know it, he must know that the imagery of the text refers to the heathen nations, especially those that sought the destruction of God's people, the Jews; and prospectively to those that should fight against Christianity. The fate of the Babylonians, Assyrians, Persians, Egyptians, and other nations, is sufficiently illustrative of the meaning of the text, and of a thousand others like it. Has that any thing to do with the world to come?

Isaiah li. 8. "For the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool: but my righteousness shall be for ever, and my salvation from generation to generation." The last clause of this text clearly limits its meaning to the present world. It represents a fate in contrast with what is contemporaneous with it, "from generation to generation." Now, "in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage." In this world only, therefore, can any thing be from "generation to generation." What must be the meaning, then, of the former part of the text? Simply this, though expressed in graphic style, Those who reproach the LORD's people *shall gradually die off from the earth*. But that, again, is not descriptive of their fate in the world to come.

We are now taken to New Testament texts, and their figures and illustrations. Let us look at them, as set before us.

Matt. xiii. 48. "Which (net), when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away."

So shall it be at the end of the world," &c. What does this represent? Simply a gathering together of the good, and a rejection of the bad; so that the latter are excluded from heaven and its bliss. That is their fate *negatively*; but to know the positive, we must go to other texts.

Luke vi. 49. "And the ruin of that house was great." Yes, the house built on sand is swept away before flood and storm and tempest, whilst the house built on rock stands securely. The want of a good foundation dooms the house on sand to ruin. It is totally marred, as was the vessel in the hands of the potter. Is the material of which it was built no longer in existence?

Luke xvii. 27-9. ". . . and the flood came and destroyed them all. . . it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed all." This is a description of what shall take place "in the days of the Son of man" (ver. 26). There shall be as sudden and general a destruction of the wicked as was in the days of Noah and of Lot. This is to be in the present world: and as in the cases cited, it will be preliminary to a future judgment, not a substitution for it. Have the antediluvians and the inhabitants of the burnt up cities had no existence in the world of spirits since the time of those visitations? If they have, and if they are yet in existence, what do the cases make out for our polemic's argument? Nothing.

2 *Pet. ii. 12.* "But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, &c., shall utterly perish in their own corruption." Having dealt with this text before, there is no need for its further consideration here.

Matt. iii. 10-12. "Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire. . . He will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." This deliverance of John the Baptist looks more than any passage previously noticed as if it afforded some countenance to the theory in whose service it is brought forwards. But does it sustain that theory? Granting that there is in it a striking picture, in some respects, of the final fate of the ungodly, was that what the Baptist had specifically in view? On the contrary, he was representing to ritualistic Jews, who trusted in their lineal descent from the loins of Abraham, whilst continuing impenitent and unspiritual, the judgments that were coming upon their nation and country, and which were within a short period afterwards executed upon them by the instrumentality of the Romans. The trees were cut down—the principal men, ay, and a whole forest of Jewish rejecters of Christ;—the floor was purged; the wheat was separated from the chaff; and the chaff—men and their ritualism—burnt up with unquenchable fire.

Matt. xiii. 30. "Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn." Here we have at last, something nearer to the purpose. The reference is, undoubtedly, to the day of judgment, and the punishment that shall follow. That

punishment, our learned instructor would have us believe, will be destructive of being. The ungodly are to be burnt up, like the chaff; and, like it, or more totally than it, become extinct; not so much as gas and ashes remaining. Unfortunately for this theory, however, our Lord explained his own parable; and, in doing so, left the theory of extinction of being no standing room. Read verse 42. The commissioned angels "shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." *Where* shall be wailing and gnashing teeth? In *that place* (*ἐκεῖ*), the furnace of fire. So, then, the furnace is not to extinguish their existence, but to inflict such punishment as will cause "wailing and gnashing of teeth." It is "a place of torment," but not of annihilation.

John xv. 6. "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them and cast them into the fire." The dead branches of a vine are utterly worthless, except as fuel. They are good for nothing but to burn. So, those that abide not in Christ, "the true vine," are fit only for the fire; and into that they shall be cast. The analogy holds good so far; but to carry it farther would be to contradict other utterances that fell from the lips of our Lord. "The utter blotting out of existence and being and identity," is not what Jesus taught, but what those men teach who have the temerity to arraign the Infinite One at the bar of their own beclouded reason, and to cast his words into the mould of their own imaginations and bewildered judgments. Scripture is its own interpreter, and if we would understand its teaching we must compare one part with another, and accept as true that only which is consistent with the teaching of the whole. We may easily miss the meaning of figurative language, unless this method be followed.

The opinions of Lucretius, or of any of the heathen poets, or of uninspired Christian writers, and the figures by which they gave expression to their opinions on the nature of the soul and its final destiny, are of so little value in this argument that we shall leave them as we find them. But there is another class of texts that come next under notice in the pamphlet, such as have been deemed conclusive on the question now disputed. These our polemic sets himself to neutralise as best he can. It is remarkable that in reference to these he says, "We must not apply to highly-wrought figures the laws we apply to ordinary language." Of course we must not; but why did he disregard this principle when wire-drawing so many figurative texts in previous pages?

THE GOSPEL DESCRIBED AND THE PREACHER DIRECTED.

A SACRAMENTAL ADDRESS.—(*Concluded from page 296.*)

II.—A DIRECTION TO PREACHERS.—"Go, stand and speak to the people in the temple all the words of this life."

1.—The *place* in which the apostles were directed to preach the gospel is worthy of momentary consideration. "The temple" was the place

of public resort, and, on that account, we presume, they were directed to go thither. True, it was a consecrated place; but that once "holy" and still "beautiful house" had lost its sacred character: Ichabod was written upon it: the glory had departed. It had become "a house of merchandise, a den of thieves." "One greater than the temple" had doomed it to desolation. And is it not of importance, in our day, to remember that "the Most High dwelleth not" merely "in temples made with hands?" The Saviour taught on the summit of a mountain, on the strand of the sea, or on the deck of a vessel. "And daily in the temple *and in every house*" the apostles "ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." While Peter was preaching *in the house* of Cornelius, "the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." Paul was accustomed to preach in synagogues and in streets; in prisons and by rivers; on "Mars' hill;" "in the School of one Tyrannus;" and "in his own hired house." Away, then, with the notion, that the gospel is to be proclaimed, and the worship of God conducted, in consecrated places only! The venerable founder of Methodism tells us, that at one period of his life, the conversion of a sinner would, in his estimation have been all but a sin, if it had been effected outside the walls of a church. What a mercy for our nation and for the world, that the scales of ignorance and prejudice at length fell from his eyes, and that he was induced to go out into "the highways and hedges," to preach "the glorious gospel of the blessed God!" Many a Cornish miner and smuggler: many a Kingswood collier and cock-fighter: many of the "mixed multitudes," who used to assemble in Moorfields and on Kennington Common: and thousands of others, throughout the length and breadth of the land, will be his "joy and crown of rejoicing in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, at his coming." Go, then, my Christian brethren, in imitation of those bright examples; into the fields and lanes of our rural villages, the streets and slums of our populous towns; into market places and theatres; anywhere; everywhere; and preach to your dying fellow countrymen, "all the words of this life."

2.—The *method* in which the apostles were commanded to preach the gospel is worthy of our serious attention. *Speak* to the people, not *read* to the people. Allow me most humbly and respectfully to suggest that the reading of sermons is not the Scriptural method of preaching. John the Baptist did not read: he preached. His words were startling as the thunder, powerful as the lightning. Jesus Christ did not read: he preached. His doctrine often dropped as the rain, and his speech distilled as the dew: at other times, however, there "went out of his mouth a sharp two-edged sword." The apostles did not read: they preached. Peter, on the day of Pentecost, "*testified, and exhorted, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation.*" Paul "*reasoned*" with Felix "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." He might have read, on those momentous topics, till doomsday; but, in my opinion, Felix would never have trembled. He solicited the prayers of the church,

that "*utterance* might be given to him, that he might open his mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel." Brethren, I, for one, will never lift up this hand of mine, on behalf of any candidate for the ministry who reads his sermons: *If his sermons they are?* It is like sheathing the sword, and then entering the battle field. God forbid that the successors of John Wesley and his noble band of "*Helpers*" should ever forfeit the good old title of "*Preachers* of the gospel."

Speak to the people. Not *act before* the people. It is the duty of every public speaker to cultivate, as far as possible, accuracy of language, distinctness of enunciation, and naturalness of manner; but the pulpit is desecrated when it is converted into a stage.

Therefore, avaunt all attitude and stare,
And start theatric, practised, at the glass ! "

"*Speak*" *plainly* "to the people." It is related of the Great Teacher, that "the common people heard him gladly." His discourses abound with the most familiar illustrations. It is needless to supply examples. "And, I, brethren," says Paul, "when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power." "*Preach,*" says Mr. Wesley, "not only that the people may understand you, but so that they cannot but understand you." Dr. Clarke was once requested by one of his hearers to display a little more of his learning in the pulpit. "But I have to preach to that poor man under the gallery, and it is at the peril of my soul, that I overlook him," was the magnanimous and withering reply. Let us endeavour, brethren, to act upon the advice which Cromwell gave to his soldiers: "*Fire low.*" Thus "the poor will have the gospel preached unto them."

Speak faithfully "to the people." "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream: and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully." "*Preach the word.*" Preach its doctrines and duties; its promises and threatenings; its rewards and punishments. Unveil the glories of heaven, and the miseries of hell. Draw "the sword of the Spirit," and plunge it into the very hearts of your hearers. "By manifestation of the truth, commend yourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Shun not to declare "all the counsel of God." An "ambassador" is entrusted with the commands of his sovereign. Study not so much to please, as to profit your hearers. Set your brows like brass, and your faces like flint, and be courageous for the Lord of hosts. So discharge your duties that, when the sweat of death is upon your brow, and the wave of life ebbs back in your bosom, you may be enabled to say with the apostle Paul, "I am pure from the blood of all men." You are God's "Watchmen." O! beware that the blood of souls is not required at your hands. A person, being asked his opinion of two distinguished ministers,

replied, "When I hear Mr. A., I think *how clever he is* : when I hear Mr B., I think *what a sinner I am* ! " Is it necessary to say which was the better preacher ? Avoid, however, all personalities. Preach *to* the people, not *at* any of them in particular. If you *tread* upon a worm, it will turn against you : if upon a serpent, it will sting you. Denounce, as with the blast of a trumpet, the sins of the age in which we live, the sins of individuals, of the church, and of the nation. Imitate the example of your Divine Master. He denounced woe upon woe against "the Scribes and Pharisees, and hypocrites" of his time : and his righteous indignation culminated in the awful words, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell ?"

"The pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament, of Virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth : there stands
The legate of the skies ! His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear,
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders : and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace."

"Speak" *zealously* "to the people." It is stated of John the Baptist, that "he was a burning and shining light : " he radiated *light* and *heat* at the same time. In the Saviour was fulfilled the prediction, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." "It is good," says the apostle Paul, "to be zealously affected always in a good thing." Dear brethren, throw your entire souls into your sermons. Preach

"As though you ne'er should preach again,
As dying men to dying men."

"How is it," said a minister to an actor, "that our truth is so powerless, and that your fiction is so powerful ? " "Because," replied the man of the stage, "you preach truth as if it were fiction, and we rehearse fiction as if it were truth." Pray, with Brainerd, that God would make you like flames of fire in his service. Seriously and frequently ponder the momentous question which Christ propounded to his disciples. "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ? " Never forget, that the vast majority of those who listen to you are as unmindful of their immortal spirits,

"As the mountain is of its ore,
Or the rock of its inestimable gem."

Cherish the spirit of the late Rev. John Smith, who, when he was requested by some of his brethren to be mindful of his health, and to spare himself a little, burst into a flood of tears, and exclaimed, "But, *O, those*

precious souls, THOSE PRECIOUS SOULS! Put forth every energy of body and of mind

“To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell.”

If you can but effect the salvation of a single soul, and deck the Saviour's diadem with one additional burning jewel, you will have accomplished a greater object than the conquest of a world. “Let him know, that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.” “He that winneth souls is wise.” “They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.”

“Speak” *affectionately* “to the people.” “Put on, as the elect of God, bowels of mercies.” “Knowing the terrors of the Lord,” endeavour with the utmost compassion to *persuade* men to flee “from the wrath to come.” Pronounce the awful word *damnation* tenderly, not harshly. Forget not that you, *yourselves*, are “brands plucked from the burning!” Breathe the spirit of Jeremiah, who exclaimed, “Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!” Of David, who wrote, “Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law.” Of Paul, who said to the Ephesian elders, “Remember, that by the space of three years, I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.” And above all, of the compassionate Redeemer, who, “when he beheld the city” of Jerusalem, “wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.” And who, with a broken heart and tearful eyes, as he rang the death-knell of the city, exclaimed, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.”

“Speak” *seriously* “to the people.”

“He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul:
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation: and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with *God's commission to the heart!*”

“Speak” *modestly* “to the people.” Not proudly, arrogantly, or dogmatically. “Be clothed with humility.” Put Christ in the foreground, and yourselves in the background. Adopt the apostolical motto,

"We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. Show by your entire demeanour that you seek not human but divine applause.

"O popular applause ! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms ?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy *gentlest* gales."

Stop your ears against this siren, or she will charm you to death. Study the laws and limits of the human understanding, and do not attempt to fathom the mysteries of divine revelation. "The well is deep, and thou hast nothing wherewith to draw!" "Secret things belong unto the Lord our God."

"Fools rush in, where angels fear to tread."

Generally speaking, we can find better employment in the pulpit than Milton's fallen angels found, who

"Reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate :
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end in wandering mazes lost."

And now, my beloved brethren, allow me in conclusion, to offer you a few miscellaneous suggestions, with all brevity. Be punctual. Dr. Newton used always to ascend the pulpit a few minutes *before* the appointed time. Never *neglect* an appointment. Change as little as possible with other brethren. Do not preach too long. Better send the people away longing than loathing. Preach Christ: Christ in his person: Christ in his offices: and Christ in his claims. "*Christ*" as "*all and in all.*" Stand in constant readiness for the final summons. And as the eagle, when twilight tinges the eastern horizon with its roseate hue, shakes the dew drops from its wings, and soars upward to meet the rising sun, so may you and I, when the day of eternity begins to break, and the shadows of time to flee away, "go forth with joy to meet our Lord." May God in his infinite mercy grant that, "when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, we also may appear with him in glory." Amen.

THE MOTTOES ON THE COVER OF OUR MAGAZINE.

BY GEORGE SIMS. No. IV.

"I was sick, and ye visited me."—MATT. xxv. 36.

THE *text* is at the bottom of the first page of the cover of the Magazine. On the right hand, in the corner, we have a representation of the servant of God whose work is done; his hands clasped, and confidence beaming in his countenance, he seems to say, "I am now ready to be offered, and

the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." By his side we see another servant of God, reading the word in which he has put his trust; thus administering comfort to the dying saint.

In the chapter containing our motto, our Lord continues the discourse commenced in the preceding chapter, enforcing His exhortation to watchfulness, and preparedness for His coming, by the most weighty and solemn considerations. Speaking of religion in its *practical* character, His teaching is not that *because* we visit the sick we shall therefore enter the kingdom of heaven, but that having sought "first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,"—being made partakers of the regenerating influences of the Spirit,—“the love of God being shed abroad in the heart,” &c., we shall bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, and show ourselves the disciples of Christ by keeping His commandments.

The great lesson intended to be taught is Christ's identification of His people with Himself. They are one with Him, and their union is represented by the closest union of which we have any knowledge. In John xv. 4-6, Christ says, "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing," &c.

This is a spiritual and moral union, in which Christ and His people have similar feelings, love the same objects, share the same trials, and inherit the same blessedness. Hence He considers favours done to His people as done to Himself, and will reward them accordingly. See Matt. x. 40, 42. "He that receiveth you receiveth Me, and he that receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me. And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Perhaps no duty is more important, and no service more necessary than that of visiting the sick. How often does Satan take advantage of the weakness of the body for the purpose of distressing the mind. At such times we may be of service by reminding them of the unchanging nature of God, and of His love to them. He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," "For I, the Lord, thy God, will hold thy right hand." "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." The promises of God, as they are placed before the sick and suffering, will be found to be exceeding precious. Jesus says, "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life: and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." "I am the resurrection and the life." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," &c.

The visitation of the sick is necessary on account of the trouble of mind which they endure. This may arise from various causes. A good man is about to leave a poor widow and orphan children. God has said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me." Sometimes in visiting the sick we find even the truly pious suffering great anxiety of mind. They feel assured of the pardon of their sins, and have a good hope through grace, of eternal life; yet there is a fear of agony and pain which they may have to endure in the last moments of life. How timely and important is a visit to such! Let them be reminded that "God does not willingly afflict,—not for His pleasure, but for our profit." It may be their fears in this respect are groundless, but, should they be realised, then let them be reminded of the language of Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Let the sufferer be encouraged to

"Look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill;"

knowing that "the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed." When tempted to despair they are encouraged by the thought that they "are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation." And to remind the sick of these promises is at once the duty and privilege of those who visit them. And the Master says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

The visitation of the sick is an occasion of blessing to ourselves. We are encouraged by witnessing their triumph. A voice which we hear whispers to them, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame enkindle upon thee." "This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death." Thus God's people are at all times the objects of His care and regard, in life, in health, in old age, in sickness, and in death. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." When their work is done He calls them home. Having made them meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, He will put them in possession of it.

The good man dies in covenant with God, having an interest in Christ. The Spirit, dwelling in his heart, tells him he is an heir of glory. Death, then, is his, not as an enemy, but as a messenger to conduct him to the better and everlasting home. Passing away in *ecstasy and triumph*, "An entrance is administered unto him abundantly." Thus did Stephen find

it with the vision of glory before him. He saw "heaven opened, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." So Paul, as before quoted, "I am now ready to be offered," &c. The dying saint exclaims, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Death is swallowed up in victory." To be "absent from the body," is to be "present with the Lord." Ascending to Messiah's God and their God, to His Father and their Father; they prove that "to die is gain,"—immediate, consummate, eternal gain. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." "So shall they ever be with the Lord."

At present, however, we have to look at the sick. We see one of our fellow-creatures in a state of weakness and pain. He cannot now, as formerly, take his walks abroad, and actively engage in the busy scenes of life; but he is a prisoner, on a bed of languishing. *Wearisome nights are appointed him.* When he lies down, he says, "*When shall I arise and the night be gone?*" He is *full of tossing to and fro unto the dawning of the day.*" His temporal prospects close upon him. He knows he is about to leave his wife a widow; and his children will soon be without a father. His friends weep over him, but no human hand can help him. His rest is disturbed; food has lost its sweetness, and he is weak and weary. Sometimes he may be tempted to think, with Jacob, "All these things are against me." Then with Job he cries out, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me,"

In such case the duty of Christian people is to *visit*. This duty, when rightly discharged, is acknowledged by Christ, who has promised its reward at the great last day, as if done to Himself. "Ye have done it unto Me." The common feeling of humanity ought to prompt to this service of love. The man who follows these feelings obeys the voice of nature; and surely, in this sense, obedience to that is obedience to God. Who, then, does not wish to sympathise with the sick and sorrowful? But if we are not influenced by the tender feelings of humanity, we should feel ourselves bound to observe that "golden rule" of the Saviour, which teaches us to treat others as we would wish to be treated ourselves. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Let us frequently think, then, of the changing scenes of life. We know not how soon we may be confined to a sick bed, and then how shall we feel, if our friends neglect us? And if the thought of being neglected in sickness causes distress, have we not reason to suppose that others have feelings of the same kind? Love to our brethren which is the second great commandment, is the fulfilling of the law. We are to give proof of this love by our readiness to do good. Good wishes, and even prayers, are sometimes cheap enough. We are to show our faith by our works, and our love by keeping Christ's commandments.

We would not be so narrow-minded as to bestow the whole of our charities on one object, but as we are writing for our own Magazine, and on behalf of our own Association, we would say to those who are able, Look to our brethren. We have upwards of one hundred old men, many of them in "age and feebleness extreme;" men who have passed their three score years and ten,—men who have served the Church for many years, but are now waiting for their reward. In their persons you have an opportunity of relieving the Master, who has said, "I was hungry and ye gave Me meat, thirsty, and ye gave Me drink." Piety does not always exempt a man from poverty and sickness. If it did, many would be cut off from the blessing spoken of in our text at the beginning of this paper. To those, then, who are able to relieve the needy, but seem to lack opportunity, we say, Send of your abundance to the Committee of the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association; and that you may not be at a loss *where and how* to send, write a Post Office Order payable at the Vere Street Post Office to the writer of these papers, whose address is 29, George Street, Langham Street, London.

"The Master of all for our service doth call,
And deigns to approve,
With smiles of acceptance, our labour of love.
His burden who bear, we alone can declare
How easy His yoke,
While to love and good works we each other provoke;—
By word and by deed, the bodies in need,
The souls to relieve,
And freely as Jesus hath given to give.
Then let us attend our heavenly Friend,
In His members distrest,
By want, or affliction, or sickness oppress."

Hymn 495, Wesley.

May every work we do below, be done unto the Lord, for He hath said,
"I was sick and ye visited Me."

Narrative.

THE BATTLE GROUND OF LAST SUMMER, AND THE DEVASTATION OF THE WAR.

No. III.

FROM Thionville we proceeded to *Metz*, the far-famed capital of *Lorraine*. On the 23rd of August, last year, Marshal Bazaine and his army were shut in by the Germans, who cut the communications between it and Thionville and Montmedy, and doomed the city to a close and unrelieved siege. We arrived there at about half-past ten in the forenoon, and had not

the chance of a train to leave until half-past five in the afternoon ; so that we had seven hours before us for exploring Metz. The line describes nearly three-fourths of a circle in its approach to the city, being flanked by a range of hills, with fortifications near their summits, and having had to be adapted to the course of the Moselle, which flows from Toul and Nancy, this way, down to Thionville and Treves, and thence down to Coblenze, where it delivers itself to the Rhine.

Leaving all our luggage at the station, we walked up to the city, and entered a noble recreation square, having a covered orchestra, and hundreds of chairs for the accommodation of the public, who assemble here to promenade and listen to the music. The place is beautified with statuary and a large fountain, as well as with trees, shrubs, and flowers. One of the statues is to the memory of Marshal Ney, who was shot at Paris for supposed treason. He was a native of Metz. Passing along some streets, we came to the cathedral, which we entered, and found many people assembled, and a number of priests and choristers carrying on service, accompanied by a fine-toned organ of remarkable sweetness. The cathedral is an exceedingly beautiful structure, said to be "equal to any Gothic building in the world," for "size, elevation, and majestic beauty of design and detail." Its windows of stained glass are very beautiful and rich in colour. Externally, however, it suffers in the eyes of a stranger, from the disfiguring abomination of a large café stuck to its southern side, next to what might be made a splendid square. Opposite to it stands the Municipal Hall ; and on the western side of the square is a colossal statue of a former governor of Sedan.

We dined at the "Hotel du Porte Enseigne," or its café, in the principal street, the *Rue Serpenoise*, at a cost of two shillings each, including a bottle of wine amongst us. Whilst we were at dinner we heard martial music. We rose, went out, and saw a body of Prussian soldiers, headed by a band, marching in compact column along the street. They went with dignified bearing, whilst some of the inhabitants scowled, and others looked chafed, and yet others appeared unconcerned.

We could not perceive that much damage had been done to any buildings here. The chief suffering of the inhabitants must have been from hunger and fear. On our return to the station, a good part of an hour before the time for our departure, we walked a little beyond, and saw there no fewer than 250 cannon and howitzers, that had been taken by the Germans from the French ; a sight that must be intensely mortifying to those whose sympathies are French. I confess that, for many reasons, I am not of that number. I have seen nothing yet to alter my views and opinions about the war and its parties. To speak of the war as a *cruel* war, is to utter what is true of every war ; for *all* war is cruel. Armies do not fight with feathers and in kid gloves ; but with engines of destruction. The work they do is that of killing men and destroying property ; the object of each being to cripple and subdue the other. Would this war have been less cruel if the

French had prevailed? Did they not aspire to overrun Prussia, and lay Berlin waste? Was not France the aggressor? She plunged unnecessarily and recklessly into the conflict. What can she do better than submit to the consequences? Let her be encouraged to look up,—to hope,—to exert herself in the pursuits of peaceful industry; but, having been “first in the transgression,”—having provoked and courted,—ay, and necessitated—the trial of strength,—the national duel,—let her not be encouraged to cherish revenge, and to foster the hope of reprisals.

At the Metz station we had to take leave of our Yorkshire friend, who had to go, *via* Luxemburg, to Brussels, and thence back to England, to attend to the duties of business. We had enjoyed each other's society for three days, and ourselves had benefited by his frequent services in using, as occasion required, the tongue of the country. We were now to be, however, with a German-speaking people, among whom, except the better educated, French would be of little service.

I never witnessed such an outpouring of people as at the Metz station, from the train by which we had to travel; and a great crowd, also, was waiting to proceed by it. Our destination was Saarbruck; or, as the Germans call it, *Saarbrücken*; that is, *the bridges of the Saar*. The reader will probably remember that it was in the vicinity of this place that hostilities were commenced by the French against the Prussians, and that the *Prince Imperial*, as reported by his father to the Empress, received his *baptism of fire*! Poor boy! It has proved a fatal baptism for him!

We cut through that part of Lorraine which Germany has appropriated, taking it, with part of Alsace, from France; and passed near to *Forbach*, a place having extensive iron-works, and where a battle was fought and was lost by the French on the 6th of August. Its station being the last that we had to pass before reaching our destination, we were soon afterwards at Saarbruck, where we arrived considerably after sunset, at about eight o'clock. Several 'buses were waiting for passengers, one of them from the hotel, or *Ghasthof zur Poste*. We ventured upon that, and found no cause to regret having done so. We met with a courteous reception, and every necessary attention and comfort. Our rooms were remarkably well furnished, and our beds luxurious. We met there, also, with a young man, a commercial traveller, who, speaking English, announced himself as a British subject, born at the Cape of Good Hope, but of German parentage. With him we conversed freely. His father is an importer and exporter of goods at the Cape, doing an extensive business, and has sent him out to the Fatherland to complete his commercial education. He is at present in the service of a German house, for which he travels in Germany. He is not fluent in English, but speaks the language sufficiently for plain conversation. There were a dozen or more guests in the eating-room besides ourselves, the hotel being a regular travellers' house.

Easter Sunday dawned upon us in a German town, where no public service in our own tongue is held. The morning was lovely, and the day became warm. To attend a public service of which we could understand nothing was useless. We did the best we could under the circumstances for the honour of God in Christ, and for our own spiritual edification. We had with us a Bible, a hymn book, and a copy of the Book of Common Prayer. We had service, therefore, by ourselves, in my room, both morning and evening, to the refreshing of our own souls, and, so far as I know, to the annoyance of no one. The inhabitants of the place are mostly, if not wholly, Protestants; but whether there is much of true godliness among them, I know not.

Before dinner we walked through part of the town, and then up the hill behind it to a plateau above, where our ears were saluted with the mellifluous and inspiring song of happy larks, as if challenging us to offer praise to the great Creator of all. A thrill of joyous emotion vibrated through our being, and we involuntarily exclaimed, "Praise the Lord! Glory be to God! Hallelujah!" We felt just then as if we were in a happy world. Other thoughts, however,—thoughts of war and discord,—soon rushed in upon us. We had indeed the command of most beautiful prospects, both over the town and along the valley of the Saar, north-easterly and eastwards, and towards *Forbach* and other parts south-westwards; but yonder was the range of hills, some two or three miles away, upon which the French took their first position, planted their cannon and other engines of destruction, and opened the gates of death and devastation upon their neighbours. Down from those heights would have come death and ruin upon an unwallled town, had it not been shielded by the bank and plateau upon which we stand. Down from those heights would have poured down an overwhelming force of troops, upon eight or ten thousand defenceless people, had they not been protected, and the foe resisted by the soldiers of the nation assailed. All seemed threatening to the inhabitants of Saarbruck. The foe was flushed with the advantage gained at the onset, until a few short hours sufficed to turn the scales of destiny. The Prussians rallied at every point of attack, and beat back the enemy; and the battle of Saarbruck proved to be little more to the assailants than a flash and a flare. The Parisian cry, "A Berlin!" exhausted itself upon the wind of the Rhine, and the dogs of war devoured those who had let them loose.

When we had walked about for a while, and were near to a house by the road-side, we were accosted in German by two youths of respectable appearance, who pointed downwards to a little valley on the other side, in the direction of *Forbach*, and spoke in a manner that excited our interest and curiosity, although we understood not what they said. I did not feel able to walk far; but, as they began to go in the direction to which they had pointed, we followed them to the bottom of the hill, which opened into a secluded and narrow dingle, where, as soon as we reached it, we

saw what they had desired to guide us to,—a large plot, comparatively to the surrounding space, occupied with graves, many having crosses over them, and several having head-stones, all bearing names and dates. Six hundred poor fellows who fell under the first stroke of last year's war, on August 6th, had been here interred. The name of the spot was upon a cross-beam of a strong post—*Ehrenthal*. The greater part of an inscription, upon one of the head-stones, I copied. First was a quotation from Jer. xxxi. 3; then the following, which may serve as an exercise for any reader who is learning German: "Hermann v. François, Lieutenant im. 2. Brandenburgischen Grenadier Regiment No. 12, (Prinz Carl von Preussen) geb. 21 Nov. 1847, zu Warendorf in Westfalen, verw. 6 August, 1870, bei Erstürmung des Spichen Berges; gest. 11 August, 1870, in Saarbrücken." Two stretchers, for carrying the dead and the wounded, were near this crowd of graves. Every grave was covered over with flowers, plants, or evergreens. It was most affecting to stand upon such a spot, commemorative of the outbreak of a war of so terrific a character, on so gigantic a scale, and of issues so momentous as those of the late war are likely to be.

We remounted the hill, and descended to the town along a rough and steep road, over sand-rock, passing many small houses in little rows facing each other in successive terraces and courts, and with a large number of gardens on the other side the road, near them. The whole valley traversed by the Saar was before us, having the railway-line and many factories and houses along its course. The scene was exceedingly beautiful, and all the more so from the clearness of the atmosphere, and the consequent brilliancy of the sun.

In the evening we walked through the town, to the lower part, and found some of the shops open. We crossed the river by a bridge, to the town, on the opposite side, and continued our walk until we came to a number of wooden huts, well put together in rows, striking off on both sides of a cart-track, within a field, near the high way. They formed, altogether, a tolerably good-sized village. It was the hospital of the sick and wounded. Each hut had a stove, and all were well ventilated, with ridge-roofs, elevated above the sloping roofs, having openings for the influx and efflux of air. Many beds were occupied, and many not; as many of the men were improving in health, and taking exercise by walking about. There were both French and German soldiers under hospital treatment, with sisters of mercy to wait upon and attend to them. Whether the latter are Romanists or Protestants, I know not. There are such sisters in Prussia and other German countries, connected with Protestant churches. Those at this hospital looked so cheerful and happy, so different from the demure and downcast, severe and miserable-looking women of the Romish sisterhoods, that I think they must be in possession of a more pure and happy religion than they. Their very smiles of innocent cheerfulness were likely to do the poor fellows as much

good as medicines and plaisters could; and their perfect cleanliness must certainly contribute its share towards the restoration of the sufferers. After all that we had seen of the carnage wrought by war, it was a relief to our feelings to see somewhat of the work of mercy and benevolence,—a picture of Benignity appearing in the wake of War.

(To be continued.)

MARRYING RICH.—CHAPTER II.

CHARLES and his mother were sitting in the large east room, towards the close of the day. The sun shone brightly upon the opposite hill, and the fresh spring breezes floated gently through the foliage of the surrounding trees. The mother evidently wished to introduce a subject of importance, and, with some effort, she at length began:

"Charles, you are now twenty-three. You have finished your education, and have come home to stay. I cannot tell you how happy I am to have you back again."

"I am equally happy to be here, mother; indeed, I have always longed for this quiet home."

"It has cost a great sum of money to give you your fine education, Charles."

"I know it, mother; and it has cost you many other sacrifices. In all my absence this has been the only thing that has cast a shadow on my heart. Yet, mother, had the money and the time been all my own, I should have felt that both were well invested in the acquisitions I have made."

"And so I do, my son. I do not mention it because I regret it at all. No, no; I am proud of it all, and I am proud of my boy. You have not disappointed me, and I don't think you will."

"I should be ungrateful to disappoint your expectations, mother. As I love you, I shall ever strive to honour you."

"But, Charles, what are your plans for the future? We must have some plans, my son."

"Yes. But have I not always said that I was coming home to be a farmer, when I got through college?"

"To be sure. But then there are other plans, you know. You must have some other plans,—haven't you?"

"About what?"

"Well, about,—why, about—getting a wife, for instance?"

"Why, really," said Charles, laughing, "I can't say that I have any very specific plans about that. I have, certainly, a sort of vague impression that 'marriage is honourable,' and that a wife is a 'good thing;' but that would hardly amount to a plan, would it?"

"O, you want to evade the subject."

"No; I am willing to converse seriously on that subject with you, my dear mother. And may I inquire, have you any plan in my behalf?"

"Well, I want you to do well."

"That is very natural, but not very definite."

"Well, then, I want you to marry rich."

"That may be difficult."

"Not at all. You are good-looking; you have an excellent education; you can go into the best society; and you can get a rich girl, if you try; I'm sure you can."

"Do you know one that you think I could get?"

"Yes. Miss Marks has been left with a handsome fortune in her own right; and, when her grandfather dies, she will inherit all his vast estates."

"How much is she worth now, mother?"

"Not less than twenty thousand."

"Are you much acquainted with the girl?"

"No. I have seen her a few times abroad. She visits at the Peterson's, who are a very aristocratic family."

"Does she go into our society much?"

"No."

"I have met her myself, mother, and think I know her. In the first place, I am obliged to say that she is not familiar with the better class of society. Her father was a craven money-lender. He made a fortune by oppressing the poor. The greed of gain consumed him, and he died young, of very avarice. His father had trained him up for such a life, and he infused his spirit into his daughter also. She is utterly incapable of any noble endeavours. Her mind is ever groveling. She has none of those accomplishments, none of that refinement and feminine delicacy of sentiment that is a passport to good society; she gloats over her wealth, and assumes airs that are offensive. That class of aristocrats to which she belongs, and with whom she moves, are known among men as *snobs*. They have an artificial and vicious standard of etiquette. I don't feel much like assuming any of the honours of such a connection, mother."

"But you will not forget that she is very rich."

"No. Nor can I forget that she possesses a narrow and vulgar mind. Her money can never buy for her those qualities that a woman must have to make her husband happy."

"I am afraid you are too sentimental."

"No. I look at this matter in a utilitarian light. What should I gain by such a marriage?"

"You would gain twenty thousand pounds and a wife."

"A wife? Ah! that word, in my mind, has always imported goodness, nobleness, amiability, devotion. Why, that is the holiest word in the language, aside from the name of Deity!"

"Would you rank it above the word 'mother'?"

"In some respects, no; in others, yes. To the husband, wife is the most hallowed name; to the son, mother. But we should remember that the woman may bear both these hallowed names. Miss Marks is not such a person as I could place in either relation. Why, I have seen her turn the poor from her door in scorn; and her name for charity is a byword. But I really think that I can do better than marry Miss Marks. To be honest, I think I can marry richer."

"Well, if you can, I will be satisfied."

"Will you, mother?"

"Certainly, and be glad of it too."

"Well, I can do it, and I will. In fact, I have had more thought on this subject than I have uttered."

"Where can you find a girl worth more than twenty thousand that you can win?"

"Well, mother, I may as well make my confession first as last. I have seen a young lady, whose wealth, if all I have heard be true, is many times greater than that of Miss Marks. I have been assured that she is highly connected, and I have learned that she is willing to bestow all her treasures, with her own hand, upon me. If I may but have your blessing upon my union with her, I hope to be the richest man in all this region. Now, will you allow me to follow my own inclination in this matter? I assure you, my mother shall never have occasion to blush at the choice her son has made."

"Yes, certainly. I'm glad you have not been so foolish as to neglect the good fortune thus offered you."

Little did Mrs. Bromwell understand the import of her son's words; little did she dream of the mortification and sorrow in store for her.

Literary Notices.

Christian Theology. A Selection of the most important Passages in the Writings of the Rev. John Wesley, arranged so as to form a complete Body of Divinity. With a Biographical Sketch, by the Rev. Thornley Smith. Post 8vo, 8s. 6d. London: T. Tegg. And sold by Philip Parker, 8, Exeter Hall.

THIS is an amplification of a work which appeared some time ago called "Wesleyana." To it is now prefixed a new biographical sketch of the life of Wesley by Thornley Smith. The subjects of the book are divided into nineteen chapters. These chapters are divided into a hundred and fifteen sections. The work has been compiled

with considerable judgment and care, and we have a pretty clear view of Wesley's Theological Creed. The young man who has this book and "Clarke's Theology" may well enough dispense with larger works of the kind, for he cannot be a deficient theologian if he has mastered their contents.

God's Arrow Against Atheism. In Six Chapters, by Mr. Henry Smith. 1s. London: T. Tegg. And sold by Philip Parker, 8, Exeter Hall.

THIS little book is an extract from the complete edition of Sermons of Mr. Henry Smith, who was commonly called "The Silver-tongued Preacher." Should there be one of our readers who has doubts of the being of a God, and of the truth of

revelation, let him at once invest a shilling in this book; and if he carefully reads it, we cannot see what ground he will have to doubt afterwards.

"In Memoriam." The late James Preston, of Leicester. Leicester: G. Hassell.

A BRIEF sketch of the life of a true man.

Old Jonathan, for October.

Our Special Column.

A CHILDREN'S HOME.

ON Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1871, what was called the "opening" of an unpretentious but excellent institution, the Children's Home, in Bonner's Road, in the East end of London, took place. In fact the "opening" was only a ceremonial intended to bring together the friends and supporters of the charity, in order that they might witness the culmination of the labours of more than two years in the not merely decent but comfortable establishment of a Home for practically and literally homeless children. About two years ago the Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, a Wesleyan minister, then having the Waterloo Road as the seat of his ministrations, conceived the idea, generated by sights and scenes daily familiar to him, of founding a Refuge for street children; and, meeting with some support, a small Home was set up in that neighbourhood, into which a few desolate and destitute children were received. Mr. Stephenson having been appointed minister of a chapel in Bonner's Road, it was necessary that the "Home," if it was to continue to receive his active superintendence, should follow him; and, a set of workshops in that locality tolerably extensive being just at the time vacant, they were hired, and by judicious management have been transformed into a most comfortable dwelling, clean, well-ventilated, and capable of carrying out the special principle of the "Home." This is identical with that of the in-

stitution founded by Dr. Wichern at the Raube Haus, near Hamburg, the peculiarity of which is that, instead of gathering a number of children into a huge building, half barrack, half workhouse, it divides them into "families," each family living in a separate house, maintaining its own intimate special relations and interests, and being connected with the other families by the common school, the common worship, and the common superintendence.

At the institution in Bonner's Road the thirty-eight boys now its inmates are divided into two families, each with its "father and mother"—that is, the superintendent and his wife. There are several bed rooms, a common day room, and dining room. For the whole institution there are provided a school room, chapel, infirmary, bath room; and the range of buildings, which form three sides of an irregular square, look down on a spacious area, which is the open-air playground, there being also a covered one. The girls' department is not yet quite finished, so that at present only six are in the institution. The premises are capable of accommodating a hundred children, and the spirit of its managers is so high that they will take in that number if they present themselves, or are presented by charitable persons. For it must be understood that children are received into the Home with the least possible formality. No election by subscribers is required; no certificates of baptism of the marriage of parents or proof of the death of one or both. As regards religion, it is wholly unsectarian; each case is dealt with on its own merits. The only question is, whether a child is in circumstances which make it probable that he will become a waif of society, has been convicted or is likely to become a criminal. Hence the Home becomes in some cases an Orphanage, and in others a Refuge for Children, who are quite as friendless and perhaps even more exposed to corrupting influences than if they were orphans. Each boy rises at six o'clock, and from half-past till eight he works at some employment. After breakfast he resumes work till

dinner. At two o'clock he goes into school till five; and the evening is occupied with drill, singing lessons, &c. In every possible way the boy is encouraged to feel at home. The doors are not locked, he is sent freely on errands, and every appearance of rigid inspection is avoided. The consequence is, that there have been only two runaways since the institution was established.

The result of the teaching and training, of which an outline is thus given, was observable on Wednesday when the friends of the institution gathered in considerable numbers to participate in its festal inauguration. There were to be seen all possible types of the street-boy toned down into decency of demeanour and neatness of dress; and any one who examined a series of photographs which represent the boys as they appeared when they came into the establishment, and looked at the same lads now, must have been struck forcibly with the contrast. Here and there might have been perceived some from whose countenances the hard, cunning, dare-devil expression peculiar to the street Arab had not departed; but even in those cases it was modified and softened, while in the majority of instances the aspect was one of health, cheerful good-humour, and content. A number of the lads, of all ages and sizes, have been formed into a drum-and-life band, which performs really very creditably; and their acquisition of the elements of drill is very fair indeed. It should be said that the ulterior objects of the institution are, setting up a printing establishment on the premises, to educate some of the boys so that they may become compositors, and to train others for emigration to Canada. Towards this latter end, Mr. Alderman Barlow, of Bolton, a warm supporter of the Home, has presented the institution with a farm on his estates in Lancashire, where some of the boys will receive the necessary bucolic training. The proceedings on Wednesday consisted in the inspection of the buildings by the visitors, an examination of and singing by the boys in the school-room, and a lecture by the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, in the play-

ground, on "Our Buildings." At half-past five there was a tea meeting at the Wesleyan chapel and schools, adjoining the Home, and a public meeting was held at a quarter to seven, over which Mr. Alderman Barlow presided, and which was addressed by the Rev. A. M'Aulay and other ministers, Sir F. Lycett, Mr. T. J. Barnardo, of the East London Juvenile Mission, and others. It may be added that, though this excellent and well-conducted institution is mainly supported by the contributions of Wesleyans, it is as catholic in its reception of pecuniary aid as it is in its objects and organisation.

Poetry.

COMPENSATION.

LESS different than the difference seems
The fortunes of our moral state,
And hard to tell with our blind eyes
The little from the great.

The landscape that another owns
My heart with quiet rapture fills;
Not his who cannot see, but mine,
The glory of the hills.

My house is no palatial pile.
I have no rich and broad domains;
I want the pride of ownership,
But then I want the pains.

Mine no grand room with groaning shelves
Of books the owner never reads,—
A small band of the immortal dead
Suffices for my needs.

And these, my old, my precious friends,
Are none of them dead friends to me,
Their glorious fellowship I share
Alike in gloom or glee.

To "business" I give proper heed,
But keep it subject to *myself*;
No wheel am I in a machine
For raking in mere pelf.

For with the sage of old I hold,
Whate'er this age of progress vaunts,
Bliss lies not much in great estates,
But more in modest wants,

We look above at wealth and state;
To look below should give us pause;
We envy—if the whole were known,
We might have little cause.

The mighty men of rank and power,
Who think without them nought could be,
Having lived out life's happy day,
Are no more missed than me.

And so this queer world circles round,
With all its struggles, hopes, and fears;
To each it will be "all the same"
In the next hundred years.

Not so ! In pleasure, wealth, or fame,
The palms of bliss are seldom won,
And lowliest lives are glorified
By duties bravely done !

HERBERT MARTYNE.

Choice Selections.

HOHENZOLLERN AND THE BIBLE.

THE Franco-German war, with its multiplied horrors and wholesale human butchery, has brought Hohenzollern into greater notoriety than it has been accustomed to command among the nationalities of Europe generally, and in our own country particularly, because of the candidature of its prince for the crown of Spain, under the sanction of the King of Prussia as head of the house of Hohenzollern. The crown was offered by Spain to the prince. The consent of the venerable head of the family — being constitutionally required — was given. The crown had long "gone a-begging" among the royal families of Europe without success. The jealousies and fears of sovereigns and cabinets had thwarted every attempt of Spain to obtain a royal head on which to place her crown. No sooner had the Prince of Hohenzollern consented to accept it, than all France started with alarm and jealousy. Prussia was denounced as intriguing to circumvent France, just because France was nonplussed in her own intrigues. The war-spirit was aroused, and, in hot haste, Napoleon III. hurled the thunderbolt of war at Prussia, hoping, no doubt, to accomplish his purpose of aggrandising France, at the expense of Prussia, by a bold and sudden demonstration. The wicked blow rebounded upon the aggressor, and the military power of France collapsed with astounding rapidity. What the issues of the war may be, God only knows. Meantime, we may be allowed to feel more than ordinary interest in the country whose prince was made the innocent cause of the great contest between the principal nations of two great European races, the Celtic and the Teutonic. We give what follows from the copious and rather wordy, but interesting Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for 1870.

"In the heart of Suabia, enclosed on all sides by the territories of the sovereigns of Württemberg and Baden, lies the little principality of Hohenzollern. It extends from the slopes of the Black Forest across the Neckar, the Danube, and the Stockach, nearly as far as the shores of the Lake of Constance. It is a tiny State, covering not more than twenty-one geographical square miles, and embracing a population of 64,000 souls. At the beginning of the century, Spain was not more popish than Hohenzollern. The 'unity of the faith' was perfect.

"In Hohenzollern there is a little village called Bietinghausen. The priest of the village occupied himself, it seems, with the study of prophecy. One Sunday, when the first Napoleon was at the height of his power, he (*the priest*) preached from this text: 'And the king shall do according to his will; and he shall exalt himself, and magnify himself above every god, and shall speak marvellous things against the God of gods, and shall prosper till the indignation be accomplished; for that which is determined shall be done.' This king, said the priest, is Napoleon, and God's decree concerning him has gone forth.

"Xavier Ruhn, the village schoolmaster, was in church, and was wonderfully impressed by the text. But he had no Bible. He determined, if possible, to get one, and, after waiting and searching for a long time, he induced an acquaintance, in whose house he found one, to sell him his: It cost him eleven florins (18s. 4d.), a large sum at that time, and for a man of his position; but the book had, in his estimation, a higher value, and became for him, and many others, 'a pearl of great price.'

"The spirit in which Ruhn, and those who joined him, entered on the study of the Scriptures, may be judged from the following pencil jottings found on the cover and fly-leaf of the volume. One of them writes, 'This is the Holy Bible of the Old and New Testament; but, mark well, the Catholic, i.e., the unadulterated Bible.' And again, 'Grace and Peace, Spirit and Life, are to be found in this Bible.' And again, 'The letters are, it is true, dead things; nevertheless,

when interpreted according to the right interpretation handed down from century to century, they can be filled with life and Spirit.'

"The passages printed in large type, with their asterisks, led his mind to perfectly different conclusions from those taught in the appended catechism, and embodied in the formularies of his church. He found nothing about the confessional, and he accordingly no longer frequented it. Rites and ceremonies which had no biblical authority he quietly abstained from. Ideas even of concessions, which, as a member of Christ's church, he had a right to demand from his parish priest, began to spring up in his mind. Meanwhile he did not 'put his light under a bushel, but on a candlestick.' The neighbours began to feel that a new and divine thing had appeared among them. They gathered round Ruhn, and he read the Scriptures to them. Then they bought for themselves other copies and other versions: last of all, Luther's followed. The existence of a body of awakened Catholics became a feature in the religious life of the little principality; but they showed no signs of a wish to leave the outward communion of their church. All they sought was freedom to live out the truth, which, without human teachers, they had found in the Word of God.

"But this freedom was to be contested. The priests opposed and persecuted. The leaders were imprisoned. They appealed, and at last their case was brought before the highest court in their little state. During the last session of the court, the prince himself listened to the proceedings from an adjoining room. It became clear to him that the accused were honest men, good citizens, and loyal subjects. It became equally clear that they were not men to tamper with their convictions, or abjure their faith; so, like a wise prince, he quashed the proceedings, and set them free. From that day they remained unmolested.

"The church changed its tactics. It ignored their non-appearance in the confessional, their abstinence from prescribed rites and ceremonies,

fasts, and festivals: yea, it went so far as, after a fashion, to administer to them the communion in both forms, giving them the so-called 'rinsing-cup.' Thus there lived and grew in strength a little Protestant flock in the very bosom of the Romish communion.

"But times changed. The tolerant priests were followed by intolerant successors. The 'cup' was again refused. And in all this they saw the finger of God bidding them come out and be wholly separate. Thirty-nine adults—the youngest more than twenty, several more than seventy years of age—announced their intention of leaving the communion of the church of Rome, and joining the churches of the Reformation. All but four remained firm, and on February 2, 1858, the rest were received into the full fellowship of the Protestant Church. On September 2, 1860, they were followed by eleven more. All these, more or less directly, owe their conversion and present position to the reading of the small 8vo. Catholic Bible, published in 1781 by the priests of the Teutonic knights, as a weapon with which Protestantism was to be successfully combated, and the members of the Romish Church more firmly established in Roman doctrine."

RELIGION AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

THE pleasures of piety are indeed a reality; the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness; but the joys of religion lessen not its difficulties; they only animate us to surmount them: and no such habits are or can be formed as shall render our nature prone to hard and self-denying services; so that we shall daily have to practise the same lessons of self-denial, of vigilance, of resistance to evil. We must be always toiling up the steep in vigorous effort, until we reach the place of safety, when only we can be said to enter into "*life*." Hence it is that *the way* itself, evidently meaning the whole way, is said to be *narrow*. Difficulties and dangers will beset us through our whole course, requiring constant effort on our part to resist the temp-

tation to strike out into bypaths, or to climb the mounds on either side, in order to gain a broader and easier path. The followers of Pythagoras justly said, that there are various ways of sinning, and that evil is indefinite; but that good consists in one precise and determined point; so that the one must be easy, and the other difficult; just as it is easier to miss a mark than to hit it. (Matt. vii. 13, 14.)—*Rev. Richard Watson.*

Phenomena of the Months.

NOVEMBER.

THE SUN rises on the 1st at four minutes before seven, and sets at twenty-eight minutes before five; on the 15th it rises at twenty minutes after seven, and sets at ten minutes after four; and on the 30th it rises at sixteen minutes before eight, and sets at seven minutes before four. We thus lose forty-nine minutes' daylight in the morning, and forty in the evening. Temperature on the average decreases between four and five degrees during the month. The average rainfall is somewhat less in November than it is in October, though occasionally, as in 1869, it is greater.

The moon is new on the 12th, at

nine minutes after five in the afternoon, and full on the 27th, at fifty-three minutes after one in the morning. On the first Sunday it rises at sixteen minutes before eleven at night; on the second Sunday it sets a few minutes after the sun: on the third Sunday it rises before two in the afternoon, and sets after eleven at night; and on the fourth Sunday it rises about four in the afternoon, and shines all night.

The moon is near to Jupiter and Uranus on the 4th, to Venus on the 9th, to Mercury on the 13th, and to both Mars and Saturn on the 13th.

Mercury is an evening star most of the month, but sets very soon after the sun.

Venus is a morning star, shining brilliantly between three o'clock and sunrise.

Mars sets between two and three hours after the sun, and is in conjunction with Saturn on the 16th.

Jupiter is becoming again a prominent object, rising before half-past nine in the evening on the 1st, and about half-past seven at the end of the month.

Saturn and Mars pass each other during the month, both setting from two to three hours after the sun, and being in conjunction on the 16th.

Mutual-Aid Association Reporter.

PUBLIC MEETING AND TEA AT SKIPTON.

On Monday, October 9th, a public tea was provided in the Wesleyan Schoolroom, at half past five o'clock, when near two hundred sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, which commenced at seven o'clock. On the platform were N. A. Aldersley, Esq., President of the Association, Keighley; W. Bowron, Esq., London; Mr. Wm. Garrett, Halifax; and P. Clapham, Wilsden, who attended as a deputation; also Bros. W. Mattock, B. Bailey, R. Swire, J. Proctor, W. Crump, G. Dale, H. Robinson, R. Smith, G. H. Mason, J. Corradice, Revs. J. Walters, and E. F. Hardwick.

The meeting was opened with singing and prayer. The chair was occupied by the superintendent of the circuit,

The Rev. J. WALTERS, who said that the object of the meeting was to promote the interests of the "Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association," a society which had been in existence for many years, and of whose operations they would be informed more fully that night. He trusted that the sympathies of the congregation would be enlisted on behalf of his brethren, the local preachers, who in connection with Methodism were doing a great work. They had the honour of having a king amongst them—King

George, who besides being a noble king, was also a capital local preacher; and throughout the land there had been men of rank and note raised up—such as the late Samuel Drew, the great metaphysician, and others still living—who were doing Christ's work by serving him as local preachers; indeed, they had become a most important and useful class of persons, for without their labours the Methodist organisation could not be sustained. It would be a great thing if he could persuade his hearers to pray for the local preachers. The mother of a godly minister with whom he had been associated for three years, was in the habit of taking the circuit plan every Sunday morning, and praying for God's blessing to rest upon each preacher appointed; and he wished that his hearers would copy that example, and pray that God would grant His Spirit in such supplies that their preaching might be attended with greater power, so that greater good might be done. He wished them also to feel kindly and well-disposed towards the Association whose interests they were met to promote; they would hear of honorary members who did not expect to receive any benefit, but there were also many who were poor, and a poor local preacher was, in many respects, very much to be pitied, for poverty implied hard struggling, contending with difficulties, and was often associated with sickness and suffering, such as prosperous persons knew nothing of, and he was sure that every one whose heart was true to Christ, or true to his fellow-men, would wish to help all who needed help amongst the brethren who occupied the honourable position of being recognised in the Methodist Connexion, as preachers of Christ's holy gospel. (Applause.)

The report was then read by the Local Secretary, Mr. E. TEAL, from which we extract the following particulars:

Upwards of three years ago an attempt was made to form a branch in this town (Skipton) but without success; by some of the brethren it was looked upon with disapproval, and for several months no further

attempt was made, save the circulation of our rules, the yearly report, &c., which silently and surely worked their way: by and by a brighter day dawned, and at Christmas, 1869, a branch was formed consisting of twelve members, one of whom has since withdrawn. Three brethren have joined us by the kindness of friends who supplied the necessary means. The number of members at present is 18, including two honorary members. The Local Preachers' Magazine is read with interest and profit by twelve of the brethren. Our prospects at present are cheering, for which we desire to thank God and take courage.

Mr. N. A. Aldersley, President of the Association, was the first speaker called upon. He remarked that the Association did not consist of a company of mere adventurers, about whom nothing could be definitely ascertained, for it was known throughout the country, more or less, and where it was not known its claims only needed to be set forth; for where it was understood it would be sure to be appreciated. He was glad to say that at the present time there was a capital move in favour of the Association, and that it was likely to become very popular; it had been the means of promoting a good feeling between the travelling and local preachers, and had already accomplished much good in the country. He liked that feature about the Association which showed that it was not one-sided, for its members comprised three branches of the Methodist family. He especially urged upon the young local preachers the advisability of joining the Association for the sake of the elder brethren, and for their own sake also. It was a good thing to provide for the future, and the Association enabled young men to prepare for the time of sickness; but the grandest feature was in respect to the old men, that they could render help to those who had toiled hard for many long years, but who were in sore want in their old age. He pleaded for the old men—"the *Old Hundred*"—and trusted that the liberality of the friends would enable them to make it into the "old

two or three hundred," or as many hundreds as there were throughout the length and breadth of the land who needed assistance. He thought that whilst one of the darkest stains upon the savage life was neglect of the aged, one of the brightest evidences of Christianity was the care that was taken of the aged. He knew that there were many of their old men—their best men—whose one idea had been to save souls, but who had never had the opportunity of saving money, who had to battle with poverty, but who, nevertheless, Sabbath after Sabbath went about preaching the gospel, and he asked his hearers to help these old men by helping the Association. (Applause.)

The Rev. E. F. HARDWICK said that his connection with the local preachers had always been a happy one. He owed more than he could tell to being taken by the hand by godly local preachers—men of the right stamp, who loved to pray, and loved to preach, indoors and outdoors, and by whom he had been imbued with the same spirit. He thought it was the plain duty of the Methodist people to sustain the Association in order that those brethren who had preached thirty or forty years might be assisted in their old age. He felt deeply when he heard of local preachers having nothing but the parish to lean upon after preaching so long, and he was sure it was no credit to them as a denomination; but if the Methodist people felt rightly towards the Association, and helped it by their efforts and contributions, he was confident all that would soon be put right. He then urged the necessity of the people praying for the preachers and the preachers praying for each other, and if they then gave the local preachers their help, their prayers, and their encouragement, if they thus pulled together, and pulled right heartily, they would soon cease to hear of decreases. The old times would return again, and the cry of the penitent would oftener be heard in their midst. (Applause.)

Mr. WM. GARRETT, of Halifax, next addressed the meeting. His speech was characterised by considerable

vivacity and humour, and elicited frequent applause. He related several very interesting and amusing incidents connected with his early efforts as a local preacher. The first difficulty he had to encounter was the rather awkward dilemma of possessing no coat to preach in; this was, however, eventually overcome by the gift of an old livery coat, which not being of the orthodox colour he had dyed black, and in which he made his debut as a local preacher. In answer to the questions, What are Local Preachers? Where do they come from? and What are they doing? he showed that they were men whom God had raised up, irrespective of their position in society, to preach the gospel. Some were found at the cobbler's stall, some at the plough-tail, and others deep down in the bowels of the earth; they were men of various grades and shades, and trades, whose hearts God had touched, who were inspired by the Holy Spirit, and who, consequently, felt that they dare not say, "We won't preach." He then showed the great disproportion between the number of travelling and local preachers, and asked, What could be done without these "Gap-stoppers," who stood nobly beside their ministers, and who were ready at all times and seasons when their labours were required? He next adverted to the laboriousness of the local preacher's work; it was indeed hard work; they had to work seven days a week, and he thought that after thus labouring for a long series of years, when their circumstances required it, they ought to be supported by the people for whose good they had toiled so earnestly. It was no easy matter for a man to work hard six days for the "bread that perisheth," and then on the Sabbath day to ascend the pulpit, to break unto the people "the bread of life." And though occasionally they might make some grammatical blunders, and other blunders too, they had broken up the fallow-ground; and, whilst they had already accomplished a great work, the field that still lay before them was very extensive, for it was a mistake to suppose that the travelling preachers

alone could convert the world. But he rejoiced to believe that travelling and local preachers combined might do a great deal towards flooding the world with the gospel of Christ. (Applause.)

W. BOWRON, Esq, of London, then advocated the claims of the Association in a very able and animated speech. He gave some interesting details of his first days' labours as a local preacher, stating that he started at 6 a.m., walked fourteen miles, preached morning and afternoon, and then walked a little further to preach at a much larger place at night, when he was much disconcerted to find a large proportion of his former congregation had preceded him. He had heard a great deal about strikes in various parts of the country, and he wondered what superintendents would do if the local preachers went on strike, if they were to demand higher wages; but as they did not intend doing so, he was sure that no one would endure the idea of a local preacher who had travelled thousands of miles and preached as many sermons, having to end his days in a workhouse. This feeling was experienced by a few local preachers in Bristol, who met together to establish some sort of society, so that their old men might be saved from going to the union, and from that circumstance the Association owed its origin. He (the speaker) was one who signed the circular calling the first meeting of the local preachers in connection with the society. Since then the dews of heaven had distilled and hung upon the locks of that blessed society; and by what has been done during the last twenty years, it might be seen that it is a branch from the glorious stem of the everlasting gospel. It is kindred to the noblest and best institutions of the land; it bears every trait of our holy and divine Redeemer, whose life was spent in wandering about, trying to do good to the souls and bodies of men. And for twenty years this society has been going from town to town, hunting out the poor, the sick, the blind, the lame, the starving local preacher; and where it found tears gushing from the eyes, and the heart bleeding with many

sorrows, it wiped away the tears, and poured into those bleeding wounds the precious balm. The legitimate object of the Society is this,—When a poor man can labour no longer, when he has no resources left to fall back upon, then we appeal to the Methodist Churches to give us a trifle to enable us to soothe the sorrows of our old local preachers, as they pass on to the grave and on to the skies. This is our object, we have no other, and from the day of its origin we have contemplated nothing else. He (the speaker) was once asked the question, "What do you mean by a local preacher?" He answered the inquiry thus, saying, "When I was a lad, with very little in my pockets, I started off for London, having heard that its streets were paved with gold, and when I got somewhere about York, being desirous to know the way, I was thankful to see a guide-post pointing with steady arm and straight finger 'to London;' and so I say a local preacher is a guide post; he is always standing secure: he points with an arm that never falters, and with a finger that never tires, and says to his compeers and companions, 'This is the way; walk ye in it.'" He then adverted to the complaints sometimes alleged against local preachers, and said that if the grand old tree of Methodism that grew local preachers were let alone for ten years, and not as one stem shoots above another, denuded of the best who were transplanted to another soil, they would then find that all the grandest preachers would belong to them. He then referred to the local preachers in London, and expressed a hope that none of his brethren would be found going about like frozen-out gardeners in winter, crying out, "We've got no work to do!" but would go to the corners of the streets, where any time they might soon gather an audience of five hundred people. The speaker then drew a comparison between those countries that had local preachers and those that were destitute of them. He said that whilst statesmen and politicians were all asking, What can be done for distracted France? and were compelled to acknowledge that they

could not solve the problem, that they could not see any way out of the terrible difficulties which surrounded the question,—whilst statesmen were thus puzzled, he said, let there be a local preacher in every village in France, and let him work as he does in England, and he would venture to say that there was as grand stuff to be manufactured in France as the world ever knew; for he felt convinced that until France got the gospel she would never be anything better than what she is at present. If England only knew how much she owed to the local preachers he would have no need to appeal to them for a penny. If Victoria only knew how firmly her rule was upheld by the local preachers, she would acknowledge them as the bravest fellows who surround that throne whose only stability and pillar is that righteousness which they are engaged in disseminating. He then concluded by earnestly appealing to the liberality of the congregation on behalf of those hoary-headed old pilgrims who were anxiously waiting and watching, ready to take down their tabernacles, and get away to a milder clime. (Applause.)

The collection was then made, which amounted to upwards of £23, including tea, donations, &c.

MR. P. CLAPHAM, of Wilsden, in the course of a short but eloquent address, said that since he had the honour of being put upon the General Committee he had been considering the Association, and had been surprised with one circumstance. There were about 16,000 local preachers in the Wesleyan Connexion, and these, with the other branches, made a total of about 30,000, and yet there were only between 2 and 3,000 members of the Local Preachers' Association. He thought that the brotherhood of the entire body ought to be taken into consideration. As brethren they were bound to help each other, for that religion which they preached, and that love which was put into their hearts ought to make them of one mind and of one soul. He was persuaded that the Methodist Society in its various branches, with its ministers, its grand array of local

preachers, its band of leaders, constituted the system which was to evangelise the world, and which was to spread those Protestant principles which were the life, light, and power of every nation that would imbibe them. If they looked at the various nations of the world they would find that exactly in proportion as the Bible and the Protestant principles of the country permeated the societies of other nations, just in that proportion did civil and religious liberty abound. If they looked at the commercial statistics of this country they would find that just in proportion as our missionaries went forth and implanted those principles in distant lands, just in that proportion did the trade and commerce of our country find its way to those lands. The speaker then graphically described the saving of John Wesley from the fire at his father's rectory, and then referred to the progress that Methodism had already made; for, notwithstanding the persecution which assailed it in its infancy, it had grown in size, and grown in power, and grown in influence, until they could hardly find a town or hamlet in the kingdom in which there was not a temple erected for the worship of God by one of the branches of Methodism; and according to recent calculation, it was ascertained that there were upwards of twenty millions of men, women, and children sitting under their ministry. And seeing so much had been accomplished during a period of one hundred years, he thought that if the various branches would break down their various prejudices, soon throughout the country would the grand song be heard, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace good-will to men." (Applause.)

MR. JACOB CORRADICE, of Chatburn, next addressed the meeting, and referred to his early labours as a local preacher in the Skipton Circuit. He had been looking over the Circuit plan, and he found that there were no less than fifteen places to be supplied, and twenty-two sermons preached nearly every Sabbath in the year; and when the stated ministers had done their utmost, there would

still be sixteen sermons to be preached by some one else; and seeing that the local preachers were ready to go where the ministers could not go, and Sabbath after Sabbath to labour where the minister could not find time to labour, he asked his hearers to sympathise with them in their work, and to pray that the God of all grace might pour down upon them his blessing.

A vote of thanks to the ladies and other friends who had provided the tea, was moved by Mr. H. Robinson, and seconded by Mr. R. Smith; and Mr. W. Mattock proposed, and Mr. B. Bailey seconded, a vote of thanks to the Chairman, who pronounced the benediction, and the proceedings terminated.

MANCHESTER BRANCH.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LOCAL
PREACHERS' MAGAZINE.

DEAR BRETHREN,—Our branch quarterly meeting was held on Friday evening last, the 6th, in the preachers' vestry, Oldham Street chapel; when, in addition to ten members of the branch, we were honoured with the company of our president, Bro. Aldersley, with Bros. Firth, from the Oldham, and Geo. Thompson and Taylor from the Ashton branches. The Rev. F. Kellett, the son of a veteran local preacher, took tea with us, expressing his deepest sympathy with the Association, and promising to afford us any aid within his power. The subscriptions—benefit and honorary—being paid in, the meeting was evidently in good humour for extra work. We were gratified to hear from Bro. Firth that their branch anniversary public meeting would be held on the 14th inst.; and that, besides many of the travelling preachers and others in Oldham, the Rev. Jno. Farrar had engaged to attend and render help. In answer to the question, "What can we do to extend the interests of the Association?" Bro. Firth undertook to exert himself for the arranging of meetings and forming branches at Rochdale and Bury. The Ashton brethren would try to mend matters at Glossop, and prepare one or more public meetings in their own

circuit. And in connection with the Manchester branch it was resolved to hold at least three public meetings during the winter, each brother engaging to use his best efforts to make the whole a success. The president, who kindly occupied the chair, as kindly promised to attend any of our meetings when practicable. The statements with which he favoured the meeting as to the work marked out for him in promoting the interests of the Association, were very stimulating to us, and prove his intense attachment to our cause. An address which Bro. Twemlow had prepared for delivery at the meeting—in compliance with the request of a previous meeting—was postponed until our next quarterly gathering. The brotherly love, the oneness of spirit and aim, besides the grace vouchsafed during singing and prayer, have placed the hour amongst the happiest of our lives.—Yours, in Christ's service,

A. ANDREW.

Manchester, Oct. 10th, 1871.

P.S.—I may add that we have two new members in the branch this quarter.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

THE monthly meeting was held at D. Plant's, Esq., 136, Wandsworth Road, Vauxhall, on Monday, October 8th, 1871.

Present: Brothers Plant (chair), Carter, Chamberlain, Williamson, Parker, Durley, Coman, Wade, and Sims.

Prayer was offered by Brother Wade.

The minutes were read and confirmed.

The Honorary Secretary reported that he had received and paid to the Treasurer a cheque for £135, being the legacy of the late Mrs. Cole, less duty.

The revised list of honorary members and subscribers of 20s. annually was presented, containing upwards of four hundred names.

On the chairman's suggestion, the subject of an effort in the South of London was deferred till next meeting.

The monthly abstract was read, which showed:—Receipts from

branches, £699 19s. 1d.; payments to branches, £628 11s. 11d.; balance on that account, £71 7s. 2d. Other receipts by Treasurer—dividends, £74 11s. 9d.; Mrs. Cole's legacy, £135; total £209 11s. 9d.; payments for general expenses, £83 3s. 1d.; balance on that account £126 8s. 8d.

These balances, added to the balance in hand at last audit, £127 6s. 7d., made the total balances in hand £325 2s. 5d.

New members in the month, 3; deaths, 5 members and 1 wife; annuitants, 109; sick, 61.

An order was drawn on the Treasurer for the payment of Secretary's salary, postages, &c., £29 10s. 7d.

The Honorary Secretary reported that he had sent into Somerset House a claim for repayment of income tax, which had been deducted from the dividends, amounting to £3 2s 11d.

The following matters were then considered and settled.

St. Just.—Letter read from Brother Jameson, enclosing another from this place, in which was a list of three new honorary members, and twenty benefit members, which were received on the terms proposed unanimously.

Beckingham.—The entrance of a brother, aged 56, was fixed at two guineas.

Skipton.—The entrance fee of a brother, aged 59, was fixed at £3 10s.; and that of another brother, aged 67, at £8.

Northampton.—Another brother's fee was fixed at two guineas, he being 56 years old.

Magazine Affairs.—A long conversation occurred hereon, and amongst other matters the secretary was requested to remind the ex-president that his sermon at Keighley had not yet appeared in the magazine.

It was also resolved to advertise in the *Methodist Recorder* for six months.

In consequence of illness at Blackheath, the next meeting was directed to be held at Brother Williamson's 124, Lower Thames Street, E.C., on Wednesday, 8th Nov., at half-past five p.m.

Brother Carter closed the meeting with prayer.

DEATHS.

July 21, 1871. Mrs. Worthington, of Wellington (Salop) Branch, aged 42. Claim, £3. In the faith of the Lord Jesus.

Sept. 15, 1871. George Thompson, Kingswood, aged 79. Claim, £6. Trusting in the merits of his Redeemer.

Sept. 18, 1871. Thomas Ryder, Wellington (Salop) Branch, aged 36. Claim, £6. Rejoicing in the God of his salvation.

Sept. 25, 1871. William Richards, Barnstaple Branch, aged 62. Claim, £6. Had been a member from its commencement in 1850. For many years suffered from asthma, together with various infirmities and weaknesses, and lately suffering intense agony; at last peacefully and quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

Sept. 27, 1871. Richard Fleet Even-den, Rochester Branch, aged 66. Claim, £6. His end was peace.

Oct. 1, 1871. Mrs. Maria Doxey, of Ashbourne, aged 55. Claim, £3. Who, after a long and painful illness, borne with much Christian patience and fortitude, was called by her much-loved Saviour from the toils of this life to the crown and kingdom prepared for her. Her sole trust and confidence were in the merits of her Redeemer, and her nearly last audible words were, "My precious Jesus! my precious Jesus!"

"Oh! may I triumph so
When all my warfare's past,
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last."

CASH RECEIVED BY THE GENERAL TREASURER TO OCT. 16TH, 1871.

	Free Subscriptions.	Benefit Members.
Malton—Mr. W. Snow, hm. £1 1s; Mr. J. Waite, hm. £1 1s; Mr. R. Bielby, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Sellers, per Bro. Milner, 10s	3 13 0	1 10 0
Redruth—Balance of Public Meeting ...	1 0 0	
Chesterfield—John H. Drabble, Esq. (Hollins House) hm. £1 1s; John Kent, Esq. hm. £1 1s	2 2 0	6 6 0
Wednesbury ...		0 9 0
Cross Hills—Balance of Collection at Wesleyan Chapel, Cross Hills, on Sept. 25th ...	0 12 8	11 16 6

	Fees Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>Thetford</i> —C. Fison, Esq. 10s; C. H. Fison, Esq. 10s; Mrs. J. Cock, 2s; Miss S. Cock, 1s; Bro. Turner, 2s ...	1 5 0	1 10 0
<i>Bristol</i> —J. W. H., Esq., per Bro. Maynard, for the Poor Old Hundred. £1 ...	1 0 0	
<i>Sheffield</i> —Mr. Richardson, hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Richardson, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Dinning, 5s; Collected at Fir Mount Chapel, H. M. F. C. £2 1s 8d ...	4 8 8	9 10 0
<i>Pontypool</i> —Mr. W. Walters, hm. five qrs. ...	1 6 8	1 1 0
<i>Croydon</i> —Mr. Leighton, hc. Sutton, 10s ...	0 10 0	0 3 0
<i>Skipton</i> ...		3 9 0
<i>Brighton</i> ...		0 12 0
<i>Shepton Mallet</i> ...		0 15 0
<i>Framlingham</i> ...		0 12 0
<i>Thame</i> ...		0 15 0
<i>Guernsey</i> —Mrs. T. Bichard, don. ...	0 2 6	0 12 0
<i>Newport (Mon.)</i> —Mr. W. Edwards, hm. qrlly. ...	0 5 3	1 4 0
<i>Holt</i> —Mrs. Farthing, qrlly. 3s; Mr. Edw. Taylor, do. 2s 6d; Mr. Thos. Leeder, do. 2s 6d ...	0 8 0	1 13 0
<i>Diss</i> ...		0 18 0
<i>Holwell</i> ...		0 3 0
<i>Evesham</i> ...		1 16 0
<i>Lynn</i> ...		1 7 0
<i>Ashburne</i> ...		1 13 0
<i>Southwark</i> —Mrs. Lee, hm. £1 1s; Messrs. Cowan & Sons, do. £1 1s. per Bro. Parker ...	2 2 0	
<i>Kington</i> —Penny Preaching, per Bro. Cooper ...	0 5 0	0 9 0
<i>Oundle</i> ...		1 4 0
<i>Congleton</i> ...		1 16 0
<i>Pateley Bridge</i> —Bro. Eskholme, don. ...	0 2 6	0 18 0
<i>Launceston</i> —John Dingley, Esq. qrlly, 7s 6d; Edw. Pethy-bridge, do. 7s 6d ...	0 15 0	1 1 0
<i>Burnley</i> ...		0 15 0
<i>Sleaford</i> ...		1 13 0
<i>Kington</i> —W. Gardner, Esq. hm. qrlly. ...	0 5 6	0 6 0
<i>Hayle</i> ...		0 6 0
<i>Northampton 2nd</i> ...		1 11 0
<i>Liverpool</i> ...		1 7 0
<i>Leigh (Lanc.)</i> ...		0 18 0
<i>Tamstock</i> ...		1 10 0
<i>Wakefield</i> —Bro. A. Grace, hm. qrlly. 5s 3d; Bro. Nield, qrlly. 5s; Mr. Joshua Swallow, hm. Ossett, £1 ...	1 10 3	1 13 0
<i>Woolwich</i> ...		0 9 0
<i>Dursley</i> ...		1 1 0
<i>Peterborough</i> ...		0 12 0
<i>St. Columb</i> ...		1 10 0
<i>Camston</i> ...		1 15 6
<i>Huddersfield 2nd.</i> ...		3 8 6
<i>Manchester</i> —Mr. Joshua Norbury, hm. £1 1s; Bro. Nicholson, two qrs. £1; Bro. G. C. Poyser, 12s; Mr. W. Boullen, hc. 10s; Mr. W. Sutcliffe, hc. 10s 6d; Mr. Henry Clarke, don. 5s ...	3 18 6	2 19 6
<i>Hinde Street</i> —Per Bro. Sims: K., 2s 6d; Miss Palmer, 5s; Mrs. Houghton, 5s; Mr. Sketchley, 10s 6d; T. Squire, Esq. 10s 6d ...	1 13 6	
<i>Towcester</i> ...		1 19 0
<i>Leeds</i> —Mr. G. Atkinson, hm. £1 1s; Mr. W. Edwards, hm. £1 ...	2 1 0	1 13 0
<i>Widnes</i> ...		1 12 6
<i>Holmfirth</i> ...		0 18 0
<i>Exeter</i> —Mrs. Hawkins, hm. £1 1; Mr. John Holman, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Moor, 5s ...	2 7 0	0 15 0
<i>Wellington (Salop)</i> ...		4 0 0
	4 31 13 7	35 14 6

Original Essays.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT: WILL IT BE ETERNAL?—No. VII.

EXAMINATION OF PARTICULAR TEXTS.

"THEIR worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." (Mark ix. 44.) This is one of the texts which the rev. author of the pamphlet under notice thinks to have been misunderstood by St. Augustine, Bishop Butler, and others. His understanding of it is exactly the opposite of theirs. He says, "This solemn declaration of Christ is not an original saying of His, but is quoted word for word from Isaiah lxvi. 24." The assertion is not quite correct, being another instance of the looseness with which he makes assertions. Isaiah used the future tense, speaking predictively; our Lord uses the *present* tense, speaking declaratively. In other respects the two utterances are alike.

We have already had the text of Isaiah under consideration. It is needless to say more about it. We cannot, however, allow to pass unchallenged the assertion that "Isaiah frequently uses the image of the 'worm,' but it is always in connection with *death*." We find the word used in four verses of his book. They are chapters xiv. 11; xli. 14; li. 8; and the verse just quoted. In the first of these the description is literal, not figurative: in the second, the reference is not to death, but to the feebleness of God's servants, in themselves: in the third, also, it is literal: there remains but the *fourth*. So much for the *frequency* of the prophet's employment of the language, as an "image" of something, and "always in connection with death." Our most charitable conclusion from this gentleman's dealings with the Holy Scriptures is, that his acquaintance with them is exceedingly superficial, and that he must suppose his readers will be persons who have as little acquaintance with them as himself. This manner of treating the word of the Blessed God, whether attributable to insufficient knowledge, to carelessness of habit, or to sheer impudence, is adapted to extinguish his own reputation as a controversial writer, as completely as he supposes the future extinction of the ungodly will be.

Return we now to our Lord's awful declaration. "*Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*" The "worm" and the "fire" are, unquestionably, figures of speech. A *literal* worm and fire are not meant. Worms do not live in fire; and material worms and fire do not prey upon *souls*. What our Lord means by these figures, then, must be something tormenting—something inflicting pain, as fire and worms torment living bodies, and prey upon both the living and the dead. There is this difference, however: the literal worm dies, and the literal fire exhausts itself, or is extinguished. Not so the fire and worm by which the ungodly are punished in the world of spirits. There the worm dies not—is immortal as man himself; and the fire is inextinguishable. All here is mor-

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tal—all that is visible and tangible; all there is *immortal*. The images used to represent the punishment of the ungodly hereafter are terrific and dreadful; but the language used by our Lord adds infinitely to their meaning. And why should he have declared that the worm doth *not die*, and the fire is *not quenched*, if not intending thereby to teach their perpetuity? He might have taken up Isaiah's figures—His own, indeed, inasmuch as the Spirit of Christ inspired the prophet to use them—without retaining the intensifying words that express unending continuance. The prophet predicted visitations of Divine wrath upon earth; our Lord declared the punishment that is endured in eternity. Isaiah's images, therefore, describe what is self-exhausting, and what is perishable; but Christ uses them in connection with the inexhaustible and imperishable. Had he spoken simply of the worm and fire, men might reasonably have inferred the termination of both: but in speaking of a worm that dieth not, and a fire that is not quenched, he has reared a barrier against any such inference. Either we must reject his teaching altogether, or we must accept the whole of it, and the terms and figures in which he conveys it.

Suppose it granted that what the worm and fire "prey upon are *not the living but the dead*," the sense in which human beings in the eternal world are dead, is not that which implies unconsciousness and insensibility, as in the case of a corpse upon earth. Were it so, what terror would the fire and worm inspire? What would it matter to the ungodly to know that their doom in hell were merely to be divested of consciousness and sensibility, and then to be the prey of the worm and fire? Not so. "The terror of the Lord" is to be inspired into the souls of sinners by the consideration of eternal woe. The unconverted upon earth are "*dead in trespasses and sins*"—dead to holiness and happiness and holy activity. How much more are they so in eternity! The anguish of a lost soul must be worm and fire enough, one would think; but if its worm and fire must be something extraneous to itself,—if we must so think in order to sustain the analogy more completely between the figures and the matters represented by them, then that sense of wrath which God inflicts upon the godless may be deemed sufficient to complete the picture. Think as we may about it, no good can result from teaching the doctrine of the sinner's annihilation. The dominion of sin over men will not be greatly shaken by the dread of a hell that is to have such an issue.

We deem it but a waste of time, after what has been already said, to offer any remarks upon what our polemic says about Isaiah xxxiii. 14; Rev. xiv. 10, 11; xx. 10; and other texts. He does little more than repeat himself, admitting, however, whilst contending for the extinction of being in the case of the wicked, "that Origen's theory of a restoration at some future period from hell is a false and delusive dream;" and "that the future punishment of all consigned to hell will be of an eternal nature, and that its fearful effect—the plunging of its subjects into death and destruction—will ever remain visible to the redeemed and angelic worlds."

Now, all this refers to something in the future state. In reply to the laboured attempt to wrest a meaning out of the sixth verse of the Epistle of Jude, which learned commentators have not hitherto discovered in it, we ask, What became of the souls of the *people* of Sodom and Gomorrha, when their bodies and the cities they inhabited were destroyed? It is not the fate of brick and stone walls with which we have to do in considering the question of eternal punishment, but the fate of persons, and especially human beings. Did the *souls* of those people become extinct when their bodies were destroyed with fire and brimstone, falling from heaven upon them? If not, are they yet "suffering the vengeance of eternal fire," or are they free from suffering? "The rich man" of whom our Lord speaks in Luke, no sooner died, as to the body, than "in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." If the guilty inhabitants of the overthrown cities are in the same place, what is there in the language of Jude to prove that their suffering will not continue for ever? And yet this bold writer declares that it establishes his theory, and that it is his guide to the interpretation of kindred passages in the Book of Revelation!

We will place the two verses, 6 and 7, of Jude's epistle before the reader. "And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day. Even as Sodom and Gomorrha, and the cities about them, in like manner giving themselves over to fornication, and going after strange flesh, are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." Language cannot express more plainly than that does the everlasting continuance of punishment upon both devils and men in the eternal world; and the Dead Sea is as striking a picture as the history and present condition of the globe can supply of such a doom. It attests the fate of the overthrown cities, and the doom of their guilty population; and, so far as things of time can, it exhibits the perpetuity of their doom; a doom which wicked human beings share with "the devil and his angels." Even our polemic admits that the language of Jude in reference to the Sodomites, "is indicative of their having lived in pain from Abraham's day to ours." Of what value, then, is all his previous reasoning on the subject?

He briefly informs his readers that "the Greek word 'to torment' is used of things without life as well as of living beings." He refers to Matt. xiv. 24, as an example, where it is applied to a sailing boat on the open lake in a storm, and is represented by the participle *tossed*; that is to say, tossed about on the troubled water. It is almost needless to remark that this is a figurative use of the word, applied to the vessel and all on board, having indirect application, therefore, to those who had to manage her. Why any remark on this use of the word was made does not appear; especially as it comes immediately before the following: "The one idea, common to the passages compared, is the eternity of the ruin which sinners bring upon themselves."

We now give our polemic's exposition of the fearful words, "*Their fire is not quenched.*" "It preys upon them with relentless force. No cries on the part of the damned arrest it: no prayers ascend from the redeemed for the sin which they know to be unto eternal death: no feelings of pity in God's bosom interfere to check its course. It burns on, consuming, preying, reducing, until it has consumed and burnt all. When it has spent its force it dies out for want of food, leaving behind it the endless sign of the destruction which it has brought on fallen archangel and angel, and man. *This is the second death.*" The wonder is that any one believing the former part of this paragraph should believe also the latter. We see not how any one can believe what is here said without being a materialist. The soul, according to this representation, is not immaterial and indivisible, but is compounded of different parts or elements that are separable and gradually reducible to dust and ashes, "that cover the floor of the furnace of hell." Sooner than believe this, we could believe the human being to be only organised matter, only a little above the level of other animals, and destined to lose consciousness and intellect with the loss of animal life; indeed, having no intellect in reality, but only nerves and brain of more delicate structure than those of the Darwinian ape, the imagined progenitor of the human race. Discarding such teaching, however, we hold the indivisibility, the immateriality, the indissolubleness of the human soul. We see not how the living God should have given the Son of His love to become incarnate and suffer death upon the cross to save men merely from extinction of being, or to do that and bring them to glory too, if there were not the dread alternative of eternal misery.

If the soul is not material, the fire that will torment it will not be material. As for the resurrection body, "it is raised a *spiritual* body," says Paul; and, whatever he meant by that, the instruments of its punishment will correspond to its new constitution.

God save us from risking the chance of an imagined extinction!

(*To be concluded next month.*)

Biography.

MEMOIR OF MR. GEORGE WAGSTAFF.

BROTHER GEORGE WAGSTAFF was born at Sheffield, June 6th, 1824; but little is known of his early life, till at about the age of six years he became a scholar in the Park Wesleyan Sunday School, at, or immediately after the opening of that institution, which he attended with great regularity for eleven years. He was much respected both by teachers and children, as a loving and forgiving spirit was a marked feature in his character. His remarkable talent for singing (though he does not appear

to have studied music as a science) was early developed; for he became, while quite a child, the conductor of the singing in the school; and being but small of stature, he was wont to stand upon one of the teacher's stools, to lead the tunes.

The esteem in which he was held by the children was remarkable, as was publicly testified in the following manner. In November of 1840, I believe, one of the superintendents, on the Sunday before the fair, took occasion to speak to the children on the evils and dangers of attending the fair; and strongly exhorted them *all* to keep away. But on one of the fair days George saw the same man somewhere in the immediate vicinity of the fair, his business leading him there, though he did *not* go into the fair. But the youthful mind of our brother at once drew the conclusion that there was great inconsistency between the superintendent's exhortation and conduct; and so, without staying to ask how or why it was, he spoke of it to the other scholars; and the report that the superintendent had been to the fair, spread till it reached the ears of the teachers and officers. An inquiry was made, and the report was traced to Brother Wagstaff, who was at once arraigned before them to answer for the offence; and it was decided to expel him from the school for the slander: but before doing so, it was determined to put it to the vote of the children; who almost unanimously resolved that he should *not* be expelled; for the general cry was, What shall we do for a leading singer? and so our brother was saved. This appears to have been the climax of his career, or the dark hour before the dawn of morning with him. For shortly after, that is in 1841, a very gracious revival of religion broke out in the school, and about sixty of the children became converted, and gave their hearts to God, amongst whom was our Brother Wagstaff. He at once united himself to the Wesleyan Church, and became a member of Brother G. Gregg's class, and afterwards of Brother John Unwin's. Almost immediately after he became a teacher in the school in which he had been a scholar, and as such continued to labour with diligence and usefulness till he reached the age of nineteen. In 1843 he began to preach that gospel which had made him happy in the love of God, and he continued, "in season and out of season," to preach Christ and Him crucified, with fidelity and zeal, till his last affliction put an end to his labour, about twelve months before his death.

We find that in 1848 Brother Wagstaff was so aggrieved at the Wesleyan Conference prohibiting the Rev. J. Caughey preaching in their pulpits, that he withdrew from the society and joined the Methodist New Connexion. But he does not appear to have found his home in that body, for in 1849 we again find his name on the East Circuit Wesleyan plan, as a local preacher, where he remained till the commencement of the Reform movement, in which he does not appear to have taken any very active part, though his sympathies went with those who stood up for their Christian liberty. The result was, that he was one of the more

than thirty local preachers who, in one quarter, were left off the plan by the superintendent; and from that time he devoted his energies to spreading the principles of Wesleyan Reform, and preaching amongst them the gospel of the Son of God; and to these principles he continued faithful; for when a large number of the Reformers joined with the Wesleyan Association, and so formed the "United Methodist Free Churches," he remained with his brethren, and was a member of the Church in Garden Street. In 1861, when the church worshipping there erected Weston Street Chapel, he became one of its most active trustees and officers, being successively elected church steward, steward to the trustees, president of the church, and secretary to the trustees; all which offices he sustained with credit to himself, satisfaction to his brethren, and great advantage to the church. He was also elected one of the first superintendents of the Weston Street Sunday School, and as such laboured with faithfulness and success for several years. Through failing health, he for a time retired, but was again elected, and sustained the office till within a few months of his death.

In addition to this, he was, between 1859 and 1864 inclusive, four years secretary, and in 1864 president of the preachers' meeting; and in 1869 he was president of the circuit, besides helping in numerous other offices. It will thus be seen he was "in labours more abundant," and always enjoyed the full confidence of his brethren.

His last affliction was long and very painful, but was borne with a truly Christian spirit. The grace of patience was very largely developed in him; and oft was he heard to say amidst his suffering, "Thy will be done." His confidence in his Saviour was never shaken; and that gospel which he had so long preached to others, he now found was equal to the necessities of his own case. Throughout his affliction he seldom evinced any ecstasy; and even when he did become at all excited, it was with the thought of the glory of heaven, and the happiness of re-union with those he had loved on earth.

Some time before his death he prayed frequently and earnestly that Jesus would not delay, but haste and take him home, often repeating, "Lord Jesus, come quickly;" "Please, Jesus, do come;" and similar expressions; but amidst all he never repined, or said his sufferings were too great. Just before his death he turned his weary head, closed his eyes, breathed a few gentle sighs, and then sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, on the 14th of August, 1871, aged 47 years.

Our brother was thrice married; and he leaves to mourn his loss, a widow, two sons, and a daughter; the eldest of whom has arrived at man's estate, and is treading in his father's steps. The two younger are yet in their childhood; but if spared, in the providence of God, to mature life, we hope they too will follow their father as far as he followed Christ.

George Wagstaff, as a son, was dutiful and affectionate; as a husband, loving, kind, and considerate; as a father, good, in the best sense of the

word; as a servant, faithful; as a Christian, his character was marked by a oneness and consistency seldom equalled; and as a preacher and Sunday School teacher, he was zealous and successful. His talents, though not of the highest order, were such as gave him access to the pulpits of most of the Wesleyan bodies. His preaching was vigorous, plain, and to the point. His expositions and illustrations of divine truth were ever such as forced home their importance to the minds of them that heard him; and many will be the stars in the crown of his rejoicing in that day when his Master shall say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful in a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Narrative.

THE BATTLE GROUND OF LAST SUMMER, AND THE DEVASTATION OF THE WAR.

No. IV.

AFTER an interval of five weeks we again visited the theatre of last year's war. We entered it from Appenweir station, on the Duke of Baden's railway, by Kehl, to *Strasbourg*, the famous old capital of *Alsace*, which stood so long against the siege that the Germans so resolutely and persistently maintained until its brave commander was compelled by famine to surrender.

We arrived at one o'clock,—dinner hour,—and soon reached the *Hotel Angleterre*, about three minutes' walk from the station. There was a large company of Prussian and other German officers at dinner. The hotel seemed full of them, and the city full of soldiers. No doubt it is deemed necessary to have a strong military force here, as it probably is throughout the whole of the territory lately taken by Germany from France. Our hotel looked very dirty, as any place must when occupied by so many military men.

We had journeyed in the forenoon with two Americans, a gentleman and his wife, who came to the same hotel as we, and with whom, after dinner, we took a carriage for two hours about the city. Going first to the post office, we proceeded thence to the cathedral, about which so many travellers have written. We looked at its exterior and interior, and gazed for some time at its wonderful clock, pausing to see half-past three struck by two little figures, and one of the two, when he had struck a bell on his side of the stage, walk off, like a diminutive man, to the other side. We then went to St. Thomas's, a Protestant church, and saw the admirable monument of a marshal of Saxony, in marble. The marshal is the central and conspicuous figure, sinking towards the tomb. Observing his impending fate, a little genius weeps. A female, symbolising France,

in alarm and agony, makes an effort to prevent his descent into the tomb. Death, shrouded, but with feet, hands, and head visible, holds an hour glass, and shows its sands run out, indicating that the moment of fate has come; and holds up the lid of the tomb that the doomed man may speedily enter. It is a most interesting monument, full of important meaning, and skilfully executed.

In this church Prince Bismarck worships, with his wife and family. Six arm-chairs, with seats in red leather covers, stand in a row for their accommodation; and six chairs with neat rush-bottoms, and without arms, stand in an opposite row. Some pieces of Gobelin tapestry are laid down upon the floor to serve the purpose of a carpet. We were conducted to the sacristy, to see—What? The remains of two human beings that have been preserved for three and a half centuries. There they are, in two coffers with glazed tops:—one a mummy of Count de NASSAU, who, when living, stood six feet high; the other a skeleton, or little more, of his daughter, clothed and jewelled, as if to excite the derision of “the last enemy,” *Death*. The Count died in 1525. Both bodies were embalmed.

We had seen some of the effects of the bombardment at Kehl, and in passing over the fragile extemporised bridge there, on our approach to Strasbourg. We now instructed our driver to take us where there was most to be seen of the havoc made in the city. We were soon in the midst of ruined buildings, in a part that had been wholly destroyed. We were taken, also, along different streets in which had stood superior houses and public buildings that had been made objects of special attack, and which are now in utter ruin. The prefecture, the theatre, and one of the churches, are among the structures of which only a wreck remains. Yet the proportionate number of structures destroyed is small, compared with the multitude of houses and other buildings that appear not to have been touched. In the *salle à manger* of our hotel, the ceiling of which is supported by thick beams, in the old fashioned style of buildings in our own land, is a beam in which a shell imbedded itself, after having come through the wall, and done some other damage; and there it remains in memory of the siege. There the landlord wills it to remain, so long as he may remain to prevent its removal. At the foot of the stairs is another larger memento, which also is intended to be kept there for the like object.

A young lady at a print-shop, near the cathedral, from whom we made some purchases, related, with all the animation of her sex, how a shell had come into the shop, near to where she at the time was; and how terribly alarming the whiz and boom of shot and shell were, causing extreme terror to children, as also to adults,—no peace nor rest for any one. She spoke in French, so that we did not comprehend all she said; but her utterances and action were so graphic that we could comprehend the facts represented by her.

After we had dismissed our surly and disagreeable driver, who tried hard to practise extortion beyond all reasonable limits upon us, we returned to the Cathedral, for the purpose of ascending to the roof, and climbing the spire. We paid an entrance fee of threepence each, and another of half a franc, or fivepence. The first admitted us to the roof, where there is a comfortable dwelling, and where souvenirs are sold to visitors. The second gave access to the tower and spire for a considerable height. Beyond that we might have mounted on paying each an extra franc, or tenpence; but we found the masonry so much damaged by shot, and learnt that we should have to pull ourselves up by ropes, and that there was so much of the disagreeable, if not of peril, attending the enterprise, that we gave up the project, content with the elevation we had reached. We were sorry to see so much damage of the tower by war-missiles. Innumerable pieces have been struck off by shells and howitzers, and the whole has a forlorn appearance. Were it not held together well by iron clamps, it would be a complete wreck. Whether it ever can be repaired or not, it will always be matter for regret that the damage was done. Yet what can be said about it? The besieged made use of it for the purpose of observing the arrangements of the besiegers, in order, if possible, to defeat them. Could the latter quietly permit its use in that way? Certainly not. All the principles of war required them to dislodge their observers. For that purpose they fired at the structure that had become an annoying observatory. Hence the damage done to the ornamental exterior of a choice Gothic building. There was but little injury done to the interior of the church; and that little is being repaired. The surface of the asphalted causeways of the streets is very much broken, as if struck by shells in some places, and the fragments of exploded shells in many places; and many buildings have had a solitary blow from stray shot. We had not time to see the fortifications, and probably might not have been allowed if leisure had served. We could remain only one night.

On the following morning we took our departure early, rising for that purpose at half-past four, and journeying to *Weissenbourg*. Here it was that, after the flash-in-the-pan at Saarbruck, the fortunes of war set in fully in favour of the Germans. We obtained at the station an excellent breakfast of coffee, bread and butter, and two eggs each, for two francs, or twenty pence, for two persons. After we had breakfasted, we asked the waiter, who could speak a little English, to direct us the way to the town, and to where the great battle was fought. He pointed out the way, and we went to the town. It is a fortified place; so we had to pass a bridge, guarded by Prussian sentries, as was also the railway station, and every part of the town. We walked direct to the principal church, portions of the outer walls of which had been damaged by cannon balls, and part of its cloister destroyed. Some of the windows, also, were gone.

In our ramble about *Weissenbourg*, we came into its old fortifications, which seem to be very strong, and well adapted to resist the assault of an

enemy. A few men were on sentry, one here and there at different points; but not many, if any, were resident within the fortified buildings. Having walked until we came to the opposite gate of the town to the one by which we had entered, we found a few soldiers on guard, to whom we made known our object as well as we were able. They gave us such direction as they could, and when we had gone a little distance, one of their comrades off duty followed us, and proffered to be our guide. We were glad to have such help, so were conducted by him between two and three miles in the direction of Strasbourg. As we went along he pointed out where the different forces were planted, and described to us, in the most animated and intelligible manner,—although we understood but few of his words, the progress and results of the engagements on that wide field of conflict. He showed us how the French screened themselves behind trees, and how, when there were no trees near, they knelt down low, and took a steady aim at the Prussians; how the latter marched steadily forwards, exposed to the enemy's fire, and fell by thousands; how their number was kept up by a continued succession of new arrivals; how the infantry, the cavalry, and the artillery were respectively disposed on the ground, and how they acted in the conflict; how the foe was obliged to yield, and how all took to flight, leaving the Prussians victors. He described the battles of different places, especially *Thionville* and *Gravelotte*; and the effects of the siege of *Strasbourg*, during which there were mothers that died and infants that perished; the former for want of food, and the latter through the failure of natural nourishment that could no longer be supplied by the exhausted breasts. It was an awful picture that he drew, and was, no doubt, as accurate as awful.

We drew near to a farm, at a few paces from the road, and entered a field in which the homestead stands. In that field, almost close to the road, rest the remains of a major in the Prussian army, under the shade of a pear tree. A head-stone records his name, birth, and death, with other particulars. Part of the inscription I copied: "Leo Freeherr von *Sonst* PILSACH, am 4 Aue 1870." At a little beyond this we turned to the left, past a small hamlet, and took a bridle-road, and then a foot-path, over some fields, back to the station; having from the vicinity of the farm an extensive prospect in all directions. The whole sweep of the battle-ground presented itself, in wide-spread amplitude, to our view. It is well adapted for the movements of battalions, and the action of artillery, excepting that the soil is heavy, and must, in wet weather, be dreadfully harassing to men engaged in wholesale slaughter, and each carrying his life in his hand to confront the foe. Thousands perished of wet and cold during the war.

Our assiduous guide had in his pocket-book photographs of a young lady and an elderly one; the former that of his sweetheart—an amiable looking creature; the other that of her mother. He was delighted to see that we were pleased with them. On reaching the station I put a *thaler*

into his hand, and we took leave of him, and he of us, with cordial feeling and good wishes.

When we arrived at the Weissenbourg station in the morning, we slowly passed a stationary train of a great number of carriages, many of them open at the side next us, all filled with soldiers of the French army, on their return to France. They were a motley crew, but had a most picturesque appearance. They had been prisoners of war in Germany. There were not only the French rank and file in their ordinary attire, but also, interspersed among them, a considerable number of Zouaves and Algerians. Some of the carriages were filled with wounded men. They were being taken from war's horrors and devastations, some of them probably to peaceful homes, where sisters, mothers, wives, families—the aged and the young, and those of contemporaneous years with themselves, awaited their arrival with no little anxiety and impatience. Perhaps all would meet with joyous welcome from some or other, relatives or friends, who would almost have given them up for lost, and would receive them as if from the tomb. Millions of hearts will have been pierced by this dreadful war. Millions are mourning in secret for the slain. Millions are destined to toil and privation for payment of the debt incurred. Millions are nursing malignity, and meditating revenge. Such are the consequences of the war to the living. But—where are the slain?—where?—And on whom rests the *guilt* of all this?

MARRYING RICH.—CHAPTER III.

CHARLES BROMWELL had always acquitted himself well in his career as a student. His mind was of that symmetrical cast that admits of seriousness without severity, and sprightliness without levity. An ardent lover of truth, he was energetic in its acquirement. Esteeming the society of the wise and the good, his walks were in the purest and most elevated circles. Deeply pious, he was ever happiest when mingling with those whose conversation was in heaven. It would often be in those places where Christians meet for social worship that Charles Bromwell was to be found.

The L—— College was celebrated for the religious influence that generally prevailed among its members. No season passed without a gracious revival of religion in the town where it was located. Between the citizens of the town and the students of the college there subsisted an intimacy of intercourse and a sympathy of feeling that seldom are seen at such institutions. They had little about which to wrangle, and much in which to fraternise and cordially work together. Let the reader accompany us to the house of God on a sweet May evening. The people are quietly and cheerfully assembling for social worship. The exercises commence and proceed with sweet and uniform animation; now the song of praise goes

up like incense to heaven ; now, from the bended knee, the yearning heart pleads with God.

Hark ! That voice is not recognised in this house of worship. It is a female voice. The language of the petition is such as irresistibly to arrest the attention of every one present. So elevated the thought ; so pure and chaste the diction ; so calm and subdued the tone : so deep and soul-thrilling the pathos ! The soul of the petitioner certainly wrestled calmly, earnestly, and mightily with God. The words of the prayer burned into the very soul of each one who heard them, and the whole assembly was pervaded with the thrilling power of that one heart's prevailing utterances. On no one did the prayer of the stranger make a deeper impression than on Charles Bromwell. He felt, as only a refined and noble mind can feel, the depth of import that attended the most pure and glowing language he had ever heard.

You will pardon him, kind reader, for resolving then and there to avail himself of the first opportunity to become acquainted personally with the stranger in whom he was so much interested. He did not have long to wait. He had been accustomed to drop in now and then at the meeting of a sewing-circle : this circle met the next day. He resolved to attend it ; and, as he had often done before, inquire in what way he and his associates could aid the objects of the society. Full of hope that he might meet this lady there, he proceeded to the place of meeting. More than once he detected himself asking why he felt such an interest in her. She was to him a stranger. He had seen her only the evening before, and then he had seen but little of her. He could not say that she appeared beautiful ; but there was something in the deep, rich, subdued pathos of her voice, something in the glowing fervour of her soul, that fascinated him.

The ladies were assembled, and in the midst of their work, when he made his appearance. He received their cordial salutations, and returned them with a cordiality equal to that with which they were offered. There was one lady well known to him on account of her self-sacrificing, devoted religious life. She was a widow, living in humble privacy, yet doing much good silently and meekly. She was poor. Her own hands earned her daily bread. Mrs. Gray was at this time accompanied by a young lady. A glance informed him that she was the person whose acquaintance he so much desired. As soon, therefore, as he could do so without apparent haste, he placed himself by the side of his friend, and entered into conversation. He was immediately introduced to Miss Ellen Gray, and the conversation was carried on between them.

We will not undertake to report their conversation in detail. Very naturally the business of the circle suggested the destitution and wretchedness of multitudes of our race, the best methods of reaching the benighted with the light of the Gospel, and the power of that Gospel to quicken and elevate the race. In these subjects she evinced a zeal full of sympathy

and intelligence. Charles was filled with admiration at the extent and variety of the information she possessed, and fascinated with the ease and grace of her conversation. He watched the expression of her countenance as she talked. Now the bright light of her deep-blue eye would seem to scintillate around him; now a shade of sadness would pass over her; and now the utmost gentleness and tenderness would blend upon her features. Altogether, when he returned from her charming presence, Charles Bromwell confessed to himself that she had become to him an object of very tender regard. He was in love. Still, he wished he could know something of her history. He must not allow his mind to be too much occupied with such a matter as love. But no! he wouldn't do that. He begged to know of himself if he could not maintain his self-mastery. True, he admired Miss Gray, and who, that had met with her and conversed with her, would not? There was nothing strange in his admiration of her. Surely it would do him no harm to run in at Mrs. Gray's now and then, and enjoy an hour of pleasant chat with her and her charming niece.

In spite of himself, however, he often found his thoughts wandering away from the books before him to the humble cottage and its inmates. We do him but justice, however, in acknowledging that he put his vagrant thoughts under arrest at such times, and dragged them back to their task.

One evening, while taking the air just for his health's sake, nothing else, certainly, Charles found himself sauntering along by the little cottage. It was quite a matter of course that he should just call. "But what is the matter with me?" he said to himself as he opened the gate; "I do believe I shall suffocate." Poor fellow! his heart was in his throat, his knees trembled, and he felt that his face was crimson. He never felt so before when he made a call on Mrs. Gray. But this was the first time he had called since the niece arrived. Perhaps that would account for feelings so unusual.

Mrs. Gray had an opportunity now to take the part of an entertainer, being at home; and well did she perform her part. Charles was soon made easy in the presence of the ladies, and an hour passed more pleasantly, it seemed to him, than ever an hour had passed before. Did he not betray his emotions? One of the three was suspicious of the fact that he was more than interested in the conversation. The widow Gray had observed the effect which her niece's presence had produced on him, and she secretly attributed it to the real cause. Nor was she disquieted by her suspicion. The reputation of Charles Bromwell was such as commended to her any attachment that might grow up between him and her niece.

No one in L — knew anything of the young lady's former history. All that was known of her was, that her father was Mrs. Gray's brother, and had resided in a distant state. It was said that he occupied a moderate station in life, and was respected by his fellow-citizens. No

one knew his circumstances in respect to property. Some said that he was poor, others that he had a competence. But if the apparel of the daughter was an index to the circumstances of the father, it was evident that he was a poor man. It was observed that she never appeared in anything but the plainest garb. The material of her wardrobe was uniformly common, if not coarse. Yet, whatever she wore, she moved with the same calm dignity and self-possession that marked the superior qualities of her mind. In her aunt's family she seemed as a maid of all work; now in the kitchen, now in the chamber, and now plying her needle. And what some people remarked as a very singular thing, she was never disgusted by being taken by surprise at her work. She could leave her work and engage in conversation with the utmost ease; and never failed to interest those with whom she conversed. People speculated and queried much about her; it was odd, they said, that so much ease and sprightliness in conversation, and, withal, such evidence of the highest culture, could consist with the humble position she seemed to occupy.

All these queries were at length put to rest by the announcement that Miss Gray had engaged to do some needlework in Squire Little's family. Now it was known that she must be a poor girl; and though she was accomplished, she was not admissible to the first class of society. Of course, Miss Gray, the sempstress, would not expect to associate on terms of equality with the Misses Little.

One evening the young ladies received a call from some young gentlemen of the college. Among them was our friend Charles Bromwell. To be noticed by this class of young gentlemen was always gratifying. The party entered gaily into conversation, and wit sparkled and flashed in their sallies. At length music was called for, and Miss Julia Little led the way with a piece only tolerably performed.

At length, as the performances seemed to languish, one of the gentlemen asked, "Is Miss Gray with you now?"

"Yes, she has been working for us a few days past."

"She seems quite an interesting girl."

"Yes, rather," said Miss Julia; and after a moment added, "she is a beautiful seamstress."

"Very likely," said Charles; "she would be beautiful in any occupation."

"Charles Bromwell in love with a young seamstress?" cried two or three at once.

"As you please, ladies," said Charles, smiling; "I confess I admire her."

"O! Julia," said the youngest Miss Little, "Miss Gray plays prettily; I heard her this morning."

"Invite her in," said William Blakeslee, half ironically.

"Do, by all means," said Charles Bromwell, earnestly.

"O, we should have been glad to invite her in at first," replied Julia, "only we could not know if it would please you."

Miss Gray was immediately sought for, and soon made her appearance.

"Now, dear Miss Gray," said Emily, "you must give us a song. Julia has been playing; and we all want you to play for us."

Notwithstanding the evident ill-grace of the invitation, looking, as it did, as though she had been called in merely to entertain the company, she readily complied. There was no affectation of airs; there was the same serene dignity united with unassumed meekness that always lent such a powerful fascination to her presence.

While she drew forth the full power of the instrument, every one looked on with admiration. It was evident that she was a proficient in this beautiful accomplishment. Rising from the instrument she made a simple apology, and excused herself, saying, she had promised to spend the evening with her aunt.

"And with your permission, I will bear you company, Miss Gray," said Charles.

(To be continued.)

Temperance.

THE DOOR IN THE HEART; OR, WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

"But far away up a great many pair of winding stairs in her heart, was a door easily passed by, and on that door was written 'woman.'"

"And so it is with the drunkard; far away up a great many pair of winding stairs in his heart, there is a door easily passed by; and he must knock once, twice, seven times, yea seventy times seven, to open it,"—JOHN B. GOUGH.

HE was an old man. Not so very old either, for the wrinkles that marked his cadaverous visage were not the autograph that Time's finger had laid there, and the hand that placed upon the low pine table the well-drained glass, did not tremble so with the weakening that age induces; yet very old and very wretched looked the sole occupant of that narrow room, with its red curtain, and floor stained with tobacco saliva, and an atmosphere abundantly seasoned by the bar-room into which it opened.

A hat—it must have been intended for one—half concealed the owner's uncombed locks; and unmistakable evidence of a familiar acquaintance with brickbats and the gutter did that same hat produce. Then there was a coat, out of whose sleeves peeped a pair of elbows, in rejoicing consciousness that they "could afford to be out." Add to these, reader, a shabby pair of faded pants, and you have the *tout ensemble* of the wretched being who had just commenced his daily potations in the only "grog-shop" he was allowed to enter. And yet the wretched, friendless man that sat there under the stupefying effect of his morning dram, had a heart; and up a great many pair of winding stairs in that heart, was a door, easily passed by: and on that door, covered with cobwebs of time and neglect,

was written "Man." But nobody dreamed of this; and when the temperance man had gone to him, and promised him employment and respectability, if he would "sign the pledge," and others (well-meaning men) had rated him soundly for his evil ways, and he had turned a deaf ear to all these things, and gone back with pertinacity to his "cups," everybody said old Bill Strong's case was a hopeless one. Ah! none of these had patiently groped their way up the heart's winding stairs, and read the inscription on the hidden door there.

But while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by a lady with a pale, high brow, mild, hazel eyes, and a strangely winning expression on her mild face. The man looked up with a vacant stare of astonishment, as the bar-keeper tendered the lady a seat and pointed to the other, saying, "That's Bill Strong, ma'am;" and, with a glance that indicated very plainly his wonder at what she could want there, left her alone with the astounded and now thoroughly sobered man.

The soft eyes of the lady wandered with a sad, pitying expression over old Bill's features; and then in a low, sweet voice, she asked—

"Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?"

Ah! with those few words, the lady had got farther up the winding stairs, and nearer the hidden door, than all who had gone before her.

"Yes, that is my name, ma'am," said old Bill; and he glanced down at his shabby attire, and actually tried to hide the elbow that was peeping out. It was a long time since he had been addressed as *Mr. William Strong*, and somehow it sounded very pleasant to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," responded the lady; "I have heard my father speak of you so often, and of the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison?"

"Oh! no; Charlie and I used to be great cronies," said old Bill, with sudden animation, and a light in his eye, such as had not shone there for a long time, except when rum gave it a fitful brilliancy.

Ah, the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs, and was softly feeling for that unseen door. So she went on—

"I almost feel, Mr. Strong, as if I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood; I have heard my father describe it so often—the hill, with its crown of old oaks at the back of your house, and the field of yellow harvest grain that waved in front. Then there was the green grass before the front door, with the huge apple-tree that threw its shadows across it; and the old 'portico,' with the grape-vine that climbed over it, and the white roses that peeped in at the bedroom window; and the spring that went shining and bubbling through the bed of green mint at the side of the house."

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair, and the muscles around his mouth

twitched occasionally ; but unmindful of this, the lady kept on in the same low, melting voice—

“ ‘ Many and many were the hours,’ so father would say, ‘ that Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of that old apple-tree, playing at hide-and-seek, or lolling on the grass and telling each other the great things we meant to do when we became big men, while Willie’s blue eyes would sparkle with hope and happiness ; and, when the sunset laid a crown of gold on the top of the oaks on the hill, Willie’s mother might be seen standing in the portico, with her snowy cap and checked apron, and we would hear her cheerful voice, calling us to come to supper. ’ ”

One after another the big, warm, blessed tears went rolling down old Bill’s cheeks and falling on the old pine table. Ah, the lady was at the door then !

“ ‘ I was always at home at Willie’s,’ father would say, ‘ and used to have my bowl of fresh milk and bread, too ; and, when these had disappeared, Willie would draw his little stool to his mother’s feet, and she would tell him some pleasant story of Joseph, or David, or some good boy, who afterwards became a great man. And then she would part Willie’s brown curls from off his forehead, and say, in a trembling voice I can never forget, “ Promise me, Willie, when you are a man, and the grey hairs of your mother are resting in the churchyard yonder, you will never disgrace her memory. ” And Willie would draw up his light form, lift his blue eyes proudly to his mother, and say, “ Never fear, mother ; I will make a good man, and a great one, too. ” ’ And then, after we had said our evening prayers, we would go, contented and happy as the birds that nestled in the old apple-tree, to rest. Then, just as we were sinking into some pleasant dream, we would hear a well-known foot-fall on the stairs, and a kind face bending over us would inquire if we were nicely tucked up. It is a long, long time,’ father would say, ‘ since I heard from Willie ; but I am very sure he has never fallen into any evil ways. The words of his mother would keep him from that. ’ ”

Rap ! rap ! rap ! went the words of the lady at the door of old Bill’s heart. Creak ! creak ! creak ! went the door on its rusted hinges. Angels of God, held ye not your breath to listen ? The lady could only see the subdued man bury his face in his clasped hands, and, while his frame shook like an aspen leaf, she heard him murmur, amid childlike sobs, “ My mother, O my mother ! ” and she felt as though the tears that were washing those wrinkled cheeks were washing out a long, dark record of old Bill’s past life. So, with a silent prayer of thankfulness, she resumed—

“ But there was one thing my father loved to talk of better than all the rest. It was of the morning you were married, Mr. Strong. ‘ It was enough to do one’s eyes good to look at them,’ he would say, ‘ as they walked up the old church aisle—he, with his proud, manly tread, and she, a delicate, fragile creature, fair as the orange blossoms that trembled in

her hair. I remember how clear and confident William's voice sounded through the old church, as he promised to love, protect, and cherish the bright, confiding creature at his side; and I knew he thought, as he looked down upon her, that the winds of heaven would never visit her face too roughly.' And then my father would tell us of your pleasant home, and of the bright-eyed boy and the fair-haired girl that came after a while to gladden it. And then, you know, he removed to the West, Mr. Strong, and lost sight of you."

Once again the lady paused, for the agony of the strong man before her was fearful to behold; and then in a lower tone she spoke—

"I did not forget the promise I made my father, previous to his death, that, if ever I visited his native state, I would seek out his old friend. But when I inquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong. They told me of a desolate and broken household; of the blue-eyed boy, that a father's heart might so well delight in, who had left his home in disgust and despair for one on the homeless waters; of the gentle, suffering wife, who, faithful to the last, went down, with a prayer on her lips for her erring husband, broken-hearted to the grave; and of the fair-haired orphan girl, who followed her mother in a little while. Oh, it is a sad, sad story I have heard of my father's old friend!"

"It was *I*! it was *I* that did it! *I* killed them!" cried old Bill, lifting his bowed head, and gazing on the lady, every feature expressive of such wild agony and helpless remorse, that she shuddered at the despair her own words had aroused. (Wide, wide open stood the door then, and the lady pressed in.)

A soft hand was laid soothingly upon Bill's arm, and a voice full of hope murmured, "Even for all this, there is mercy. There is redemption through the atoning merits of Jesus, and you well know your *first step* toward it. Sign the pledge. In the name of the last prayer of your dying wife, and of the child that sleeps by her side, I ask you, will you do it?"

"I will," said old Bill, while he brought down his closed hand with such force on the rickety pine table, that it rocked beneath it; and a gleam of hope lighted up his features, as he seized the pen and paper the lady placed before him, which paper contained a pledge binding all who signed it to abstain from the use of intoxicating beverages; and when he returned it to her, in bold, legible characters, there lay written beneath it the name of "William Strong."

There was an expression almost ludicrous from its intenseness of curiosity, on the bar-keeper's physiognomy, as the lady, after her long interview with old Bill, passed quietly through the shop; and the expression was not lessened when old Bill, a few moments after, walked through without taking another glass of grog; and he never passed over the threshold again.

Earnest-hearted reader, you whose soul may be glowing with sympathy

for your erring brother-man, who would gladly raise him from the depths of sin and degradation, and point him to the highway of peace and prosperity, remember there is a *door* in every human breast. See that you pass not by it!

Literary Notices.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Position of the Evangelist in the Church of Christ. By George Campbell. Price 2d. Aberdeen: Milne.

A PAMPHLET on the line of progress, and we feel no hesitation in going with the writer.

Old Jonathan for November. Price one penny. And *Old Jonathan's Almanack* for 1872, a broad sheet with a text for every day in the year, and other information, all for a penny.

WHEN these almanacks with daily texts come into our hands, we generally look to see what they have to say on the day of our birth. *Old Jonathan*, if a true prophet, has predicted something good for us; for he says, "The Lord hath spoken good," Num. x. 29.

The Name above every Name; or, Various Titles of our Lord. In verse. By Mrs. Shrimpton. Price 2d. Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

Choice Selections.

A LOVE-FEAST.

THE Sunday afternoon that we were there, they had what they called a love-feast at a village about four miles away, to which the farmer, with his wife and daughter, were going in the four-wheeled chaise. I believe the good woman had an idea that I was a little curious to know what this love-feast could be; for when we came home from church in the morning she waylaid me coming up the garden, and with a good deal of circumlocution, gave me to understand that she hoped I would not think it a liberty in her, but if I had a mind to go to the feast, as she did not suppose

I had ever been to one before, she and her husband would have the greatest of pleasure in taking me with them in the chaise. It was a dreadfully rough road to the village, and so steep sometimes that we had to get out of the chaise, and walk both up and down the hills. However, we got safely to our journey's end at last; and while the farmer put up his horse, Mistress Beswick escorted me to the chapel.

I went in behind Mrs. Beswick, and we sat down in a deal-painted pew just at the door. The people were dropping in pretty thickly; all of them, as I noticed, with a quiet decorum, as though they felt that passing under that low square doorway they were entering holy ground. One very old man tottered in, leaning on a stout oaken stick, and made his way to a place close under the pulpit. When he got to his seat he set down first his hat, and then his stick, then slowly and stiffly he let himself down upon his knees. No rheumatic joints could make the old patriarch forego this mark of reverence to the God into whose presence he had come. The act touched me. It seemed to be itself a prayer. After him came a sturdy labourer, with brown, weather-beaten face, and bushy hair, combed as smooth as its nature would allow. And then a group of village lads in their Sunday best, and fresh-washed, shiny faces. Then two or three of the Terrington belles came in, with their pink and blue ribbons, and bright cotton gowns and shawls, bringing quite a glow of colour into the little white-washed chapel. And here and there was a substantial-looking farmer's wife, in her best-brocaded gown and Paisley shawl; the farmers themselves sat mostly on benches near the pulpit. Two great baskets near them covered each with a white cloth, and a dozen or two of blue mugs ranged round a gallon jug of water, suggested the "feast" which gave its name to

the gathering. At last the minister himself came in, with a couple of elderly, farmer-like men. He hung up his hat on a peg on the top of the pulpit-steps, and when he had taken his place, and knelt for a moment in prayer, he gave out a hymn from the brown-leather backed hymn-book that lay upon the desk.

There was great rustling and fumbling after this. Finding the pages in a printed book did not come quite so easily to these rustic worshippers as holding a plough or handling a scythe; but at last the big rough hands had got their books open at the proper place, and then the minister gave out the hymn by two lines at a time, and the people sang it after him, heartily and well; one of the farmers, a man with strong lungs and a rich, true, well-tuned voice, setting the tune.

There was another hymn, and then a pause, and an expectant rustle, while two stout middle-aged farmers rose from their seats and uncovered the two baskets, discovering therein a bountiful supply of "spice bread," cut into good substantial slices. These were carried round the chapel, till every one had been served with a piece. Of course I took one too, for I wanted not only to seem, but really to feel, that I was sharing in all that was going on, even to the eating of the "love-feast cake." I was perplexed, though, to know what to do with the whole of my portion until I saw Mrs. Beswick wrapping up some of hers in a clean white handkerchief.

"The children always looks for father and me to bring them a bit of the feast-cake home," she whispered; so I disposed of my superfluity by adding it to the store in the handkerchief. When the baskets were emptied—for a goodly number of those present were not contented with a single serving—the pitchers and mugs were brought round for such as chose to take a draught. . . .

"There's going to start speaking now," Mistress Beswick whispered to me, when the singing was over; and I was all attention. This was what I had to hear.

First the minister said a few plain

words to the people, and then for about an hour one and another of them stood up in all parts of the little chapel, and "spoke their experience." Now and then there was a break, in which a verse of a hymn was sung, and then some one else would rise and begin to tell how it had been faring with his soul.

It interested me more than I could have thought. There was no mistaking the rough reality of some of these poor people's utterances, as they told, in their uncouth, racy language, the story of their religious life. The old patriarch was among the first. Seventy-eight years old he was, and for sixty of them he had been travelling in the road to heaven. He had "gotten very near hand it now," he said, "nobbut a few steps farther and he would be at his journey's end. But it was a bright prospect for him, for he had all to hope and nought to fear. He had been hard set to get as far as Terrington that day, but he was fain to see his old friends once more; and though it was mebbly the last love-feast ever he'd come to at Terrington, he knew they would all meet together in the Father's house above, where the feast would be all love, and where they would never need to part." . . .

One after another stood up and spoke; women as well as men; some of them saying just a few trembling words, others seeming as though they had hard work to keep within bounds the feelings that struggled at the gate of speech. But all were alike in this: their religion was evidently an every-day reality with them, a thing that there was no mistake about.

"I aren't a good hand with my tongue," said one honest man, who was fumbling about for words to express him; and his face beamed all over as he spoke. "I aren't a good hand with my tongue, but *I feels it here*," and he laid his big horny hand upon his heart; "and it fills me that full of love, both to God and man, while I hardlins knows how to bear."

He was the last that spoke, and after another hymn—the people seemed as if they were never tired of singing—the minister pronounced the benediction, and they all streamed

out again into the sunshiny village street. The Terrington love-feast was over, and I came away, and drove home with Farmer Beswick and his wife, carrying with me a dim idea of what those meetings might have been that were held, near two thousand years ago, when bands of fishermen and craftsmen, with women whose hearts, like Lydia's, God had opened, met together in upper rooms, to talk one with the other of "the things concerning the Kingdom."—*Abridged from "The Diary of the Novelist."*

PAPAL ATROCITIES.

THE means used by the Popes to secure obedience, and break the force of opposition among people, princes, or clergy, were always violent. The interdict, which suddenly robbed millions, the whole population of a country,—often for trifling causes which they had nothing to do with themselves,—of Divine worship and sacraments, was no longer sufficient. The Pope declared families, cities, and states outlawed, and gave them up to plunder and slavery, as, for instance, Clement V. did with Venice, or excommunicated them, like Gregory XI., to the seventh generation; or they had whole cities destroyed from the face of the earth, and the inhabitants transported,—the fate Boniface VIII. determined on for Palestrina.

It is a psychological marvel how this unnatural theory of a priestly domination, embracing the whole world, controlling and subjugating the whole of life, could ever have become established. It would have required superhuman capacities and Divine attributes to wield such a power, even in the most perfect way, with some regard to equity and justice, and conscientious and really religious men would have been tormented, nay, utterly crushed, under the sense of its rightfulness and the corresponding obligations it involved. There was indeed no want of modest phraseology; every Pope asserts, in the customary language, that his merit and capacities are unequal to the dignity and burden; but, for all

that, their constant endeavour for centuries to increase their already excessive power, is a proof that no need for restricting themselves was usually realised. There have been kings who said they would not be absolute rulers if they could. So the Popes of the first centuries could say, We desire not to rule over canons and councils, but to be ruled by them. But since Nicolas I., and especially since Gregory VII., the principle was avowed that the Pope is lord of canons and councils; the law is not his will; but his will is law.

The whole legislation of the ancient Church was gradually abrogated, or sometimes changed into the precise opposite. The papal decretals had devoured the decisions of councils, like Pharaoh's seven lean kine. What had become of the Nicene, Chalcedonian, and African canons? Like half-buried tombstones in a deserted churchyard, scattered fragments of this older order cropped up here and there. "It is clear as the noonday sun," said Chancellor Gerson, the most learned theologian and warmest friend of the Church in that age, "that the ordinances of the first four and subsequent General Councils have been metamorphosed and exposed to mockery and oblivion through the ever-increasing avarice of Popes, Cardinals, and Prelates, through the unjust constitutions of the papal Court, the rules of Chancery, and the dispensations, absolutions, and indulgences granted from lust of domination."

To the Popes, not to the German Emperors, belongs the title, "Semper Augustus," as formerly understood. They are "always aggrandisers of the kingdom,"—i.e., of their own. They became such under the sincere conviction, cherished from earliest youth, that the welfare of the whole Church and Christian world depended on their power being great and irresistible; that their right and power, and theirs alone, was truly Divine, and therefore unlimited, because no mere earthly right could limit an authority given from heaven.

So far was the principle, "divide et impera," carried at Rome, that even cathedral chapters, who are

supposed to be the immediate counsellors and presbytery of the bishop, were armed with privileges and exemption against him, and he against them. . . . If a monastery wanted leave for the sick to eat meat, or the inmates to talk at dinner, a permission from the Pope was required. Above all, bishops, convents, and individuals needed to protect themselves by Papal privileges against the censures and spiritual methods of extortion employed so prodigally by the legates.—*The Pope and the Council*. By Janus. Pp. 181-189.

THE SYLLABUS VERSUS PROGRESS.

THE Syllabus is a catalogue of those errors into which the modern world, the Pope says, is particularly apt to fall. In this catalogue are included all the liberal notions of the times,—liberty of religion, liberty of the press, liberty of instruction, liberty of historical, philosophical, and scientific research, independence of the secular governments, &c. &c. Together with the Act proclaiming Infallibility, the Syllabus aims at making the Pope Lord Paramount of the universe, and driving back this nineteenth century of ours to the political and intellectual standard of the middle ages.

It is a 'challenge addressed to the entire civilisation of the age.—"Religious Thought in Germany." By the "Times" Correspondent at Berlin. p. 169.

"The Pope condemns all philosophy and science, present and future, which objects to be fettered and directed by his hierarchical authority. (*Syllabus*, 1-14, 57.) We, on the contrary, are convinced that science, from its very nature, is, and must be, independent of ecclesiastical authority. We have not forgotten that for all great discoveries and advancement we are indebted to the spirit of free inquiry, critical observation, and logical thought; and that humanity is scarcely possessed of a single truth, but it had to be established in spite of the opposition of the ecclesiastical authorities." (*Quoted from a circular issued by the Francoonian Freemasons.*) *Ibid.* p. 218.

Alleged errors condemned by the Syllabus:

12. "The decrees of the Apostolic See and of the Roman congregations fetter the free progress of science.

13. "The method and principles in which the old scholastic doctors have treated theology are in no way suitable to the demands of the age and the progress of sciences.

14. "Philosophy must be studied, without any reference to supernatural revelation."—*Ibid.* p. 307.

48. "This manner of instructing youth, alienated from the Catholic faith and from the power of the Church, and which teaches the science of natural things, and the objects of terrestrial social life, either exclusively, or at least in the first instance, may be approved by Catholics."—*Ibid.* p. 313.

CHINESE TUNNEL-HOUSES.

AT Po-ti (Hillfoot), a small hamlet at the foot of the great pass, we made our first practical acquaintance with the cave-dwellings, which were to be for some days our only shelter. From lining the interior of their hill-side dens with brick, the people have taken to building upon level ground in the same fashion. Doubtless the saving of timber has had much to do with the practice. Any one anxious to test its advantages, cannot do better than rent some well-used railway-tunnel, bricking up one end, and putting a window and door at the other; the soot which hangs from the roof should be left there, and not a scrap of wood introduced, except for the door and window; a brick bed-place should be the permanent, and a small table and two chairs the movable, furniture of the apartment. If a tunnel could be found measuring about 20 feet by 10, and fitted thus, the reader might turn troglodyte at once; but we cannot recommend these dwellings to people of fastidious tastes, as they are apt to have a damp earthy smell, and are not easily ventilated. The concentrated essence of scents with which our rooms were often redolent, would have proved too much for the olfactory nerves of most Europeans. Just opposite to our inn was a hill,

burrowed on every side, and very curious it looked." The caves real ones, in rows of 25 to 40 or so,—rose tier above tier in stories of five or six, each likely enough the residence of a family. The front being faced neatly with brick, gave a substantial look to the pile.—*Journeys in North China, &c.* By the Rev. Alex. Williamson, B.A., vol. i. pp. 329, 330,

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

"To doubt the infallibility of the council" (of Trent), said Francis de Vargas, "and to think it capable of error, is the most devilish heresy of all. Nothing could so much disturb and scandalise the world as such a sentiment. Therefore, the Archbishop of Granada told, very properly, the Bishop of Tortosa, that, if he should express such an opinion in Spain, they would burn him." *Papiers d'Etat*, vi. 618. Quoted in *Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic*, vol. i., pp. 452.

Phenomena of the Months.

DECEMBER.

THE sun rises on the 1st at fourteen minutes before eight, and sets at seven minutes before four; on the 15th it rises at two minutes after eight, and sets at eleven minutes before four; and on the 31st it rises at nine minutes after eight, and sets at two minutes before four. Daylight decreases in the morning about twenty-four minutes, and in the afternoons during the first half of the month four minutes; during the second half of the month daylight increases in the afternoon about nine minutes. The temperature shows an average from forty-two degrees at the beginning to thirty-seven at the end of the month; but its entire range is from about nineteen degrees up to fifty-six. The rainfall does not generally exceed an inch and an half, though two years ago it reached nearly three inches.

Total Eclipse of the Sun.—This event will take place on the 12th, beginning at twenty-two minutes after two in the morning, and ending at forty-one minutes after six, Green-

wich time. It will be invisible to us; its range including a part of India, the Indian Ocean, Australia, and the North Pacific. Expeditions have been sent out to observe it, and it is expected that several important scientific problems will have considerable light thrown upon them by the phenomena of this eclipse.

The moon is new on the 12th at two minutes after four in the morning, and full on the 26th at thirty-five minutes after nine in the evening. On the first Sunday it rises at twenty-two minutes before ten at night; on the second Sunday it sets at two in the afternoon; on the third Sunday it sets at twenty-five minutes after ten at night; on the fourth Sunday it rises about half-past two in the afternoon, and sets after half-past five in the morning; and on the fifth Sunday it rises at twenty-two minutes before nine in the evening, and shines all night.

The moon is near to Jupiter and Uranus on the 1st, to Venus on the 8th, to Saturn and Mercury on the 13th, to Mars on the 14th, and to Jupiter and Uranus a second time on the 28th.

Mercury is an evening star, and sets on the 2nd forty-three minutes after the sun. Between the 17th and 22nd it sets an hour and half after the sun; but this interval gradually decreases to thirty-two minutes only on the last day. Mercury is in conjunction with Saturn on the 12th.

Venus rises four hours before sunrise all the month, and is of course a morning star.

Mars is an evening star, setting soon after half-past six all the month.

Jupiter is visible nearly all night, rising before half-past seven in the evening at the beginning of the month, and at fifteen minutes after five on the last day. This is the best month in the year for observing Jupiter. When rising it is a little north of the point in the eastern horizon, which would be indicated by a line drawn downwards through Castor and Pollux, then rather more than an hour high.

Saturn is an evening star, setting two hours after the sun on the 15th, and only fifteen minutes on the 31st.

Poetry.

THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

LISTEN to the merry bells :
 Listen to their mournful sound :
 How their changing cadence swells,
 Flinging mirth or woe around.
 Rapidly and cheerfully,
 Happy notes they blend ;
 Tardily and tearfully,
 For a parted friend.

Now their peal with joyance rife,
 At the sire's commands,
 Gaily welcomes into life
 The heir to many lands.
 Merrily, right merrily,
 Ringing forth their chime,
 Cheerily, right cheerily,
 Rapidly as Time.

For the union of the heart,
 Now the bells are ringing ;
 " May the plighted never part !"
 Happy ones are singing.
 Merrily, right merrily,
 Now they ring along ;
 Cheerily, right cheerily,
 Like a heavenly song.

Hark to their dull unchanging roll,
 As heavily on it floats,
 And speaks of the dead to the mourner's
 soul
 With its wildly solemn notes.
 Gloomily and dolefully,
 As if tears they shed ;
 Ruefully and woefully,
 Tolling for the dead.

SPEAK NO ILL.

NAY, speak no ill : a kindly word
 Can never leave a sting behind ;
 And, oh ! to breathe each talk we've heard
 Is far beneath a noble mind.
 Full oft a better seed is sown
 By choosing thus the kinder plan ;
 For if but little good be known,
 Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide,
 Would fain another's faults efface ;
 How can it pleasure human pride
 To prove humanity but base ?
 No, let us reach a higher mood—
 A nobler estimate of man ;
 Be earnest in the search for good,
 And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
 To others' failings as your own ;
 If you're the first a fault to see,
 Be not the first to make it known.
 For life is but a passing day,
 No lip may tell how brief its span ;
 Then oh ! the little time we stay,
 Let's speak of all the best we can.

*Correspondence.*MR. WILD'S LEGACY, AND OUR
AGED BRETHREN.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As the year draws towards its end, you will be expecting to hear from me respecting the interest arising from the noble legacy of £1000, left by our late treasurer James Wild, Esq., to be distributed in sums of ten shillings, every Christmas, amongst "his aged brethren in Jesus," as he called them, local preachers of the age of seventy years.

I have just returned from the Bank of England, having received the interest of the thousand pounds so kindly given by that gentleman, "who, being dead, yet speaketh." The amount is £47 8s. 10d.; and when that is sent to the beneficiaries, we shall have distributed upwards of £280, in sums of ten shillings each, since the decease of the donor. I expect some of the previous recipients are now asking their friends and themselves the question, "Shall I be thought of again this year?" In reply, I wish to say, while I continue the treasurer of the Association, being one of the trustees of the late Mr. Wild, you may fully depend upon your receiving the usual amount to make your Christmas cheer, and so increase your happy enjoyment of the general festival; this being the principal object of the gift.

The Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association is succeeding beyond the most sanguine expectation; its funds being well sustained, and increasing each year; and, under the careful supervision of the General Committee, whose monthly meetings are well attended, its benevolent operations are being extended, and its primary objects faithfully carried out. The Association now numbers 2,161 members: of these, 446 are honorary, contributing to, but receiving no relief from, its funds. The total amount paid to the sick, to the aged, and for deaths, up to May, 1871, reaches the large sum of £37,504 1s. 5d.; viz., for sick members, £15,043 15s. 9d.; superannuated, £16,723 6s. 8d.; for deaths, £5,736 19s. May we not

exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In conclusion, I repeat my former proposal to the Old Men, who, perhaps, never have seen their departed friend the late Mr. James Wild, and never can see his face in this world, but still would like to receive his portrait. The conditions are simply these: to send me short histories of their lives, conversion to God, call to preach, and, a little of their success. My dear brethren, I do think a few lines from you on these subjects would not only increase your own faith and happiness, but would encourage others, would make us better acquainted with you, and would do a little for the cause of the great Redeemer, by doing good to the readers of our excellent LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE.

I conclude this letter with the following expressive verses by Charles Wesley:—

My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.

Too much to Thee, I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for Thee;
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be!

I am, my dear Mr. Editor,
Yours sincerely,
JOHN CARTER.

November, 1871.

THE FIRST FRUITS OF A GOLD MINE.

Cudworth, near Barnsley, Yorkshire.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is seven years since my youngest son left England for Australia. Since that time he has had to pass through many trials; but, like his father, he

knows how to endure hardness. Since he went out, the Lord has called him to preach the gospel; and, thank God, he has been made a blessing to many souls, so that God has blessed him both in temporal and spiritual things. Last year a small company, all pious men, bought fifteen acres of land. They have sunk a shaft more than 200 feet deep, and dropped on a good vein of gold. "Now," he says, "I must acknowledge God in all my ways, so that he may direct my paths."

Last January my youngest daughter and her husband went over to live with him; and, thank God! they are all in the way to heaven. This is better news to me than a gold mine. Before his sister left, she used to send him the magazine every month. You may get something out of this for the magazine, it may induce others to send the magazine to their friends in the gold fields. It will be a grand thing to get a stream of gold into the Association.

I am, my dear brother, yours truly,
JOHN WADE 2nd.

Bro. Chamberlain.

The following is an extract from his letter:—

Scarsdale, Victoria, Australia,
Sept. 5, 1871.

DEAR FATHER,—I have enclosed the small sum of £2, as a donation for the Local Preachers' Mutual-Aid Association. The sum is small, but I hope and trust I shall be able to forward another by and by; and my prayer is, and I feel assured, the Lord will bless the Association, and many hearts will rejoice for the small pittance they receive from it. I miss the Local Preachers' Magazine very much, as I have not had one this year since sister Mary came to live with us.—Your affectionate son,

J. WADE.

Mutual-Aid Association Reporter.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

THE monthly meeting was held at Bro. Williamson's, 124, Thames St., E.C., on Wednesday, 8th Nov.

Present, Brothers the President, Ex-president, Treasurer, Honorary Secretary, Bowron, Williamson,

Sims, Coman, Wade, Dr. Aldom, Jameson, Plant, Harding, Durley, Parker.

Prayer was offered by Brother Williamson.

The minutes were read and confirmed.

The monthly statement showed an addition of 18 new members; deaths, 5 members and 8 wives (for which £83 had been paid in the month); sick, 68; annuitants, 108. The sum of £901 6s. 1d. had been received from the branches since the audit, and £946 11s. 3d. had been paid to them, so that there was a deficiency under this head of £45 5s. 2d.

Some cheering letters were read from Cardiff, where our cause was progressing through the persevering exertions of our Brother Stephens, of Gloucester.

After some consultation respecting the meeting in South London, it was arranged that Brother Williamson should take the matter in hand, and report progress at next meeting.

Letters were read respecting the case of the local preachers of the Leamington circuit; and it was eventually agreed to offer to take on the oldest brother at once, in consideration of the legacy of the late Mrs. Cole, and to recommend the next annual meeting to take on the other brethren without entrance fees.

Skipton.—Arrangements were made to facilitate the entrance of two brethren whose fees were heavy.

The ex-president promised to send his Keighley sermon to the magazine very shortly.

Redruth.—Application having been made for the entrance of an aged brother. The brethren in that locality were recommended first to form themselves into a branch, and then send in his name with others.

Some minor matters having been settled, the meeting was closed with prayer by Brother Sims.

The next meeting will be at Dr. Pearce's, 17, Tavistock Square, W.C., on Monday, 11th December, at half-past five, p.m.

The following notices of motion for the consideration of the annual meeting have been received. Any brother desirous of bringing forward a motion

affecting the rules must give notice thereof to the Secretary before the next Committee meeting.

1. To admit the local brethren of Leamington without entrance fees.

2. To re-adjust the whole bearing of entrance fees; and to move that all local preachers be eligible at 10s. each.

3. To divide into proper proportions the invested moneys, and set apart one portion for the benefit of the general body of members, and the other portion for the annuitants.

4. To set apart the free subscriptions for the support of the annuitants, unless otherwise directed by the donors.

5. To provide a graduated scale of payments and receipts to suit the convenience and necessities of new members, and of such old members as may wish to avail themselves thereof.

6. To admit as members the local preachers belonging to the New Connexion.

7. To strike out the word "*Wesleyan*" from the title of the Association.

DEATHS.

Oct. 11, 1871. Alexander Curson, of Lynn, aged 81. Claim £4. His end was peace.

Oct. 18, 1871. James Neild, of Glossop, aged 77. Claim £6. Happy in the Lord.

Oct. 22, 1871. Mrs. Jane Lampard, Derby branch, aged 70. Claim £2. For many years she lived in the enjoyment of close communion with God, and the long affliction through which she passed she endured with calm and patient submission. Her end was peace.

Oct. 22, 1871. Thomas Pugh, of Kingston, aged 57. Claim £3. After a long and trying affliction was enabled to rejoice in the hope of the gospel.

Oct. 25, 1871. Mrs. Sarah Barwick, of Newport, Monmouthshire, aged 51. Claim £3.

Oct. 28, 1871. William Jones, Kingswood, aged 57. Claim £6. Died in peace.

Nov. 1, 1871. Jesse Sheldon, Cromford branch, aged 57. Claim £6. He had a hope blooming with immortality.

Nov. 8, 1871. Joseph Merry, Birmingham. Claim £6. His death was sudden.

CASH RECEIVED BY THE GENERAL TREASURER TO NOV. 16TH, 1871.

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>Andover</i>		3 12 6
<i>Leighton Buzzard</i>		2 5 6
<i>Downham</i> —Mr. Thos. M. Robb, hm. £1 1s; Bro. J. L. Bennett, hm. qrlly. 5s 3d	1 6 8	2 17 0
<i>Bakewell</i>		1 18 6
<i>Mansfield</i>		1 19 0
<i>Sheerness</i>		0 18 0
<i>Daventry</i>		1 7 0
<i>Southport</i>		0 9 0
<i>York</i> —D. Hill, Esq. hm. £1 1s; J. Agar, Esq. hm. £1 1s; R. Farren, Esq. hc. 10s 6d; W. Matterson, Esq. hc. 10s. 6d	3 3 0	4 2 0
<i>Nottingham</i> —Moiety of legacy, per Legatee	5 0 0	
<i>Wisbeach</i> —Coll. at Wisbeach Fenn, per Bro. Clements, 5s 6d	0 5 6	1 7 0
<i>Northampton 1st</i> —Bro. James Wisdom, hm. £1; Mr. Rainbow, hc. 10s	1 10 0	5 9 0
<i>Tavistock</i> —Collected by Bro. Bravin	0 10 0	
<i>Barnstaple</i>		1 7 0
<i>Rugby</i>		0 3 0
<i>Bristol</i> —F. Cordeux, Esq. ann. £2 2s; J. H. V. Y. don. £1	3 2 0	3 3 0
<i>Wantage</i>		1 1 0
<i>Halifax</i>		3 10 0
<i>Sherburne</i>		1 1 0
<i>Stroud</i>		0 3 0
<i>Glossop</i> —Mr. John Clayton, qrlly. 3s	0 3 0	0 12 0
<i>Pattingham</i>		0 12 0
<i>Derby</i> —Mr. John Humphreys, hc. 10s 6d; Mrs. Speney, 5s	0 15 6	3 2 0
<i>Driffield</i>		1 10 0
<i>Sunderland</i>		0 15 0
<i>Bath</i>		1 16 0
<i>Lancaster</i>		3 4 6
<i>Shipley</i>		1 13 0
<i>Elkstone</i>		0 18 0
<i>Forest of Dean</i>		1 19 0
<i>Oxford</i>		2 17 0
<i>Ripon</i> —Miss H. Wardman, hc. 10s; Mrs. Knowles, hc. 10s 6d; Mr. Dearlove, 5s; Mr. J. Wetherell, 2s 6d; Mr. Demain, 2s 6d	1 10 6	2 2 0
<i>Cromford</i>		3 15 0
<i>Kingswood</i>		2 2 0
<i>Sowerby Bridge</i>		1 1 0
<i>St. Agnes</i>		1 13 6
<i>Garstang</i>		1 10 0
<i>Runcorn</i>		0 18 0
<i>Blandford</i>		1 10 0
<i>Bromsgrove</i> —Mr. Brooke, don. 5s	0 5 0	1 1 0
<i>Towcester</i>		0 13 0
<i>Penzance</i>		1 16 6
<i>Frome</i> —Coll. by Bro. Steele of Nuney, 18s; A Friend, 2s	1 0 0	1 7 0
<i>Tadcaster</i>		1 4 0
<i>Marlborough</i>		1 1 0
<i>Hinde Street</i> —A. A. 3s; Mr. Britton, £1; Mr. Peachey, £1 1s, per Bro. Sims	2 4 0	1 10 0
<i>Walsall</i>		1 7 0
<i>Bristol</i> —Per Bro. Maynard, Miss S., thank-offering, £1	1 0 0	
<i>Taunton</i>		0 6 0
<i>Wath</i>		2 9 6
<i>Monmouth</i>		0 9 0
<i>Bridport</i>		0 15 0

	Free Sub- scriptions.	Benefit Members.
<i>High Wycombe</i>		1 10 6
<i>Congleton</i> —Mrs. Ashcroft, Sandbach, 8s; Mr. William Chaddock, sen. 5s; Mr. John Baddaly, Bradley Green, 2s 6d	0 10 6	
<i>Stourbridge</i>		1 4 0
<i>Rochester</i>		4 8 6
<i>Hinckley</i>		1 10 0
<i>Huddersfield 1st</i>		0 15 0
<i>Brigg</i>		0 15 0
<i>Shaftesbury</i> —J. Jukes, Esq. Tisbury, Wilts, hm. £2 2s; Mrs. Jukes, hm. £2 2s	4 4 0	
<i>Lincoln</i> —Mr. Thomas Nicholson, don. £1 1s; Mr. Charles Duckring, 2s 6d.	1 3 6	0 18 0
<i>Barnsley</i>		2 7 6
<i>Workington</i>		2 5 0
<i>Ilkerton</i>		2 19 6
<i>Stafford</i>		1 1 0
<i>Alston</i>		0 18 0
<i>Donby Dale</i>		0 18 0
<i>Oldham</i> —B. Fielding, Esq. hm. £1 1s; J. Taylor, Esq. hm. £1 1s; J. M. Cheetham, Esq. hm. £1 1s; E. Potts, Esq. hm. £1 1s; G. Wainwright, Esq. hm. £1 1s; J. Whitehead, Esq., hm. £1 1s; T. Clifton, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mrs. Hugh Cooper, 10s; Mr. Thomas Cooper, 10s; Mrs. John Sykes, don. 5s; John Hall, Esq. 10s; A Friend, per Bro. Broome, 5s; Mr. W. Leach, L. P. 12s	9 19 0	3 2 0
<i>Ashton-under-Lyne</i> —Thos. Barendale, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Bigland Bowler, Esq. £1 1s; John Lever, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mr. W. Western, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Jabez Gibson, hm. £1 1s; Mr. Thos. Lever, 10s. 6d; Mr. James Schofield, 5s; Lees expenses	5 13 0	2 17 0
<i>Croydon</i> —Mrs. Eliza Hill, 48rd don.	0 5 6	
<i>Easingwold</i>		0 9 0
<i>Aylesbury</i> —Mrs. R. Durley, hm. £1 1s; Miss Durley, hm. £1 1s; Mr. R. Durley, hm. £1 1s; Mr. J. Durley, hm. £1 1s; Mr. O. Duntling, hm. £1 1s; Seamons, Mr. W. hm. £1 1s; Mr. Kingham, hm. £1; Mrs. Garner, 10s; per Bro. Durley	7 16 0	0 18 0
<i>Bath</i> —Mrs. Hayward, hm. per Bro. Durley	1 2 6	
<i>Sheffield</i> —Collection at Hanover Chapel United Methodist Free Church, £22 4s 8½d, expenses, £1 8s 8½d; balance	20 16 0	
<i>Melton Mowbray</i> —Mr. J. Orson Harby, £1; Rev. E. Bramford, 10s; Mrs. J. Gill, Holwell, 10s 6d	2 0 6	0 12 0
<i>Chelsea</i> —P. J. D., Battersea, per Treasurer	0 5 0	
<i>Leicester</i>		2 7 6
<i>Bradford</i> —J. Drummond, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mr. Haigh, hm. £1 1s	2 2 0	2 17 0
<i>Salisbury</i>		1 19 0
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne</i> —Mr. W. Ridley, hm. £1 1s; Mr. George Tuckley, hm. £1 1s	2 2 0	2 17 0
<i>Wellington</i> —W. Blott, Esq. hm. £1 1s; Mr. J. Gibbard, for the late W. Stephens, Esq. hm. (Wollaston), £1 1s; Mr. Thos. Parsons, Irchester, 5s; Mr. Thos. Norman, hm. (Wellington), £1 1s; Mr. W. J. Simons, do. do. 10s 6d; Mr. Stephen Parsons (Irchester), 5s	4 3 6	1 7 6
<i>Southwark</i> —E. H. Rabbits, Esq. hm. two years' sub. for 1870-71, £2 2s. per Bro. Parker	2 2 0	
	£85 19 9	129 16 0

